

# Lochaber in War & Peace

Being a Record of Historical Incidents,  
Legends, Traditions & Folk-Lore With  
Notes On the Topography & Scenic  
Beauties of the Whole District



WILLIAM T. KILGOUR



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## Lochaber in War & Peace

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**FORT-WILLIAM ABOUT THE TIME OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."**  
 (From the original engraving in possession of Rev. (now Mackintosh, Fort William.)

# LOCALITIES IN WAR AND PEACE

BEING A RECORD OF

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS, LEGENDS,  
TRADITIONS, AND FOLK-LORE

WITH

NOTES ON THE TOPOGRAPHY AND SCENIC BEAUTIES  
OF THE WHOLE DISTRICT

By WM. T. KILGOUR

AUTHOR OF "TWENTY YEARS ON BEN NEVIS," ETC.

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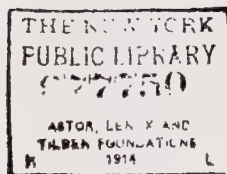
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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## PREFACE.

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ENDEAVOUR has been made in the following pages to present to the reader all that is of interest in a district justly renowned in days past for its chivalry and valour, and over which the aureolic beams of romance continue still to be shed. What chiefly weighed with me, in setting about the task, was the fact that unless means were taken to preserve the traditions, the legends, and the folk-lore, much that is now common knowledge would, perhaps in the next generation, have vanished beyond recall. Personally, I had practical proof of this conviction, for in my quest for information relative to old Fort-William, I was frequently met with the assertion that had statements been taken from individuals who were named to me, but who, alas, had crossed over to the majority, a semblance of continuity in the records might reasonably have been anticipated. To a searcher after truth, this was small consolation, and, as dead men tell no tales, my mission, naturally, advanced not a whit. Probing all other available sources, I made every effort possible to fill up the

blanks in the faulty annals, but the attempt has been only partially successful. That the gap may not be widened, is the excuse I offer for the presentation of the present volume. I have studiously avoided dealing with the story of the Clans and the clan system; this has already been written more than once by abler pens than mine, and is readily accessible to students of history.

For valuable assistance, ungrudgingly rendered, my thanks are due to His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Mrs. Cameron Lucy, of Callart; Miss Juliet Macdonald, Fort-William; Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A. Scot., Edinburgh; Dr. K. N. MacDonald, Edinburgh; Rev. J. Walker MacIntyre, Kilmonivaig; Rev. J. MacNab, Spean-Bridge; the Masonic Brethren of Fort-William; and the following Fort-William gentlemen: Mr. Colin Livingston, Dr. A. C. Miller, Mr. D. Fraser, Town Clerk, Mr. D. McLeish, Mr. N. B. Mackenzie, Major Cameron, Mr. John Macphee, Mr. Duncan MacKinnon, Mr. Alexander Campbell, and Mr. Alexander MacDougall.

WM. T. KILGOUR.

FORT-WILLIAM,

*May, 1908.*



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# Lochaber in War and Peace.



## CHAPTER I.

Lochaber's link with the past—The origin of Fort-William—Erection, in 1650, of fort by Monk, and its object—Reference thereto in *Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochcail*—Fight at Achdaliou, between Cromwellian soldiers and a band of Camerons—Memorable encounter with Lochiel and the Englishman—Conclusion of treaty between Lochiel and the Governor of the Fort.

THE conspicuous part played by Lochaber in the wars of the Stuart dynasty, gives to the district an interest probably unequalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other thanedom in Scotland. A halo of romance, even in these modern days, seems still to overshadow it, and not only to the Celt, but to all admirers of Albion, the very name is one to conjure with. With what reverence and pride do we hark back to those far-off days of the chiefs and clansmen, and in fancy mingle with them in their fealty, their prowess, and their healthy frugality? Valour and loyalty were, and still are, cherished characteristics of the Highland heart,

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and although the broadsword may not yet serve as a ploughshare, nor the Lochaber axe as a pruning hook, these implements are now no longer employed as heretofore. Peace reigns throughout the wide acres of strath and glen ; the targe and plaid are for the most part forgotten, but the spirit of Jacobitism is as much alive in the Highlands to-day as it was in the time of Prince Charlie.

Within recent years, numerous writers have taken Lochaber for a theme, but Fort-William (its capital) does not appear to have been accorded that share of attention to which its position justly entitles it. The reason for this will probably be found in the fact that the date of its origin is somewhat doubtful, although, so far as the present town is concerned, little dubiety can be entertained that it is the outcome of the colony formed when the original fortalice was erected by General Monk in the year 1650.

To overawe the chiefs and their vassals, and more particularly the subjugation of the recalcitrant Clan Cameron, was the undisguised object of this outpost in the West, and in selecting a site for it, Monk displayed considerable strategic foresight. Built on a narrow neck of land stretching out into Loch Linnhe \* at the

\* This stretch of water is referred to in old maps both as Loch Eil and as Loch Aber.





PORT-WILLIAM IN EARLY DAYS.

*(Taken from an engraving kindly lent by Miss Juliet Macdonald.)*



## Erection of Fort by General Monk. 19

point where the River Nevis falls into the sea, the fort was triangular in shape, and had two sides abutting on the loch, the third only being exposed to attack by land. This, the first stronghold, appears to have been rather hurriedly, and not very satisfactorily, constructed of turf and wattles ; but with all despatch Monk had it strongly garrisoned, and placed one Colonel Bryan in command.

The *Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron of Locheill* contain the following interesting reference to it :—

“ The scituation of this Garrison is so singular and currious, that it deserves to be described. . . . It stands upon the South syde of a small gulf of that arm of the sea called Locheill, where, by the turn of the mountains, it forms itself into an angle, and receives the rush of the great and rapid river of Lochy, which from the North or opposite side rushes into it with such force and violence, that it preserves its stream intire, without any mixture, for a long way. The fort is scituated upon a plain almost level with the sea. . . . Behind the fort there arises a huge mountain, of prodigious hight, called Beniviss, at that time adorned with a variety of trees and bushes, and now with a beautiful green. Its ascent is prety steep, though smooth. The top or summit is plain, covered with perpetwall snow, and darkened with thick clouds. On the East, the prospect opens into a glen or valley betwixt two mountains, beawtified with diversity of

trees, shrubs, and bushes, besides many lovely greens, with a river at the bottom ; which after being brocken by a heap of misscheapen stones, glides away in a clear stream, and wandering through woods, vales, and rocks in many windings, looses itself in the sea. On the West the lake or arm of the sea called Locheill, extends itself for five long miles, through two ridges of hills, riseing on both sides, with many woods, greens, mosses, and torrents, falling down with great noise and force from the rocks and precipices ; and terminates the view by another mountain, which appears like a vast cloud in a distant region."

Amongst the first duties which the commandant of the garrison was called upon to perform, was that of denuding the country of its fine stretches of timber, in order that the irreconcilables might not utilize the woods as a means of retreat when hostilities broke out. Operations were commenced near Achdaliou, on the shores of Loch Eil, and to this point the soldiers and workmen were conveyed by means of sloops from the fort. The Lochiel of the day (Sir Ewen), who was then only about twenty-five years of age, learning of the contemplated destruction of part of his forest, determined to outwit the red-coats, and not only did he succeed in this, but the incident has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott.

Accompanied by about fifty picked men of his clan, the Cameron chief, concealed amid the dense coppice then much in evidence, watched for a time the work of vandalism, till, unable longer to control his righteous ire, he ordered his followers to charge. The soldiers, taken unawares, suffered heavily, and the Camerons, after discharging their muskets, followed up their advantage with a flight of arrows, and finally engaged their enemies with the broadsword. So fierce was the fight, that Cromwell's men were forced backwards into Loch Eil, where many of them were drowned; but, though victory fell to the Camerons, their leader had a somewhat miraculous escape. During the *melée*, Lochiel got separated from his clansmen whilst engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a powerful Englishman. The combat was long and desperate, but at length the Englishman broke Sir Ewen's guard, and brought him to the ground. Eager to despatch his foe, the former was in the act of stretching himself to get his dagger, when—

*"Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
Like mountain cat that guards her young,  
Full at his throat his foeman sprung."*

Lochiel held on tenaciously, ultimately taking the piece out of his adversary's throat, and he is credited with

having said that it was the sweetest mouthful he ever tasted. The story is told that, when in London some years later, Lochiel had occasion to attend a hair-dresser's for tonsorial purposes. After some preliminary remarks, the barber said, "You are from the North, sir," to which Lochiel replied in the affirmative, and asked his interlocutor if he knew any folks from those parts. "No," returned the other, "nor do I wish to. Would you believe it, one of them tore the throat out of my father, and I only wish I had the fellow's throat as near me now as yours is."

The foray just related was only the precursor of many similar skirmishes between the Camerons and the soldiers of the garrison; but matters were brought to a height when Lochiel's men, sweeping down on a large party from the fort, engaged in tree felling, slaughtered them to a man. This meant a considerable reduction in the strength of the garrison, and the authorities being unable at the time to replace the slain, had recourse to diplomatic methods. Through the instrumentality of Argyll, who, on behalf of the Commonwealth, offered honourable terms to Lochiel, conditional on the latter passing his word that he would live at peace with his neighbours, conflict for the time being was checked. The treaty advantages undoubtedly lay with Lochiel, for not only was he and

his clansmen permitted to retain their arms, but an indemnity in money was granted to them for any loss sustained as a result of the acts of the Cromwellian soldiers. The sequel was an exchange of courtesies between the garrison governor and the chief of the Camerons on the parade ground in front of the fort, enacted between the drawn up lines of the erstwhile combatants. When the two principals had saluted each other, the Camerons, in token of their fealty, grounded their arms, taking them up again almost immediately in name of the Commonwealth. Thus, for the time being, Lochiel and his vassals ceased to trouble the English soldiery.

## CHAPTER II.

Migration of squatters towards present site of Fort-William—Accession of William of Orange—Viscount Dundee—George Hugh Mackay—Strengthening of the fort by Mackay—The several names of Fort-William—Disaffection in the Highlands, 1690-91—Government grant to chiefs of clans—Oath of Allegiance—MacIain of Glencoe—Earl of Stair—Correspondence relating to the Massacre of Glencoe—The Massacre.

A PERIOD of comparative quiet now supervened, during which it may be assumed small dwellings began to spring up along the shores of Loch Linnhe, in contiguity to the fort; but, although my investigations have been most extensive, I have been unable to obtain any authentic information on this point. When the fort was erected, in 1650, there were, so far as is known, practically no houses existent on the present site of Fort-William, the then population, such as it was, being located more in a south-easterly trend, towards where the ruins of Inverlochy castle now stand. With the establishment of a garrison, however, it is only natural to suppose that the tendency of squatters would be in that direction, if for nothing else than for the purpose of bartering in merchandise and local produce.

With the flight of King James from his kingdom, and the accession of William Prince of Orange to the throne, the Lochaberians, who were staunch supporters of the house of Stuart, again became restless. They were eager to give of their best for the sovereign whom they loved, and only awaited a leader to champion their cause. Such an one was found in the person of Viscount Dundee, who soon rallied round his banner the loyal clans of this Western realm. The command of William's troops in Scotland had been given to George Hugh Mackay, a name intimately associated with the traditions of Lochaber.

In July, 1690, Mackay entered the Cameron territory, and, cognisant of the feelings entertained by the Highlanders towards his royal master, he at once set about the bettering of strategic positions. The state of the fort dissatisfied him, and he forthwith proceeded to strengthen it. By the 16th of the month his sappers had raised the wall to a height of 20 feet above the fosse, pallisading it round with a *chemin couvert* and glacis. A battery of a dozen twelve-pounders, taken from one of the war-sloops which accompanied Mackay's force, was mounted on the fort ramparts; and within the garrison precincts a bomb-proof magazine for the storage of arms and ammunition, was erected. Barrack accommodation was provided for 2 field-



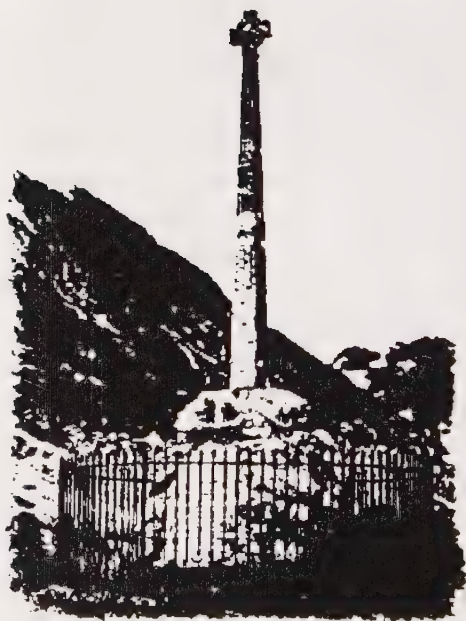
officers, 2 captains, 4 subalterns, and 96 privates, the first governor of the remodelled fortalice being one J. Hill, whose name, in virtue of his unenvied connection with the notorious massacre of Glencoe, has not been allowed to die.

The fort having, in Mackay's opinion, been now placed on a basis of security both for offence and defence, he christened it Fort-William, in honour of the King; but, although the present village is now known by that name, it appears to have enjoyed a variety of designations. Called originally Inverlochy, it was frequently referred to (and still is by the Gaelic-speaking community) as *An Gearasdan*, but many old writs dispose of it thus:—"The town or village of Maryburgh, sometime called Gordonsburgh, thereafter Duncansburgh, and now the burgh of Fort-William, situated in the Parish of Kilmallie, Lordship of Lochaber, and County of Inverness."

Disaffection was rife in the Highlands during 1690-91, and open insurrection seemed inevitable. The Government became alarmed, and, with a view to the pacific settlement of differences, a grant of £20,000 was set at the disposal of the Marquis of Breadalbane by the King for distribution amongst the chiefs—or, rather, to buy up the claims that the superiors had







MONUMENT IN GLENCOE TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
MASSACRED MACDONALDS.

## Oath of Allegiance Administered. 27

over their feudal vassals. The chiefs viewed with disapproval the proposals of the Government, with the result, that in August, 1691, a proclamation was issued to the effect that all those who, by the 1st of January following, had failed to take the oath of allegiance, letters of fire and sword would be issued against them. This had the effect desired, and one by one the chiefs submitted, though MacDonald of Glencoe—a staunch old Jacobite—held out to the last moment. On the day when the period of grace expired, to wit, 31st December, 1691, MacLain made his way to Fort-William, and desired Colonel Hill, the governor, to administer to him the oath of allegiance. Maintaining that this was a step for a civil magistrate, Hill gave Glencoe a letter to Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, High Sheriff of Argyllshire at Inveraray, assuring him at same time of due protection till he should have an opportunity of laying his case before the Privy Council. On the 6th of January, the Sheriff administered the oath to MacDonald and those who accompanied him, and the blame for its non-effectiveness must be laid principally at the door of the Master of Stair, the plotting Secretary of State. The correspondence which follows discloses the names of the other actors; but while it would appear that the governor of

the fort had no option but to perform his duty, the epistles penned by the others concerned, bristle with vindictiveness and cruelty.

*Order sent to Sir Thomas Livingston, commander of the Forces in Scotland, written by the Earl of Stair, and signed by the King.*

“16th JANUARY, 1692.

“WILLIAM R.

“We doe allow you to receive the submission of Glengarry and those with him upon their taking the oath of allegiance and delivering up the house of Invergarry; to be safe as to their lives, but as to their estate to depend upon our mercy.

“If M'Ean of Glencoe and that tribe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that set of thieves.

“W. REX.”

In a letter accompanying these instructions, Dalrymple, on his own initiative, writes to Livingston in these terms:—“I have no great kindness to Keppoch nor Glencoe, and it is well that people are in mercy, and then just now my Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sect, the worst in the Highlands.”

Correspondence Relating to Massacre. 29

*Colonel Hill's Order to Lieut.-Col. James Hamilton.*

" FORT-WILLIAM,

" 12th FEB., 1692.

" SIR,

" You are, with 400 of my regiment, and the 400 of my Lord Argyle's regiment under the command of Major Duncanson, to march straight to Glenco, and there put in due execution the orders you have received from the commander-in-chief. Given under my hand at Fort-William, the 12th February, 1692.

" J. HILL.

" To Lieut.-Col. James Hamilton."

*Order from Lieut.-Col. Hamilton to Major  
Robert Duncanson.*

" BALLECHYLLS,

" 12th FEB., 1692.

" SIR,

" Pursuant to the commander-in-chief and my colonel's order to me for putting in execution the King's commands against those rebels of Glenco, wherein you with the party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment under your command, are to be concerned; you are therefore forthwith to order your affair so, as that the several posts already assigned you be by you and your several detachments fallen in active-ness precisely by five of the clock to-morrow morning, being Saturday; at which time I will endeavour

## Lochaber in War and Peace.

the same with those appointed from this regiment from the other places. It will be most necessary you secure well those avenues on the south side, that the old fox, nor none of his cubbs, get away. The orders are, that none be spared of the sword, nor the government troubled with prisoners ; which is all until I see you, from

“ Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ JAMES HAMILTOUNE.

“ Please to order a guard to secure the ferry, and boats there ; and the boats must be all on this side the ferry after your men are over. For their Majesty's service.

“ To Major Robert Duncanson  
“ of the Earl of Argyle's Regt.”

*Order from Major Duncanson to Captain Robert  
Campbell of Glenlyon.*

“ 12th FEB., 1692.

“ SIR,

“ You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels the Macdonalds of Glenco, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old fox and his sons do not escape your hands ; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to

put in execution at five of the clock precisely ; and by that time, or very shortly after it, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the King's speciall commands, for the good and safety of the countrey, that these miscreants be cut off, root and branch. See that this be put in execution without fear or favour, or you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to king or government, nor as man fit to carry commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe this with my hand at Ballychylls, the 12th February, 1692.

" ROBERT DUNCANSON." \*

Typical Lochaber winter conditions ushered in the morning fixed for the butchery, and amid the whirling snow and lurid torch glare, the soldiers, as they fell in at the bugle-call, must have presented a somewhat uncanny appearance ; and to the few natives who would be aroused by the din of preparation, the spectacle doubtless had its terrifying aspect. The meaning of it all came to them by nightfall on the return of the soldiers driving before them the herds of the massacred MacDonalds.

\*The original, of which this is a copy, was sold in London towards the end of May, 1907, for the price of £1,400.

It is not my purpose to go into details of the harrowing massacre—these are matters of history. One palliative circumstance, as touching the honour of Fort-William, must not, however, be omitted, and that is, that Lieut.-Col. Hamilton's men were prevented from taking any share in the work of blood on account of their being unable timeously to cross the ferry by reason of the severity of the weather.

Could anything be more revolting than the way in which the King's soldiers, after partaking of the hospitality of the MacDonalds, wantonly massacred them in cold blood? But how much more appalling might the consequences have been had the diabolical scheme not in part miscarried? The chances are that, instead of the thirty-eight who perished, the Glencoe MacDonalds would have been—to use the words of the hatchers of the plot—exterminated root and branch. What hardships and privations must have been the lot of those who fled for safety from the sword of the oppressor to the snow-clad and almost shelterless defiles of the gloomy Pass. Frail women and children, in a semi-nude state, perished in the drifts, and many strong men, who lived to return again to their native glen, carried with them to the grave the marks of that fateful morning, which will for ever remain an indelible stain on the page of British historical annals.



### CHAPTER III.

Commonty of grazing assigned to Maryburgh—Rights of brewing—Rebellion of 1715, and attack on the Fort—Weaving, fishing, and house-building—Action by the Bailies of the Barony against the governor of the fort and General Wade relative to the exercise of liberties and privileges—The findings in said action—Erection of dwellings—Cattle-lifting—Conference of chiefs in Edinburgh as to supporting the cause of the Stuarts—Landing of Prince Charles in Scotland—The siege of the fort, 1745-6—Numerous extracts from the *Scots Magazine*, giving details thereof—The year of Culloden—Cumberland visits the fort—The fort after Culloden—*Sergeant Mhor*—Submission of arms to the fort governor—The hanging of three men who had surrendered their arms—Execution of James Stewart for the murder of Glenure—The dismantling and sale of the fort.

IN the year 1690, William erected the town located near the new fort into a Burgh of Barony, under the name of Maryburgh, and assigned a commonty thereto for grazing cattle. It is not known to what extent this grazing extended, but the pasturage probably lay towards the hill behind the town, now known as the "Cow-hill." The Barony exercised the rights of "brewing," and the brewery is said to have occupied a site near where the present Episcopal Church now stands.

With the unfurling of the standard on the Braes o' Mar, in 1715, the martial spirit was again rekindled in Lochaber, but not for long did the tide of hostilities

## 34 Lochaber in War and Peace.

surge in that realm. General Gordon, who was entrusted by Mar with the marshalling of the clans in the West, was successful in raising an army of well-nigh 5,000 men, and with this following he made a determined attack on the garrison of Fort-William. By sheer force of numbers, he managed to rush certain outworks and take a few prisoners ; but, so strong did he find the fortifications, that he was compelled to abandon the attack, and departed almost immediately for the Campbell country round Loch Fyne.

The next two decades point to a period of comparative prosperity amongst the inhabitants, and weaving, fishing, and house-building were zealously prosecuted. Early in the eighteenth century, however, friction seems to have arisen between the people and the governor of the garrison, and, in 1736, an action was raised in the Court of Session by the Bailies of the Barony, not only against the governor (Campbell), but also against his superior officer, General Wade, and the officers of state. Separate defences were lodged, and the case was complicated by a petition by Wade against the Bailies for interdict, and by an appeal by the governor against the findings of the Lord Ordinary. The raisers of the action sought the Court to declare "by decret foresaid that neither the said defender nor Lieutenant-General Wade, Governor of the said fort of Fort-





A BIT OF OLD FORT-WILLIAM, NOW DEMOLISHED.

[*McIsaac & Riddle, Fort-William.*]

*Photo.]*

William, or their successors in office, can or have power to enclose or encroach upon the commony granted to the said Burgh, . . . that the defenders and their successors in office ought and should be discharged from debarring, stopping, hindering, and molesting the inhabitants . . . from electing their magistrates and exercising all the liberties and privileges enjoyed by the merchants or inhabitants of any other Burgh of Barony."

Erskine, for the pursuers, pleaded that the rights of the inhabitants to build was by licences recorded in the books of the Burgh, and that the property of the houses was transmitted, not by charter or sasine, but by a transfer entered in these books, such rights, in his opinion, being equivalent to infeftment. He pointed out that the ground on which the houses stood did not belong to the Crown, but to the Duke of Gordon, the then superior of the Barony. His Grace, it may be mentioned, during the dependence of the case, brought an action against the Crown "for ascertaining the property, or for the price of it."

The findings in the action raised by the Bailies were to the effect that the governor or commanding officer of Fort-William, having no rights of property or superiority of the Burgh of Maryburgh, could not hinder brewing, etc., nor demand any ground rent;

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that the inhabitants were not liable to any other exactions or demands, on whatever ground, made by the governor or commanding officer, etc. ; that they were not removable by Beat of Drum ; that they had a right to build and repair their houses without licence of said governor ; and that the Duke of Gordon was owner of the lands and fishings, his rights being reserved to him.

Thus assured of security of tenure, the people of Maryburgh forthwith commenced to erect dwellings of a more substantial nature, and for some years the town was favoured with a measure of congenial prosperity. Nevis valley and the Strath of Lochy were at this time peopled by numerous homesteads of the crofting order, but the appliances employed for cultivating the soil appear to have been very primitive, and dependence was placed more upon the rearing and sale of cattle and sheep. While peace reigned in Maryburgh, the district of which it was the nominal head was less lucky ; and, from all accounts, a good deal of lawlessness prevailed throughout Lochaber and Badenoch, principally owing to the depredations occasioned by marauding bands of cattle-lifters. With a view to counteract such malpractices, the Government, on the recommendation of General Wade, had, a short time previous, authorized the appointment of a sheriff, justices of the peace, and constables throughout the affected

## Conference of Chiefs in Edinburgh. 37

areas, and, along with Fort-Augustus, and Ruthven in Badenoch, Fort-William was fixed upon as one of the centres for holding Quarter Sessions. The roads and bridges constructed by General Wade throughout the Highlands also tended to lessen lawlessness and foster pacific pursuits, and it would almost seem as if a new era had dawned for the much maligned clansmen. Events, however, had been ordered otherwise, and well the chiefs knew that, ere many years had fled, the valour and loyalty of the Highlanders would be tried to the utmost. Ever ready to uphold the cause for which his forbears had fought, the chief of the Camerons, in 1740, attended a conference in Edinburgh; and there, along with seven other Jacobites of high standing, subscribed a compact, pledging themselves and their vassals to make another strenuous endeavour, in conjunction with allies from France, to restore the Stuart monarchy.

Such a revolution (if it may be so designated) was to the Highland heart an *affaire d'honneur*, and the men of Lochaber were prepared to "drain their dearest veins" in attempting to restore the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts. Long and anxiously they waited for the expected landing of their Prince—perchance they wearied, but never once did their fealty and patriotism waver. At length, towards the end of the summer



of 1745, the longed-for intelligence that Charles had landed in Scotland reached his expectant supporters, and the outburst of enthusiasm which was displayed by the loyal Highlanders might well be said to constitute an epoch in Scottish history.

To recount the incidents associated with the Rebellion, is not my purpose, and as to the part played by the garrison of Fort-William, I content myself by quoting from the *Scots Magazine*.

The first entry is dated August 1745, and reads as follows :—

“Immediately on hearing of the landing of the Prince, two new levied Coys. of Sinclair’s Royal Scots Foot quartered at Perth received orders to march to Fort-William. Having passed Fort-Augustus, they were attacked on the 16th by a party of Highlanders and made prisoners after a stout resistance, in which two men were killed, and Cap. Scot and several wounded. They were carried to the young Chevalier’s quarters, and ’tis said were civilly used. In a few days the officers and some of the men, in all about 14, were liberated on parole. Cap. Scot went to Fort-William to be cured. . . . Meantime Captain Campbell of Inveraw with his Company, one of the three additional Companies of the old Highland Regiment, got safe into Fort-William, having gone the West road.”

In the year 1746, the following voluminous entries occur :—

“March 14. Began to heighten the parapets of our walls on the side where we apprehended the rebels would attack us. This work continued the whole week through till the two faces of the bastions were raised to seven feet high.



" 15. A detachment of the garrison with some men belonging to His Majesty's sloops of war went in armed boats to endeavour to destroy Kilmady Barns commonly called the Corpoch. The rebels thereupon flocked down in great numbers. We fired some swivels from our boats, and several small shot were exchanged. We had a sailor killed and three men wounded. The tide failing, the scheme miscarried.

" 18. The Baltimore, Cap. Richard How, went up towards Kilmady Barns in order to protect the landing of our men. We fired several shot and threw some cohorn shells, and set one hovel on fire, but could not attempt landing, for the rebels were entrenched by a hollow road or rill, and in great numbers. The Baltimore guns being only four-pounders had no effect on the stone walls of these barns, which the rebels had loop-holed. We brought our people back without any damage.

" 19. We heard that a man whom we fired at last Sunday with a swivel was an engineer-in-chief of the rebels, and was dangerously wounded; also heard that we had killed four rebels at Corpoch yesterday. Three sentinels and a drummer of Guise's made their escape from the rebels. They were taken at Fort-Augustus.

" 20. Several parties covering our fodd-diggers had skirmishes with the rebels upon the neighbouring hills; but as both sides skulked behind craigs and rocks we received no damage, and believe we did as little. This evening about 11 o'clock the rebels opened the siege by discharging 17 Royals or small bombs of 5 inches and a half diameter, weighing about 16 and 18 pounds each and loaded with 14 ounces of powder, from a battery erected on a small hill called the Sugar Loaf about 800 yards off, which, because of the distance, did no execution, the greatest part of them falling short, and there were returned from the garrison against the rebels eight bomb-shells of 13 inches diameter, six cohorns, one twelve-pounder, five six-pounders and two swivels.

" On Friday the 21st, the rebels finding their battery was too far off, erected a new one at the foot of the Cowhill about 400 yards off,

from which betwixt 12 at night and four in the morning they discharged 84 of their royals, which did little damage save penetrating through the roofs of several houses, beating down a few floors, and slightly wounding two men of Ollir's Company, and a young man belonging to the garrison; and there were returned against them 20 bombs, nine cohorns, three six-pounders, and two swivels.

"On the 22nd, the rebels opened their battery of cannon from Sugar Loaf Hill, consisting only of three guns of 6 and 4 pounders, but discharged only seven times, and that without doing any damage. About 12 o'clock of this day they sent a French drummer towards the fort, who on his approach towards the garrison beat a parley, and being ordered to come near the walls, Capt. Scot, our commander, asked him what he came about, to which he answered that General Stapleton, who commanded the siege, by direction from the Pretender's son, had sent him with a letter to the commanding officer of the garrison, requiring him to surrender. Capt. Scot answered that he would receive no letters from rebels, and that he was determined to defend the fort to the last extremity. The drummer being returned to the rebels with this answer, a close bombarding ensued from both sides for some hours. At last we silenced them by beating down their battery. About ten that night the rebels opened a second bomb battery near the bottom of the said Cowhill, about 300 yards off, from which and their battery on the Sugar Loaf Hill they discharged before three in the morning 194 of their Royals and six cannon against us, but without doing any other damage than penetrating through some few roofs. We did not return them one shell, but kept all our men within doors except the picquet to stand by the fire engine, the Governor and most of the officers being upon the ramparts.

"Sunday 23. As soon as daylight appeared we fired 23 bombs, 2 cohorns, six 12 pounders, seven six-pounders, and six swivels at the rebel batteries, some of which must have torn up their platforms. They in return fired several cannon upon us, but did no harm save shooting off a leg of Donald M'Indeor of Ballindley's Company.

"About 3 this afternoon some vessels appeared with supplies for us. As soon as they had dropped anchors the garrison all at once discharged eight 12 pounders, two six-pounders, two bombs, and several cohorns against their battery, which were all so well levelled that not only a great part of their battery was beaten down, but they visibly occasioned the greatest confusion amongst them. The men from the ships saw several amongst the rebels fall. We understand that they had given out that they would burn this place in four hours after their last battery was erected. All this evening the rebels were employed in erecting another work or battery under cover of their cannon about 300 yards off at the foot of the Cow Hill, which was spied from the top mast of one of the ships.

"24. We fired but little, and the rebels but little also. We employed the greatest part of this day in getting our provisions on shore.

"25. At daybreak we sent out a party to a place about six miles off to bring in some cattle. The rebels fired a good deal all this morning, and we plied them a little with our mortars and guns. About 3 in the afternoon our party returned with 29 good bullocks and cows. This evening we sent off another party of 40 men for another prize of bullocks to pass the narrows of Carron and get off all they could from the rebels' estates.

"26. We fired slowly at their batteries on the hills, and as they only fired from two guns, we concluded they had dismounted the third. This afternoon our boats returned with cattle and sheep from the country near Ardsheal. They also brought in four prisoners, one of which was wounded. The party burned two rebel villages on Appin estate. This night Cap. Scot went out and dammed up some drains near our walls in hopes, if rainy weather, to make a small inundation, and with some pioneers raised the glacis, or rather a parapet, to 7 feet. For want of palisadoes, we could not make a right covered way, but still this will prevent the rebels seeing the foot of our walls.

"27. At daybreak the rebels opened their new battery of four embrasures, but only with three guns, six-pounders, with which they fired very briskly. We plied them well with our mortars and guns and silenced one gun before eight in the morning. About nine we set their battery magazine on fire, which blew up. Their fire was mostly laid at our buildings, which they could not reach very low. We had this day two men a little bruised, and the governor's horse wounded in the stable. Thus in eight days' siege, and pretty smart firing with cannon and 300 six-inch shells thrown at us, we have lost but one man killed, seven wounded, and two bruised. We are all in very good spirits, and hope to give a very good account of ourselves.

"28. The rebels cannonaded us hard all this forenoon. In the afternoon they were silent, but were busy erecting a new battery about 200 yards higher than their second battery, and to the west of it, to sweep our whole parade.

"29. This morning by break of day they unmasked a new battery at the Craigs of 3 brass four-pounders within 100 yards of the walls, and cannonaded us from that and the other 3 batteries. As they carried a furnace along with them, they threw in a great many hot bullets and some bearded pieces of iron a foot long and inch thick, which they designed should stick in our timber work and set us on fire. They fired grape and partridge shot and plied us hard from all hands with small arms, but have done us very little damage.

"30. They cannonaded us hard from daylight till night, and continued throwing a few shells and hot bullets, some of which, after lying some time on the ground, could burn powder.

"31. Captain Scot having ordered 12 men out of each Company, amounting in all to about 150 men, to make a sally, they marched out about 11 o'clock to the Craigs about 100 yards from the garrison where the rebels had a battery, which, after a smart fire, they rushed in upon, and made themselves masters of 3 brass four-pounders, 2 mortars, and their furnace, being the same they took from Sir John Cope at Preston. They spiked up two large mortars which they could not bring away, and 1 brass six-pounder which they brought

under the walls. They had all this time a warm skirmish with the rebels and lost only 2 men and had 3 wounded. We brought in 2 prisoners, one of them a French gunner.

"April 1st. The rebels still continue with five cannon they have mounted to give us all the uneasiness in their power, having destroyed the roofs of most of the houses, but we do not mind that while the men are safe.

"2nd. They continued cannonading, but not so briskly as usual. At 10 at night they threw in 17 shells and fired 7 cannon, and gave over about one o'clock in the morning. This play was only to amuse us while they were spiking up the largest cannon and carrying off the small ones.

"3rd. This forenoon seeing no men about their batteries, and observing bodies of men travelling by the tops of the hills towards Fort-Augustus, we made a sally with about 500 men, but found the works abandoned. We took the rest of the cannon and mortars and brought them into the fort, so have raised the siege gloriously, and taken in all 4 brass four-pounders, 4 iron six-pounders, 9 mortars and their furnace, and since the commencement have only buried 6 men and have about 24 wounded. It seems they had got a very pressing call elsewhere since they did not take time to carry off their artillery or even to hide them, which might have been easily done. We razed down their batteries, which were prodigiously strong, some of them being 27 foot from the front of the embrasure to the other side."

The *Scots Magazine* also gives publicity to the undernoted reports, which, as they stand, are somewhat contradictory in their conclusions :—

"Other accounts say that the men who sallied out on the 31st were in two parties, one commanded by Captain Foster and Mac-lachlan, the other by Captain Paton and Whitway; that the former attacked and took the battery at the back of the Craigs; that in other attack made upon a four gun battery at the foot of the hill the



King's troops were repulsed with the loss of two killed and a few wounded; that their retreat was made in good order under cover of the guns in the Fort; that they carried in two prisoners, one an Englishman, the other a Frenchman—or rather a Spaniard; that this last gave an account that the besiegers were half starving and beginning to run short of ammunition; that the rebels lost a considerable number of men not only in their flight from the Craigs, but in the second attack; that the governor was wounded, but not dangerously; that the town of Maryburgh and garden walls were all levelled with the ground; that the garrison were 600 in number, all in good spirits, and were reinforced on the first of April by 70 of Johnson's Regiment; that the roofs of the fort were exceedingly damaged, and the old pile of barracks almost beat down, both roof and walls; that there were not six panes of glass remaining in the windows, and that Captain Scot had been indefatigable both by night and day in erecting new works."

That there must have been a fair number of houses then existent, is proved by the following extract, which, moreover, refers to Maryburgh as a "town":—

"'Tis added that a deserter informed that there were not above 5 or 600 of the Clans and 300 French before Fort-William; that on the 22nd they began to fire with six four-pounders and two eight-pounders, and talked of playing some great guns in two days after; and that Governor Campbell had bravely defended the place, and, in order to prevent the rebels sheltering themselves near the fort, had caused burn the town of Maryburgh."

1746, the fateful year of Culloden, caused widespread sorrow and mourning throughout the territory of Lochaber, and the high hopes entertained by the supporters of Prince Charlie were at length finally crushed. The butcher, Cumberland, on completing his campaign of

atrocities and rapine, visited the garrison at Fort-William, and permitted the officers to kiss his hand in token of their able defence of the stronghold. What an honour! To recount the unparalleled barbarities perpetrated by this so-called nobleman would serve no good purpose, nor shall I attempt it—enough that his infamous name, like that of Stair, will be scorned at and upbraided for all time by future generations.

After the dispersal of the clans, the English soldiery in the fort had little to do, and the outpost savoured somewhat of a sinecure, though the even tenor of their ways was occasionally interrupted. In illustration of this, it may be permissible to set down here an interesting episode recounted by General Stewart. A certain John Du Cameron, better known as *Sergeant Mhor*, had gained widespread notoriety in the district as a freebooter, and he was held in wholesome fear by the redcoats. On one occasion, an officer was proceeding to the fort with a considerable sum of money in his possession, and being without an escort, he became anxious for his personal safety. At a mountainous part of the route he met a man of tall stature, and to him he recounted his fears, and asked the stranger to accompany him. The other agreed, and while they walked on, they talked much of the Sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him

robber, murderer, etc. "Stop there," interrupted his companion, "he does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and you Sassenachs, but neither he nor his cearnachs ever shed innocent blood; except once," added he, "that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the creach (spoil) to be abandoned and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune!" "You," returned the officer, "what had you to do with the affair?" "I am John Du Cameron—I am the *Sergeant Mhor*; there is the road to Inverlochy—you cannot now mistake it; you and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send a more wary messenger for his gold. Tell him also that, although an outlaw, and forced to live on the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me."

Acting on instructions, the governor of the fort, after Culloden, was deputed to receive the submission of arms from the peasantry, and to such as came in with their muskets and claymores a free pardon was granted by the Government. In this connection, a melancholy occurrence falls to be related. One night, during the absence of the governor, a feast of conviviality was arranged by the officers, and when the Bacchanalian revelry was at its height, an orderly entered and en-



WILLIAM AUGUSTUS  
DUKE of CUMBERLAND, and  
DUKE of BRUNSWICK, LUNEN-  
BURG, CAPTAIN-GENERAL of all His  
MAJESTY'S Land-Forces in the Kingdom  
of GREAT-BRITAIN, &c. &c. &c.

**P**ERMIT the Bearer's bearer *John Cameron of*  
*Fassifern & his wife with five servants*  
*without arms*  
freely to pass ~~from this Place to Fassifern;~~  
upon their lawful Business, giving them all manner of  
Assistance they may stand in need of. Given at the  
Head-Quarters at Fort-Augustus the 12. Day of June,  
1746.

*William*

*To stand in force  
for three days only  
from the date hereof.*

(By His ROYAL HIGHNESS' Command),

*Edward Teuchocatt.*

To all His MAJESTY'S Officers, civil and military, whom it  
may concern.

PASS SIGNED BY THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND IN FAVOUR OF FASSIFERN.

(from the original in possession of Mrs. Cameron Lucy, of Callart.)



quired of the deputy-governor what was to be done with three men who had just come in with their arms. "Oh, hang them!" was the retort, and fearing to offend by expostulating, the messenger retired. Next morning the officer in charge was horrified to see three corpses hanging from an adjacent mill-beam, and hurriedly calling his servant, he enquired what it meant. The truth was soon told, and the conscience-struck deputy could scarcely realize that his order of the previous night had in reality been literally carried out.

The circumstances attending the execution of James Stewart, an evicted tenant on the estate of Ardsheal, have also a direct bearing on the history of the fort, and will be familiar to the readers of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. Colin Campbell of Glenure, who had been appointed factor on the attainted estates in that part, had, apparently not without cause, earned the ill-feeling of the people, particularly in consequence of his callous actions on the score of evictions. Returning from Fort-William one day in the beginning of summer, 1752, Glenure, who was accompanied by a sheriff-officer and certain other minions of the law, was treacherously shot near Lettermore. Suspicion at once fell upon Alan Breck Stewart, who had frequently been heard to utter vows of vengeance against the unpopular

factor, but all attempts to arrest him proved abortive. Following on a proclamation by the justices, offering a reward of £100 to any person who would give information which would lead to the arrest of the murderer, James Stewart, along with twelve others, was apprehended, and lodged in the garrison at Fort-William. Having emitted a declaration before Sheriff-Substitute Douglas there, Stewart was committed for trial at Inveraray, and was found guilty of the capital charge. After undergoing a further period of incarceration within the fort, he was, on 7th November, escorted by a guard of a hundred men of Rockland's regiment to Ballachulish, where the execution had been fixed to take place. After vehemently protesting his innocence, James Stewart suffered the extreme penalty, and his body was allowed for some years thereafter to dangle from the gibbet, till ultimately it was cut down by a half-witted character, known locally as *Donnachadh an t-Sheana-Chinn*, and, along with the gallows, thrown into the waters of the loch. Present-day authorities are practically unanimous in the belief that an entirely innocent man was sacrificed, and that responsibility for the murder was undoubtedly attributable to Alan Breck.

Though no longer necessary as a means of over-awing the clans, the fort was utilized by the Govern-

## The Dismantling of the Fort. 49

ment as a military depôt till about the middle of the nineteenth century. On the outbreak of hostilities in the Crimea, the troops stationed here were withdrawn; but when the war was over, the 71st Highlanders occupied it for some time, the last corps in residence being the Lancashire Militia. In 1864, the fort was dismantled, and the buildings sold to the late Mr. Campbell of Monzie. The barracks were converted into dwelling-houses, while the fosse served admirably as vegetable gardens, and for a number of years the Lochaber Highland Games were wont to be held within the fortalice quadrangle. Towards the end of 1889, the fort property was disposed of by the superior to the West Highland Railway Company, and at the present day this line intersects the site of the historic structure. When it was being demolished for the purposes of the railway, many old relics, in the shape of cannon-balls, coins, etc., were unearthed, and in one of the ramparts the skeleton of a man was dug up—probably a victim of one of the sieges. Part of the original dwellings still remain, notably Government House, where the order for the massacre of Glencoe was penned by the governor. The old entrance archway has likewise, happily, been preserved, and has now been re-erected in another place, to which reference will be made later on.

## CHAPTER IV.

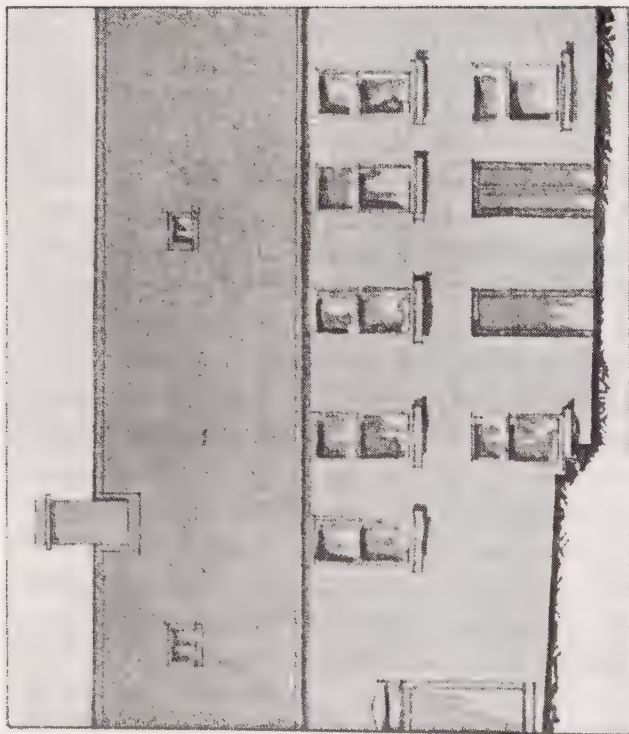
*The craft of Masonry in Fort-William—History of the Lodge—Historical excerpts from the minutes, and notes regarding early customs—Experiences of an Oban cleric who visited Fort-William to hold conventicles.*

THE Masonic records of Lodge Fort-William No. 43, tend to throw some interesting side-lights on the early history of the town, although, as was only to be expected, the minutes deal more particularly with matters of a Masonic nature. While there are no records prior to 1743, it is interesting to note that in 1736 the Lodge was represented in Edinburgh at the foundation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, being then referred to as the Lodge "Mariaburgh." No evidence exists as to the Lodge ever having had any connection with "Mother Kilwinning" previous to 1736, as has been supposed; but everything points to its being originally a military Lodge, born and cradled in the garrison of Fort-William, somewhere about the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Up till November, 1744, the Lodge meetings were held in a convenient room of the George Inn, and elsewhere, as arranged from time to time, but in that year







THE OLD MASONIC LODGE, FORT-WILLIAM.

(Part of the ground floor served at one time as the local Post Office.)

a section of the brethren presented a petition to the master, praying for the erection of suitable premises. This document set forth, *inter alia*, "We are now become a respectable Body, worthy to be taken notice of by the Sister Lodges in North Britain, that the want of a proper Lodge is attended with a great deal of unnecessary expense to the whole Body and a sore eye to the subscribers, especially as when any respectable brother or brothers happen to come to the place they will not undoubtedly pay the same regard and attention to the Body as they would in being entertained and received in a Lodge which the Body could call their own property."

In deference to the prayer of the petition, the brethren, in March, 1744, entered into a contract with Brother John Macpherson to build them a Lodge, and on the following day the foundation-stone thereof was laid with masonic honours. A reproduction of this old building—which served for masonic purposes till March, 1903, when it was demolished to make room for the handsome structure now existing—is given on the opposite page.

Lapse of time has somewhat varied customs, for we read that on St. John's day, 1743, the brethren were ordained to assemble at eight in the morning, properly clothed, and with white stockings, and also having their

proper "toolls." On the completion of Lodge business, "the wholl Body walked in procession from the Lodge to the Parade, where the King and the loyal healths were drunke, and the proper Mason toasts; when the procession was continued from the fort to the church in town. . . . The wholl Brethren in the former good order proceeded from the church to the High Street of Maryburgh, where again were drunke the former loyal toasts; from thence proceeded to Bro. Charles Hewat's house to dinner, where the whole body was plentifully and handsomely entertained with a dinner according to apointment."

The state of the country at the time is reflected in the following entry:—"3rd Decr., 1745. The Lodge being now mett—our long intermission being occasioned by the unnatural rebellion now carrang on against His Sacred Mag. King George—it is now moved that our next metting be upon St. John's day." In the year 1746 there are only two entries in the minutes, one in February, and the other on 27th December. The latter proceeds:—"The Lodge being met by order of the Rigt. Worshipfull Master Thomas Johnson, agreeable to our constitution and in virtue of our charter with intent to renew our annwall election; and seeing our monthly mettings was intrupted by the late most wicked and unnatural rebellion against our most

gracious Sovereign King George, which was happily extinguished by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who gave the Pretender and his Rebel forces a Total rout and defeat at the Battle of Culoden last April, and now by the blessing of God we have been able to renew our meetings. . . .'

The tone of the item just recited would tend to indicate that the Order in these days was composed wholly of soldiers of the King, as no true son of Lochaber would have condoned such anti-Jacobite sentiments. This assumption is borne out by an entry under date 30th August, 1749, which states that "the worthie Brethren of Col. Herbert's Regiment having represented to us that they are soon to leave this place, and willing to keep up a regular meeting amongst themselves in the Regiment, and requested that we should give them a power to form themselves into a separate Lodge and to make byrules for themselves, and that by keeping a Regimental Lodge until a suitable opportunity offered, they could obtain a regular charter from a Grand Lodge for the said purpose, which request our Lodge finding very laudable, do therefore ordain that the Secretary give them a coppie of such rules as we observe, also to prepare a warrand for the Worshipfull, &c., to sign before the Regiment marches from hence."

Some idea of the isolation of Fort-William in these days may be gauged from the following item, which also sheds a light on the manner in which chaplains were recompensed :—" Jan. 13, 1789. It was proposed that, as the Rev. Mr. Gordon, who had officiated for several years as chaplain of this Lodge, was now about to leave the country, the Treasurer be appointed to give a guinea to Bro. Archibald Maclachlan, who goes soon to Glasgow, and to instruct him to purchase a hat, which the Treasurer is appointed to present to Mr. Gordon in name of the Lodge."

In bygone times, the Masonic Lodge appears to have been the rendezvous of all funeral parties passing through the town, and the brethren for many years kept a mort-cloth, a sort of pall, the use of which could be secured by payment of certain fees. Their monopoly in this direction seems to have suffered towards the commencement of 1815, for on January 10th of that year it is recorded that "the Lodge having found that some of their neighbours had interfered with their charitable intentions by keeping mort-cloths for their own pecuniary advantage, now come to the resolution that they will not grant the use of this Lodge for any funeral entertainment, excepting to such as takes the use of their mort-cloth at the usual rates."

The expression, "funeral entertainment," leads to a

train of inferences ; but probably it might be better not to air these. Apropos, however, it might not be out of place to record an experience which befel the Rev. John Campbell, a Congregational minister from Oban, who, about the time in question, visited Fort-William for the purpose of holding evangelical services. A funeral party from Invergarry to Ballachulish had, on reaching Fort-William, adjourned to the Masons' Lodge, and, out of curiosity, Mr. Campbell thither also betook himself. Ample refreshments in the shape of bread and cheese were served round, and there was no dearth of the liquor of the country. On declining to partake of any liquid refreshment, Mr. Campbell was ignominiously seized from behind, and his top-hat forcibly flattened on to his cranium for daring to refuse to do honour to the departed.

This same divine was, it is said, refused permission to conduct his services in the then Established Church, and he was forced to hold open-air conventicles. For thus disturbing the lieges, he was arrested by the Sheriff-officer, tried before the Sheriff in the George Inn, and fined. On tendering a request for a copy of the indictment, he was informed that on payment of the sum of 8s. it would be supplied to him. Needless to say, the barony coffers were not enriched to that amount. It is also on record that certain soldiers of the garrison, who



were greatly impressed with Mr. Campbell's preaching, were incarcerated in the cells for allowing themselves to be affected by such an interloper.

Returning to the masonic records, we find a note, dated 8th April, 1817, to this effect :—

“By account lodged and sustained at this meeting, being expenses incurred by the Brethren at laying the foundation stone of the monument for the gallant Sir John Cameron, Colonel of the 92nd Regiment of Foot, who gloriously fell in the cause of his King and Country at the Battle of Waterloo—£3.”

Two phases of the common round of things may be gleaned from these extracts :—

“1832. 30th Novr. In consequence of the situation of the village owing to the death of several members by the cholera, and of others by that disease, to the number altogether of 40 individuals for the last three months, the Brethren deferred deciding upon holding a ball till 31st November.”

“1835. 21st July. Sums received from Bro. Donald Cameron, George Inn, for the use of the hall for the polling betwixt Grant and Macleod—£2 Sterling ; from a travelling merchant, for the use of the shop below during the days of the June Market last—£1.”



Loyalty appears to have been a distinctive characteristic of the craftsmen, and the transactions shew that they manifested this in appropriate fashion on the coronation of William IV., and of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. On 10th February, 1840, there occurs the following :—

“The Brethren assembled at the hall in Masonic order to testify their delight on the occasion of Her Majesty’s nuptials, and Br. Angus M’Innes of Inveroy, late piper to the Most Hon. The Marquis of Huntly, being in attendance, the Brethren ordered him to play up ‘The Cameron Gathering,’ when, almost instantaneously, not only the young men and maidens of the village, but also great numbers male and female from all parts of Lochaber, with their tartan plaids and scarfs, who came into town during the forenoon, anxious for an opportunity of testifying their joy on so auspicious an event, congregated on the street in front of the hall. Shortly thereafter, the Brethren walked in procession, with pipes playing and banners flying, to the ancient Castle of Inverlochy, where, having fired a Royal salute from the guns therein lately placed, the dense mist and dark clouds hovering over the huge Benevis moved away as if from the combustion beneath, and the Brethren, with other gentlemen present, quaffed Her Majesty’s and Consort’s healths, and other loyal toasts in bumpers

of the real mountain dew, the piper playing 'The Prince's Salute' and other appropriate piobraidhs. All present then joined with the greatest glee in dancing Highland reels in the court of the Castle, while some of the youngsters, elated with joy, danced some reels on the very top of the battlements, now covered with grass. In drinking the health of Her Majesty, it was delightful to hear the unanimous and hearty shouts of 'God bless her' that proceeded from the hundreds present, until the Castle walls and neighbouring mountains responded hallowed echoes to their loyal cheers. Nor was the effect lessened by the circumstance that on that very ground the ancestors of many present fought for their King with Montrose against the Parliamentary forces under Argyle some two centuries before."

The Masons of Fort-William are as enthusiastic and loyal to-day as they were during the stirring times of the '45, and it is worthy of record that, on the occasion of the coronation of King Edward VII., the brethren had the unique privilege of opening their Lodge within the Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, when several gentlemen were initiated into the Order. The function was fittingly concluded by the despatch of the following telegram to His Majesty :—

"King Edward, Westminster Abbey, London. In Lodge Fort-William No. 43, now assembled on the summit of Ben Nevis, the Brethren have in a flowing bumper, and with full Masonic honours, pledged the health of your Majesty, and also in true Highland fashion that of your illustrious and dearly beloved Consort, Queen Alexandra. Sincerely we pray that the Great Architect of the universe may shower blessings innumerable upon you both, and that your reign shall be long, peaceful, happy, and prosperous.

(Sgd.) "WILLIAM THOMPSON, R.W.M."

## CHAPTER V.

Inverlochy—Erected into a Royal Burgh—Observations by Sir G. Mackenzie thereanent—Shipping trade with Spain and Portugal—The wane of prestige of Inverlochy—Duke of Gordon and Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassifern, and their feudal vassals—Civil action by Fassifern—Progress of Fort-William under Sir Duncan Cameron—Sailing packets—Formation of Steamboat Company—Shipping—Coaching—Municipal and parochial—Ecclesiastical and scholastic—Synodical extracts dealing with Church matters in Kilmallie and Kilmonivaig—The raising of stock—"June Market."

It will now be necessary to hark back for a considerable period in order to trace the concatenation of circumstances which led up to the establishment of the present burgh of Fort-William. As we have already seen, it was an off-shoot, primarily, from a distinct town or colony known by the name of Inverlochy, the precise site of which it is impossible, owing to the absence of authentic archives, to determine.

In 1593, Inverlochy, along with Campbeltown and Stornoway, was erected into a Royal Burgh, but a careful search of the records of the Convention of Royal Burghs has failed to shew whether a council was ever elected at the former place. Early in the seventeenth century, a commission was appointed to enquire into

and describe the difference between a Royal Burgh and a Burgh of Barony, but there is nothing to shew whether or not this question was ever decided. Sir G. Mackenzie, in his observations on the old Acts of Parliament, says :—" This Act (1593) apportioning three Burgh Royals to be made, one in Kintyre, one in Lochaber, and one in the Lews, is not only not in observance, but the erection of a Burgh Royal in the Lews was unjustly opposed by the Barons in A.D. 1636, upon pretext that it would communicate their privileges to foreigners and strangers, viz., Hollanders, who offered to come and settle there ; as Lieges it would only have improved our trade, and these foreigners had frequently become Scottishmen."

For many years Inverlochy enjoyed a remunerative shipping trade, and, according to Butler, the port exported large consignments of skins and fish to Spain and Portugal, the chief imports being provisions and coal. Being located at the head of Loch Linnhe, it was the centre of trade for the wide districts of Lochaber and Badenoch, which, in those days, were much more densely populated than is the case now. The extent of its commerce was such as to attract within its walls a large percentage of Continental merchants, with whom an extensive, and, so far as can be learned, mutually profitable trade was done. The co-mingling

of foreigner and Celt, in business relations of this nature, is to-day somewhat unthinkable, but it may be assumed that the Inverlochy Highlanders were as able to drive a bargain as are their Fort-William descendants of the present generation.

The date when the prestige of Inverlochy began to wane, cannot be fixed with any degree of certainty, but it must have been some time between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As previously indicated, there was, when the fort was built in 1650, a migration of squatters towards the garrison, and the township which there and then sprung up was known by the name of Maryburgh, the appellation "Inverlochy," so far as it referred to a community, having then fallen into disuse. We have also seen how, towards the end of the siege of 1746, the governor ordered the burning of Maryburgh—which at that time could only have been of limited extent—so that the present Fort-William is thus a town of comparatively modern creation.

When the country had time to settle down after Culloden, the natives appear to have bestirred themselves in the matter of building, and the dwellings erected were composed for the most part of stone and lime, and not of the wooden order in vogue previously. Being to a great extent dependent on fishing for a livelihood, the people naturally favoured sites along the

foreshore ; but no systematic mode of construction seems to have been followed, and the result was a straggling collection of ungainly hovels of divers shapes and sizes. The Duke of Gordon, who was then superior of the barony, does not appear to have objected to this indiscriminate method of squatter dumping, but Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassifern, who became heritable proprietor in 1834, took steps towards arriving at some definite understanding with those who had thus erected houses. In a memorial for the opinion of counsel, he states, incidentally, that the inhabitants have for a course of years been erecting houses and disposing of the same as their own property, although never sanctioned by any feudal title from the superior. The memorial craves for an opinion as to whether he, as superior, is legally entitled to dispute the rights of possession of tenants of unfeued houses, and if so, what method should be adopted for removing said tenants, and if any compensation is due to them for melioration. The opinion expressed by counsel would seem to favour Sir Duncan's contention that the tenants in question had no legal claim to the unfeued houses, and could be removed on due compensation being paid. He qualifies his opinion, however, by stating that in his belief the dwellings were erected in anticipation of obtaining, at a subsequent date, a valid feudal title thereto.



## 64      Lochaber in War and Peace.

Under Sir Duncan Cameron's superiority the town made fair progress, and some regard was had towards the formation of one main street, with divergent lanes and intermediate thoroughfares giving access to the foreshore. By this time, a good trade was being done in merchandise, and a section of the population was constantly engaged in brewing and dyeing.

Prior to 1800, communication with Fort-William was maintained by sea by a system of sailing packets ; but, in 1824, there was formed what was known as the Glasgow and Fort-William Steamboat Company. This company appears to have been a successful one, and the management committee, in reporting to the shareholders at the third general meeting, state that they feel much pleasure in saying that the hopes and motives which called the establishment into existence were daily felt more and more, and that for the bygone year the returns of the *Comet* were such as to allow its proprietors a liberal percentage on the capital they had advanced. Following on this venture, Messrs. Burns & Co. made a bid for the Lochaber sea trade, and opposition boats were also run by Fort-William merchants—particularly Mr. Duncan M'Intyre and the Messrs. Ainslie. Their Liverpool and Irish trade increasing so much, the Messrs. Burns disposed of their West Highland sailing interests to Messrs. David Hutchison & Co., which



THE OLD MAIN STREET, FORT-WILLIAM.



latter firm retained the services down till 1877, in which year Mr. David MacBrayne, a relative, took it over, and has successfully carried it on ever since.

Stage coaches were also run between Inverness and Fort-William, and between the latter place and Glasgow; and, when the Highland Railway was opened, in 1864, a coach was run daily between Fort-William and Kingussie. This latter is still to the fore, but its starting-place is now at Tulloch, a curtailment attributable to the formation of the West Highland Railway. For many years, the district between Fort-William and Arisaig was served by means of stage coaches, but these, in like manner, were discontinued when the line to Mallaig was made. Most of the old "whips" have now gone to their rest, and the pity is that no one thought proper to jot down the numberless entertaining tales which they gloried in reciting. An indefinable glamour attached to those far-off coaching days, and to a people still unaffected by outside influences, the Royal Mail was typical of all that was stately and superb.

A Sheriff Court was established at Fort-William towards the end of the eighteenth century, for the trial of civil and criminal cases arising in the Lochaber district, and, so far as records exist, the earliest civil action occurred in 1794. The court district included

the parishes of Kilmallie and Kilmonivaig, as well as the portions of the parish of Glenelg, known as Knoydart and Morar, and those parts of Ardnamurchan, known as Moidart and Arisaig. By an Act of Parliament, passed in 1830, jurisdiction was given to try at Fort-William, cases arising in that part of Argyllshire comprehending the districts of Ardgour, Strontian, Kingairloch, Appin, and Duror, irrespective of the fact that Fort-William lies in the county of Inverness. The first Sheriff-Substitute was Mr. Robert Flyter, advocate, who held office at Fort-William as agent for the Bank of Scotland, as well as factor for the Duke of Gordon. Sheriff Flyter was succeeded, in 1838, by Mr. Andrew Fraser, W.S., who retired in 1873, when Mr. James Simpson was appointed to the office. The latter's successor was Mr. Donald Davidson, the present Sheriff-Substitute, who came to Fort-William in 1894. Until the present court house was erected, in 1879, the building now used as a police-office served the double purpose of court house and prison.

In 1875, matters municipal seem to have engaged the attention of the community, and in that year the inhabitants adopted the Lindsay Act. The population then was about 1,400, with an assessable rental of £2,770, but the town was virtually without sanitary conveniences of any kind. A Police Commission, con-

sisting of nine members, was appointed, and they nominated a senior magistrate and two junior bailies, Mr. Daniel M'Leish, bank agent, being elected to the first office, and Messrs. A. R. Affleck, druggist, and John Cameron, hotel-keeper, to the latter offices. No time was lost in introducing water and providing a sewage system, the total cost of which amounted to £1,549, and, generally, every effort was made to remodel the town on modern principles. The first assessment imposed in 1875 was 1s. per £; and nine years later, when Mr. M'Leish demitted office, it stood at double this figure, on an assessable rental of £5,210. On the election of a Police Commission, the town contained no public lamps, but during that year four were erected, and these were annually added to, until, in 1884, they numbered 35. The next period of nine years was under the lead of Mr. N. B. Mackenzie, bank agent, and Mr. A. S. M'Intyre, merchant—the former for six years, and the latter for three years. This term saw the extension of the water and sewer systems, at a cost of £1,200, with a corresponding increase in the assessments to 2s. 8½d. per £.

By the Police Act of 1892, the office of senior magistrate was raised to the dignity of that of provost, and as such the town was governed for the following nine years—that is, from 1893—by Mr. Colin Young,

blacksmith, who was in office for six years ; and Mr. P. MacFarlane, druggist, who served during the remainder of the period. At this time, the High Street, which formed part of the military road passing through Fort-William from the east coast to the west, as well as the other streets of the burgh, was under the administration of the County Road Authority. That body levied an assessment of 8d. per £ on the burgh assessable rental for the upkeep of the streets, and there was very little to show for the expenditure—no pavement, and virtually no channelling. The progressivists resolved to apply to the Sheriff to have the roads and streets administration transferred to the Burgh Council, a move which was strenuously opposed by the County Authority. The Sheriff of the county (Ivory), however, after an exhaustive enquiry, granted the application, and transferred the highways within the bounds to the Burgh Authority, declaring that no payment should be made by them to the County Road Authority. Immediately after the transference, the Council appointed a road surveyor ; and concrete pavements were formed, with granite kerbs and channelling along both sides of the High Street. The first assessment imposed for road purposes by the Town Council did not exceed 4d. per £.

In 1895, a resolution was unanimously carried, for the compulsory introduction of sanitary conveniences



into all dwellings, and, after a year or two's indulgence, the requirements of the Council were fully given effect to, with the result that the old unsatisfactory order of things had become, as it were, an unhallowed memory of the past. Following up their march of progress, the Council took another definite and important step when they decided to have the burgh illuminated by electricity—a scheme which was satisfactorily brought to fruition a year later. The current is generated by water-power, and Fort-William had the distinction of being the first town in Scotland to adopt such a method of obtaining light. This modern innovation entirely superseded gas, which was in use previously, and the burgh to-day is wholly dependent for artificial light on its electric installation.

Another stage in municipal reform was reached when, in the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee, a copious supply of excellent water, drawn from the head of Glen Nevis, was introduced into the town. Mrs. Cameron-Campbell, the lady superior, who granted rights free of charge, personally turned on the new supply, and in Fort-William a public holiday was observed. The scheme was carried out under the supervision of Mr. J. Wilson, C.E., Edinburgh, and the analyst who reported on the water, stated: "It is perfectly pure, and free from any deleterious matter, and is one of the most

pure and suitable for domestic use that I have had in my hands for some time."

The chief magistrate's chair, on the retiral of Provost MacFarlane, was filled by Mr. Colin Young and Mr. D. R. Cameron, each for three years, and the present holder of the office is Mr. N. B. Mackenzie.

Matters parochial are, likewise, now on a sound and satisfactory basis : but a radical change under this head has taken place since the early part of the nineteenth century. Writing in 1835, the Rev. Donald MacGillivray, incumbent of the parish of Kilmallie, mentions that "the average number of poor may be about 160, chiefly supported by collections at the church door, with occasional donations from the heritors, and alms received by their going from house to house through the parish. The most needy receive 1s. per week ; but the average given to ordinary paupers may be from 5s. to 7s. in the year. The people are very kind to such as are in distress. They send potatoes, milk, peats, etc., to their houses. Some are very anxious to get upon the poors' list, but others abstain from applying for aid as long as possible. The common diet of the peasants is potatoes, with herrings or milk. Such as are in better circumstances may have a little meal and mutton ; but potatoes constitute their principal food for three-fourths of the year."

Ecclesiastically, Fort-William is at strife, and there are many religious factions within its bounds—Established, Episcopalian, Free, United Free, Free Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic. When the nineteenth century dawned, the Church of Scotland could only boast of a missionary at Fort-William, and he appears to have been under the jurisdiction of the parish church at Corpach—an edifice which has a romantic history, to which I shall allude later on. The original chapel of ease, or place of meeting, of the Establishment in the burgh, occupied a site behind the present Argyll Hotel, and to this a graveyard was attached, which spread out across what is now the main street, in front of the National Bank. The congregation, finding the accommodation in this building too limited, built what is now used as a town hall, which latter, as time went on, had also to be enlarged. In 1861, through the munificence of Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassifern, who endowed it, the present *quoad sacra* church of Duncansburgh was erected, and this continues adequately to serve the requirements of the population.

The penal laws enacted after the Rising of '45, found for the soldiers of the fort another occupation. They had to provide against the evasion of these laws by Episcopalians who were driven, and not for the first time in Christian history, to hold their services surrep-

titiously. Spots are shewn between Fort-William and Onich where such services used to be held, and their adaptability for the double purpose of secrecy and observation confirms the truth of the tradition. The Nemesis came, and with it the reward for constancy. Finding that a large percentage of the soldiers were Episcopalians, the Countess of Rosse, acting on the advice of Mr. John Bowdler of Eltham, Kent, built a church at Fort-William in 1817,\* and this, claimed to be the first church erected in the town, came to be known as Rosse Church. The present Episcopalian church—which is an edifice of surpassing beauty—was consecrated on the 9th September, 1880. Dedicated to St. Andrew, it was designed by Dr. Andrew Ross, Inverness.

The Rev. J. B. Craven, in his most interesting volume, *Records of the Dioceses of Argyll and the Isles, 1560-1860*, gives numerous extracts, which tend to throw additional light on the ecclesiastical state of Kilmallie at an early period, and I have taken the liberty of quoting a few of these:—

“In the year 1620, just as the people had finished building a bridge over the river Askaig, ‘they report they saw an infinit number of adders swymming upon the water a little below the bridge, leaping thereon, whereof many landing, creeped away throch the grass and hather, to the great terror of the inhabitants.’”

\* G. B. Davy.



**ROSSE CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, FORT-WILLIAM.**

(The above edifice is claimed to have been the first church erected in Fort-William.)



"1649. The parish has been 'vacant since the Reformation.'"

"Dugald Campbell, minister of Knapdale, was appointed, in 1658, to remain at Kilmallie, get a kirk built, and bring the people to 'some comely order.'"

"In 1669, Lachlan Fraser was admitted; and in 1683, Duncane Martine, A.M., Glasgow, formerly schoolmaster at Rothesay, was ordained and admitted. In October, 1697, the charge was declared vacant by the Presbyterian Synod, and Mr. Martine died soon after."

"Synod Book of Argyle, under date 1692, speaks of a commission going to Fort-William in order to 'summon before them Mr. Duncan Martin, Episcopal Incumbent in Kilmalie, in Lochaber, and to enquire into his life and doctrine, and to proceed against him, or any other Delinquents as they shall see cause.' In 1693, this inquisition reported that they had 'enquired,' and found Mr. Martin 'Supine,' so he is ordered to be summoned."

"Rev. Robert M'Gruther, formerly minister of Kilbrandon and Kilchattan, deposed by Presbyterian authorities, 1691. Seems to have gone about ministering Church ordinances in 1696; is then 'alleged to have married a couple in a wood distant from the house.' One of the parties was a soldier, 'John Stevensone,' of the garrison at Fort-William. Colonel Hill (of the secular arm) is to be written. The soldier gallantly took the blame, and said he had 'forced' M'Gruther to celebrate the marriage."

"Records of Presbytery of Lorn. A considerable amount of difficulty arose by the resignation and removal from Kilmalie and Fort-William of the Rev. Neil Campbell, the first Presbyterian minister. The Presbytery were in the difficult position of trying to please the garrison of Fort-William and the rest of the parishioners. He was translated to Roseneath in 1709. The garrison then wished to have a Mr. William Brodie appointed. The difficulty then arose that this young man could not preach 'in Irish,' when the garrison declared that they would have no Highlander or Gaelic preacher. The commissioner from the garrison to the Presbytery then assured them, 'he being a person well affected to the Government, that, if



this call were not concurred with, there would not a call be given to any of our persuasion, and that he feared some person would get the Queen's commission to be chaplane to the regiment that would not own us.' After further consideration, a sub-committee 'gave it as their opinion that, as matters now stand, it may conduce more to the glory of God, and the interest of the Gospel in their bounds, that there be way given to Mr. Brodie's settlement in the usual and ordinary way,' so the Synod order the Presbytery of Lorn so to proceed. In the meanwhile, Mr. Brodie is to preach 'every Sabbath' at Fort-William, and Brodie was afterwards ordained there."

"Lochaber. The Rev. Neil Campbell has been minister there for seven years previous to 1709, when he desired to remove through a call to Rosenearth. He showed his grievances to be many and severe—the collecting of his stipend costing a third of its value; 'no legall manse nor office-houses; . . . there is no kirk or meeting house in the whole paroch, where there are six places of worship, excepting only the Kirk of Kilmalie; yea, when the Laird of Lochiall, younger, did send a considerable part of the materialls for a meeting house at Kilmonavaig, the rest declined to joyn, and suffered the timber to rott upon the ground."

1712. "Popery is still increasing, and particularly in the Braes of Lochaber and Glengarrie, insomuch that the brethren who went to the Braes of Lochaber, and were there on Sabbath last, got not a child to be baptized but one, which was but three nights old, whereas there was not a [Presbyterian] minister there for a quarter of a year before, so that all of them go to the priest for baptisme to their children, who takes the parents obliged to conform to his way before he gives them the benefit."

1713. "Great and mighty offence taken by the gentlemen of Lochaber at the Presbytery not keeping their meeting at Kilmalie as to the disjunction of the parishes in Lochaber. Therefore, 'Lochiel signifies the resolution of the Parish of Kilmalie to call a minister for themselves.' It is thought that a minister would hardly get two dozen of hearers in the Braes; whereas, when Mr. Neil Campbell left, there was only three or four persons that

absented themselves from the ordinances in that countrey; and the infection is daily spreading; Likewise it is certified to the Presbyterie that these of Kilmalie parish and some of Kilmonavog, who lie nearest Fort-William, go to the English curat there, who serves them by administering baptisme and marriag in a languag unknown to them, by an interpreter, which is verie scandalous and a vexing consideration; all which so gravaminous and affects the brethren so deeply that it makes them inclinable and fully resolved to use all lawfull endeavours possible to obstruct that torrent and inundation."

"The ordination of Mr. Robert Stewart is accordingly ordered to 'expede' in all haste, 'because of the lamentable desolation for want of a Gospell Minister, and the manifest hazard the people are in to be seduced on all sides,' so that the people might 'have easy access to a minister in that parish for to hear the word and to get the benefit of baptisme and marriag, and not to be put upon a lock to go either to the priest or to the Carate.'"

1735. "The greatest part of the gentry in Lochaber loves the Nonjuring Clergy, and their children are Baptized by them, tho' they are not so madly fond of them" [as those of Appin].

Mr. Craven then proceeds to give copies of a series of letters, addressed chiefly to the respective bishops, 1727-1793, in which earnest appeal is made for the appointment of a resident minister for the Lochaber district. In the last quoted epistle, dated Fort-William, 6th February, 1793, the following occurs:—

"The People of Lochaber, where the greatest part of us reside, have been very much neglected these fifty years past; altho' true to our Principles, we have never had a residing clergyman, nor so much as worship from one year's end to the other. . . . We are a separate congregation, and will do our utmost to support our clergyman. All the people in this town are clear for it, and have begun a subscription for building a Chapel."

The letter is signed by J. Cameron, Callort ; John Cameron, Drumnasallie ; Donald Cameron, Dunleck ; James Cameron, Kinlochleven ; John Cumming, Achdaliu ; Dugald M'Laurin ; Duncan M'Kenzie ; John Cameron, Blarehevin ; Allan Cameron, Lindavra ; Dugald M'Lachlan ; Donald M'Kenzie, Balachelish ; Ewen Cameron ; Alexr. Stewart, Leck ; John Cameron, Kenlochbeg.

An entry for the following year states that—

"The number of members of the Established Church, Parish of Kilmallie, is 3,715 ; of Papists, 103 ; and of Nonjurors, 407. The congregation [Episcopalian] at Fort-William was formed soon after the Revolution. The present chapel is a well-built edifice, erected in 1817, by voluntary subscription, and cost from £500 to £600. It is the property of the congregation, for whom it is held by six trustees, two of whom are always the Bishop of the Diocese and the incumbent. . . . Divine service is performed twice every Sunday—in the forenoon in English, in the afternoon in Gaelic."

Shortly after the erection of an Episcopal church, a Roman Catholic chapel was built, and at the Disruption in 1843, the body who seceded from the Establishment erected for themselves a sanctuary near the entrance to the public pier, which was discarded, in 1889, for a fine new structure, which occupies a prominent site on rising ground above the town. Dissensions arose in this fold, chiefly in connection with the Union, and the result was two distinct

offshoots, which to-day have their separate meeting-places. These two seceding factions—Free, and Free Presbyterian—can lay claim to only comparatively small followings, and as yet have no churches of their own.

Reverting to scholastic affairs, it is gratifying to learn that, as far back as 1700, educational interests were kept well to the fore in Fort-William, and in that year the first payment of a Government aid grant was made. The warrant authorizing this was in these terms :—

“ Bishop’s Rent School at Fort-William, £30 sterling. George Hume, Lord Provost of Edinburgh and partners, present tacksmen of the rents of the bishoprics, pay unto Captain Charles Maitland the sum of £30 sterling, as one year’s allowance, for erecting and maintaining of a school at Fort-William, conform to His Majesty’s warrant thereanent, of 28th February, 1694, for which Brigadier Maitland is to be accountable for the right using and applying of the said sum for the use aforesaid, being for this year 1700, for which presents, with the said Captain Maitland, this shall be your warrant. Dated at Edinburgh, the 23rd day of August, 1700.

(Sgd.)	“ QUEENSBERRIE, Commissioner.
( „ )	“ ANNANDALE, } Chancellor.”
	“ MARCHMONT, }

Fort-William's position as an educational centre in the West Highlands has for many years been assured ; and that there is no deterioration in this direction, is evidenced by the phenomenal and maintained annual success of its pupils, both male and female, many of whom are to-day occupying prominent positions of trust the world o'er. That there were laggards in times past, no less than there are in our own day, it must be admitted, and a curious custom used to obtain whereby the tardy ones were summoned to school by the town's bellman, who paraded the thoroughfares and clanged the youngsters to their daily tasks. It is not so very long ago, either, since the same functionary performed a like service on Sundays in order to apprise the lieges of church services. In both capacities he was frequently made the butt of the local youth, who, keeping time to his measured ding-dong, chanted a rhythmical Gaelic lingo, which, as it fell on a listener's ear, rarely failed to evoke a smile.

In virtue of its central position in a large and reputable stock-producing area, it was only natural that the annual markets held at Fort-William should attract to the barony confines all sorts and conditions of people from far and near. The "June Market," as the chief fair was called, was *the* event of the year, and lasted for the major part of a week. For days the market

stance, located in the neighbourhood of Nevis Bridge, was the scene of the greatest activity, and what with the lowing of enormous herds of cattle, the counting of sheep, and the stampeding of horses, the scene was such as almost to baffle description. The purchase and sale of stock was only one phase of the erstwhile popular fair ; for the merchants it was a business gala day, and for the country folks it meant the securing of stores for the best part of the ensuing twelve months. In days anterior to the opening of the Highland Railway, the whole district of Badenoch, as far as Kingussie, was, in addition to Lochaber, supplied from Fort-William, and the relays of carts and other conveyances which on market days converged on *An Gearasdan* was such as to compel undisguised surprise on the part of a person viewing the scene for the first time. As might be expected, shopkeepers and merchants had to be up betimes, and it was no unusual thing for assistants to be at the counter from five o'clock in the morning to nearly midnight. During market days a large amount of money changed hands, for this was the occasion when all bills were supposed to be settled—servants and others who were changing places being then in possession of six months' wages. From morning till night the streets were thronged with a heterogeneous crowd, and the babble of voices,



chiefly in the vernacular, was deafening. Many stalwarts there were, arrayed in the full garb of the Gael; women in tartan sashes and summer finery; tillers of the soil, and tenders of sheep from remote glens and lonely sheilings—all co-mingling with each other, and happy in the knowledge that for the time being they were equals—gathered together for mutual intercourse and social enjoyment. Confectionery stalls, side shows, and all the other paraphernalia incident to such gatherings, were much in evidence, and received their customary meed of support, albeit the sequel meant many a curtain-lecture over the squandering of hard-earned money. Where now is this once great fair? Where, alas? To-day it is only a memory; the opening up of the Highlands by railways spelt its decadence, and the establishment of an auction mart at Fort-William practically meant the extinction of the market, *qua* such. A fair trade is yet done in the bartering of wool, and local farmers still adhere to the old custom of feeing servants on this day, but the glory and fame of the tryst have gone—never, it is feared, to be again revived.



## CHAPTER VI.

Comparison of postal work and the transit of mails—Advent of railways—Fort-William as a tourist resort—Parade Ground—The Craigs—Notes on some of the graves—Victoria Park—Prince Charlie's rock—"Long John" and Glenloch distilleries.

PROBABLY no better criterion of the growth of Fort-William could be cited than the marked increase within recent years of its postal work. Prior to 1860, the town was served in this respect from Bonawe, an unpretentious Argyllshire hamlet, and the smallness of the mail may be gauged from the fact that one man could carry on his back all the correspondence for Ballachulish, Glencoe, Morven, Ardnamurchan, Inverie, and Fort-William. In 1865, the district served from Bonawe, embracing fourteen sub-offices, was annexed to Fort-William—the circulation of the South mails having been arranged so as to come by Perth and Kingussie, and thence by coach to Lochaber. In 1859, the number of letters delivered in a week at Fort-William, including rural districts, was 2,491, and posted, 1,680—total 4,171; while in 1865, under the new arrangement, the total number of letters delivered

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during the first week was 5,672, and posted, 3,750—total, 9,422. Telegraph communication was established in 1871, and during the first year, with three instruments in use, 7,047 telegrams were dealt with. In reviewing the postal work during his period of thirty-five years' service, the late Mr. D. MacDougall, who held the office of postmaster from 1865 till 1890, stated that in the latter year the number of telegrams dealt with was 50,014, there being then eight telegraph instruments in use. In the same year, the number of letters delivered was 19,095, and posted, 32,948; while money order, savings bank, and parcel post business made rapid strides.

In 1881, the circulation of South mails underwent a further change, coming as they did by rail to Oban, and thence per steamer to Fort-William. This arrangement remained in force till 1894; and under the different conditions prevailing to-day, when the chief mail, newspapers, etc., reach Lochaber's capital by 10 A.M., it is difficult to realize that up till a few years ago the inhabitants had to wait till four o'clock in the afternoon alike for their letters and news-sheets.

With the coming of the West Highland Railway—which was commenced in 1889 and opened for traffic in August, 1894—the old order of things passed away,

and Fort-William was placed on a basis of equality with other towns less further removed from the great centres of industry. It progressed accordingly, and not only was there a marked improvement in its commercial and industrial affairs, but the town and district sprang at once into favour as a health and tourist resort.

Fort-William's first post office—a small room at the corner of Macmillan Lane, still in existence—when contrasted with the present well-equipped office, erected specially for the department, in 1896, affords a fair idea of the postal progression. For a number of years prior to the completion of the new office, postal work was carried on in somewhat cramped premises opposite the Argyll Inn; but it was soon evident, from the increase in all departments, that the erection of more commodious quarters could not be long delayed. Lochiel opened the new office in 1897, and, being replete in all appointments, it is calculated that it will prove sufficient for the requirements of the district for many years to come. During 1906, the weekly number of letters delivered amounted to 6,184, while as many as 7,168 were posted. There are now 40 sub-offices under Fort-William, the chief office itself being the centre of 12 telegraph circuits. In the year last mentioned, there were 31,420 telegrams dealt with, all other

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departments shewing a correspondingly marked increase. Fort-William can now also boast of a local telephone exchange, and business people look forward to the early establishment of trunk communication with the South.

This satisfactory state of progression is undoubtedly due in the main to the advent of railways, which now make accessible tracts of country hitherto practically unknown to the Southerner. The construction of the West Highland line was followed, half-a-dozen years later, by the extension of the system to Mallaig, on the western seaboard. Both routes are famed for their scenic beauties, and the latter traverses the greater part of the region rendered classic by the wanderings of Prince Charlie. The iron road now connects Spean-Bridge with Fort-Augustus, and even the gloomy satellites of Glencoe re-echo the scream of the modern railway locomotive. As a result of the railway invasion, the steamboat services on the Caledonian Canal and Loch Linnhe were greatly accelerated, and ere long the inevitable motor car was requisitioned for public transit per the turnpikes.

So quickly did Fort-William spring into favour as a tourist resort, that for some years it was almost impossible to find adequate accommodation for the ever-increasing stream of visitors. A building boom, how-

## Fort-William as a Tourist Resort. 85

ever, set in, and in a year or two the old-world town presented quite a different aspect from the sea. All the best sites on the rising ground behind the burgh were quickly picked up by feuars, and to-day the whole hill-face is thickly dotted with modern villas. As a summer resort, Fort-William retains its popularity, and has many inducements to offer to those wishful of spending a holiday amid its leafy dells and rugged fastnesses.

It is not so many decades ago since the limits of the town, east and west, were bounded by two thatched houses, one near where the Alexandra Hotel now stands, and the other in the vicinity of the United Free Church manse. The last thatched house in the burgh stood at the top of Ben Nevis Terrace, but this was removed a considerable time ago, and the burn which openly flowed past it was covered over. The extension of building operations beyond the respective boundaries already referred to, is of comparatively recent date, preference being given by the citizens to Auchintore for the erection of residential domiciles. Along the sea-beach in this locality, the Town Council are presently in course of forming an esplanade, which, when completed, should prove an additional attraction to those who spend their summer off-time in Lochaber.

There are still some quaint corners in the old town; but, speaking generally, Fort-William, having a reputation to uphold, is well up to date, and does not consider the introduction of things modern as an innovation. In its main street are numerous first-class shops, and a stranger will probably think that the number of hostels is out of all proportion to the size of the place. A like state of matters appears to have existed as far back as 1835, for it is noted in the *Statistical Account of Scotland* for that year, that there were "dram-houses without number,—some of them licenced to sell spirits, some selling without licence."

Cameron Square contains a fine monument, erected by his grateful countrymen, in memory of Dr. William Kennedy, whose skill as a practitioner, coupled with his urbanity and benevolence, endeared him to the whole body of the people.

Traversing eastward, the sojourner will descry, just where the Water of Nevis enters Loch Linnhe, all that is left of the old fort; and the southern wall of the once surrounding moat, almost obscured by a collection of railway houses, is still to the fore. Through the generosity of the lady superior, the original parade ground, known to this day as The Parade, is preserved as an open space, *pro bono publico*, and the inhabitants are under further obligation to her for gifting to the





Photo.]

PORT-WILLIAM (PRESENT DAY) AND BEN NEVIS,  
FROM LOCH LINNHE.

[McIntosh & Ruddell, Fort-William.





town what is known as the Victoria Recreation Park, which is situated about a quarter of a mile further on.

The Craigs burying-ground, passed on the left, is attractive in the sense that here one may learn much of the past history of a pre-eminently historical district. On reaching it, the eye of the visitor is first arrested by the old archway referred to in a previous chapter. Besides commemorating the raising of the Camerons, it spans General Wade's road, which intersects the graveyard, and originally passed over the Nevis, near the northern extremity of the cemetery. A monumental fountain, in memory of Mr. D. S. M'Laren, a popular citizen, also stands in contiguity to the archway. The oldest tombstones lead to the inference that the God's acre was primarily used by the soldiers, among the earliest being one recording the death, in 1708, of Ludovick Muirhead, who, from his youth up, had spent his life in military service. The grave of another soldier is marked by a stone bearing these words: "Sacred to the memory of Captain Patrick Campbell, late of the 42nd Regiment. He died on the 13th of December, 1816. A true Highlander, a sincere friend, and the best deerstalker of his day." There is a quaintness about some of the epitaphs, not calculated to provoke solemnity on the part of a casual reader. A Maryburgh merchant, M'Cormack to name, who had

a chronic habit of giving vent to the Gaelic expression  
 "Co dhe,"—"What of,"—is honoured thus :—

" Here lies interred  
 Poor old 'Co dhe.'

This passing by some one may say  
 His daily maxim he has fully proved,  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The widow of one Campbell Gunn, a tide-waiter in Fort-William, who died in 1743, lauds her departed spouse in this fashion :—

"The rich may grieve, the poor may weep and moan,  
 When they reflect who lies beneath this stone.  
 He was cut off just in the bloom of life  
 From his dear daughter and much dearer wife.  
 His great ambition still was to re-bless  
 The injured, and the needy in distress;  
 Constant in friendship, affable and just,  
 True to his King, his country, and his trust."

The late Mrs. Mary MacKellar, bardess of the Clan Cameron, who delighted in unearthing, for preservation, old-time stories and records of matters Celtic, tells of an interesting tombstone which used to stand in the Craigs, but which, alas! has now disappeared. It told of the prowess of a swordsman named Mac-Bane, who was credited with having slain twenty-one opponents in fights for the championship. His last combat was with an Italian, who from Inverness sent

out a challenge to the whole countryside. MacBane was then well up in years, and when called upon to uphold the honour of his country, demurred in his old age to be again the means of shedding blood. Acquiescing at length to the importunities of his friends, he buckled on his trusty weapon, met the foreigner, and, of course, as was his wont, conquered. In the fulness of time he was gathered to his fathers, and his headstone told that "he died in bed at home, and was graced with a decent funeral by his surviving wife."

The Craigs afford sanctuary to the ashes of an eminent Celtic scholar, James Munro, to whom reference is made in another part of this work, and there also lies buried here—although his grave is unmarked—a Gaelic poet named Mackinnon. By profession he was a soldier, and his muse had reference chiefly to the foreign battles in which he took part.

Proceeding eastwards, the Victoria Park, already referred to, is passed on the right, and standing out prominently above it is Prince Charlie's rock, where the besiegers of the fort planted one of their batteries. On the flat here is the Belford Hospital, erected and endowed in 1863 by the late Andrew Belford of Glenfintaig for the benefit of the poorer classes resident in the parishes of Kilmallie and Kilmonivaig.

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Here, too, is located one of the distilleries where "Long John's Dew of Ben Nevis" is manufactured, the other being situated about a mile further on; while, betwixt them, is a third, owned by the Glenlochy-Fort-William Distillery Co.

Our perambulations naturally lead to the old castle of Inverlochy, but this is a subject which warrants a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

The early history of Inverlochy—Chronological records of Fordun and Boetius—The first castle—Tragedies within the walls and in vicinity—Commerce with France and Spain—Devastation by the wars of the Danes—Description of early female attire—Emperor Charlemagne—The Picts—Donald Balloch and his Islesmen—Battle of Inverlochy, 1645—Massacre of Campbells by Montrose's army—Escape of Argyll—The present ruins—Probable date of erection—Description of the stronghold—Renovation by late Lord Abinger.

INVERLOCHY, the undoubted origin of Fort-William as we now know it, must, in days gone by, have been a place of no mean importance, but the date of its rise and fall has unfortunately been lost in the dim and distant ages of antiquity. The earliest chronological records in which reference is made to it are those of Fordun and Boetius, and we have it on the authority of the latter, that King Ewin the Second not only built a castle, but a city, at Inverlochy some years before the commencement of the Christian era. The passage in question is thus translated by Hollinshed from the original Latin:—"After this he (King Ewin) visited the western parts of his realme, and at the mouth of the Lochtey he builded a citie, which

he named Ennerlochtey, infranchising the same with a sanctuarie for the refuge of offenders. This citie afterwards was much frequented with merchants of France and Spain by reason of the great abundance of samons, herrings, and other fish which was taken there. The old ruins of this citie in parte remaine to be seen to this day."

The idea of a city of the evident dimensions referred to, located on the strand of the River Lochy, in a sparsely populated district like Lochaber, reads at the present time more like romance than history. On the other hand, the statement with regard to the abundance of salmon and herring still holds good, as the Lochy is one of the best-known salmon rivers in Scotland, while in Loch Linnhe, at its mouth, herrings are frequently caught in large numbers.

Whether the castle mentioned by Boetius was the first to be erected at Inverlochy or not, it is difficult to determine, but if any reliance can be placed on a local tradition, the primary structure was built in a single night by the Picts. On the face of it, such an assertion as the latter is absurd, and the probable explanation is that the so-called "castle" was nothing more than a wattle hunting-lodge, hurriedly constructed, for the use of the king and his nobles during their hunting expeditions to that part of the country.



## The Early History of Inverlochy. 93

In the year 273 A.D., Donald of the Isles is said to have been treacherously murdered within the precincts of the castle; and Fordun relates that, about the beginning of the sixth century, King Gonranus was ensnared into an ambuscade, and put to death, by his nephew, Eugenius, at Inverlochy. The year 647 witnessed still a further tragedy at Inverlochy, and, in the words of Boetius, we are informed that "King Donwald being got into a bote to fish in the water called Lochtaie for his recreation, his chance was to be drowned by reason the bote sunk under him."

Another account, by an ancient writer, of the "city" which sprung up round the castle bearing its name, is in these words:—"In the mouth of Lochtie likewise was some time a riche toun named Inverlochtie, whether the merchants of France and Spain did make their dailie resort, till at last it was so defaced by the warres of the Danes that it never was able since the said time to recover her prestine renoune. But whether the negligence of the due repaire of the toun proceedeth of the slouth of our people, or hatred that some envious persones doe beare to cities and walled townes in our countrie, as yet is uncertaine."

Lesly, Bishop of Ross, who lived in the sixteenth century, has something to say about the condition of Lochaber at the time to which the immediately pre-

ceding extract refers. Writing of the gentler sex then resident in Inverlochy, he states they "were clothed with purple and embroidery of most exquisite workmanship, with bracelets and necklaces on their arms and necks, so as to make a most graceful appearance."

A peculiar interest also attaches to the ancient stronghold, in respect that the Emperor Charlemagne is credited with here having met the Pictish King Achaius, some time in the ninth century, and the belief still exists that a treaty, witnessed by no less than sixteen members of the Comyn family, was on the occasion signed by the two monarchs. One of the remaining towers is known to the present day as Comyn's Tower; but, although it is doubtful whether Charlemagne ever visited Inverlochy, it is not unreasonable to assume that his ambassadors paid visits there from France, on missions to the Pictish King, with the object of persuading the latter to complete a treaty for mutual protection against the English. This coincides with the view expressed by Mr. W. Drummond Norrie, author of that most interesting book *Loyal Lochaber*, who draws a striking picture of contrast between the Frankish nobles and their Pictish allies. "The former were arrayed in all the bravery of rich armour and splendid apparel, bejewelled and emblazoned with the heraldic devices of their respective families, and

armed with magnificent weapons from the famous forges of Spain. The Picts, on the other hand, were clad for the most part in a parti-coloured garment, folded round the upper part of the body, and fastened at the shoulder by an ornamental brass pin or brooch of large dimensions. Those parts of the body which remained naked were covered with designs pricked into the skin, and stained with some vegetable dye. For weapons, they carried bows and arrows, and the long double-handed sword, in the use of which they were thoroughly proficient. Some bore spears for use in hunting the wolf and wild boar, and nearly all had daggers thrust in the waist-belt. Slung over their backs were small circular shields, or targes, of brass, bronze, or leather, while a few of the more important chiefs wore mail."

For some time thereafter, history is comparatively silent in regard to Inverlochy, but, in 1431, an event occurred which rudely disturbed the period of lethargy indulged in by the inhabitants. Donald Balloch, ascertaining that the king's soldiers, under the Earl of Mar, had made a forced march into Lochaber, and were in course of securely entrenching themselves round Inverlochy Castle, after mustering his Islesmen, set sail for Inverlochy, with the firm resolve of ousting the invaders and protecting the hereditary rights of the

clan. The sequel was a decided victory for the Islesmen, who accounted for nearly a thousand of the king's followers—amongst the dead left on the field being the Earl of Caithness, as well as many Lowland barons and knights.

In making good his escape, the Earl of Mar encountered many privations in the wilds of Lochaber, and suffered considerably from hunger. The story is still told how, when in Brae Lochaber, a measure of meal was given to him by a poor woman of the district. Repairing at once to a neighbouring burn, Mar, who was well versed in the Doric, after mixing the meal with some water in one of his shoes, composed the following verse :—

"Is math an cocaire an t-acras,  
'S mairg ni tarcuis air a bhiadh?  
Fuarag eorn' an sail mo bhroige  
Biadh a b' fhcarr a fhuair mi riamh."

Which may be rendered into English, thus :—

"Hunger is the best of cooks,  
Who would despise the plainest meal?  
I never got anything so good  
As barley crowdie in my shoe's heel."

During the next two hundred years, foray and feud were rife in Lochaber, but Inverlochy, with which at

present we are more immediately concerned, does not appear to have played any conspicuous part in these. Coming down, however, to A.D. 1645, it is again brought prominently to the forefront in the wars of the Covenanters, and every student of history is conversant with the main facts relating to the doughty struggle which in the above year surged round the castle's hoary keep. After pillaging the domains of his ancient enemy Argyll, Montrose, with his triumphant army, contemplated the capture of Inverness, and set out with this object in view. When bivouacing at Fort-Augustus, Montrose was apprised that Argyll—who had fled to Dumbarton—had, with a considerable following, returned to Inverlochy, from which place he was harrying the district. Tired though his soldiers were, Montrose decided that there was no alternative but to go back, but in order that no whisper of his intention should reach Argyll, he conceived the bold plan of conducting his men by a circuitous route *via* Glen Roy and the rugged Ben Nevis range. His objective lay thirty miles off, and to cover this distance through dangerous defiles and bleak mountain passes during mid-winter, seemed a task almost impossible of accomplishment. And yet, in a night and a day, it was done, and the first warning that Argyll had of the approach of his foe, was a blast of trumpets as the

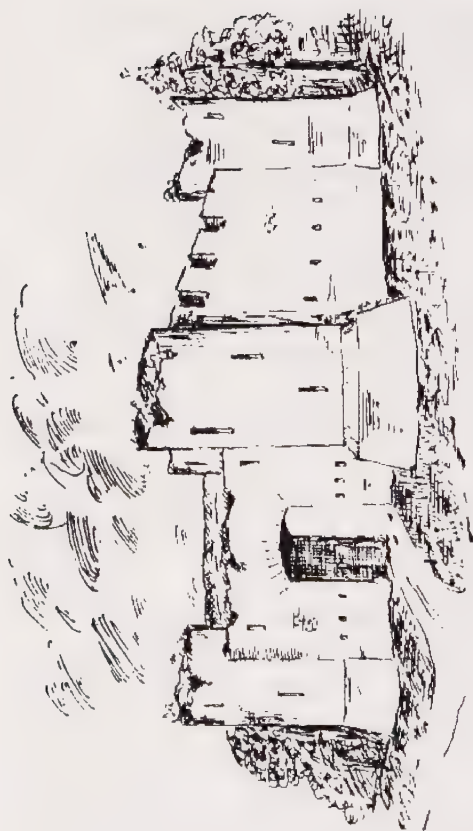
attackers emerged from the comparative security of Glen Nevis.

To recount here the details of the battle would be nauseating ; it is well known how the struggle ended—how the Campbells were routed, and how their chief, the great Mac Cailean Mor, watching the fight from a galley moored in the Lochy, incontinently forsook his clansmen when he saw how the tide of battle flowed. Some fifteen hundred Campbells were that day slain, others were drowned in the torrents of Lochy, and many who fled along the high road above Fort-William were pursued, and put to the sword by the victorious legions of Montrose. Aytoun has immortalized the struggle in touching verse, and in a memorable Gaelic ode, "Iain Lom"—of whom more anon—with caustic vituperation derides Argyll for his cowardice, while eulogising the achievements and prowess of his own clan.

Around the ruins of Inverlochy's mouldering keep, a glamour of hallowed associations lingers still, and, by such a connecting link, the hoary past seems to be drawn nearer to the more prosaic twentieth century present. Times verily have changed, and although the "good old days" are oft-times quoted, it seems very doubtful if any would care to return to them.

7





THE OLD CASTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

*(From a drawing.)*

## Description of Inverlochy Castle. 99

The probable period of the erection of the castle, of which the ruins still remain, may be taken as the latter end of the thirteenth century, during the stirring times of the wars between Bruce and Baliol. It was built, doubtless, at the instigation of Sir John Comyn, Lord of Lochaber, who was known and feared as the Black Lord of Badenoch. The victorious regime of Bruce resulted in the forfeiture of the superiority of Lochaber by Comyn, and the latter had to flee from the castle to Cillie-Chuimein (Fort-Augustus), where ultimately he found sepulture.

Enough of Inverlochy's grim old fortress still exists to enable one fairly accurately to picture it in the hey-day of its fortunes. Quadrangular in shape, it was graced with towers at the angles, that at the western corner, known as "Comyn's Tower," having apparently been about 50 feet in height. A fosse from 30 feet to 40 feet broad, enclosing an area of about an acre and a half, surrounded the castle, and this undoubtedly was once filled with water from the river Lochy. At the great arched gateway between the south and east towers, part of the draw-bridge masonry is yet to be seen, and here, in days of yore, how often the massive walls—which are 9 feet thick at the base and a foot less at the top—must have re-echoed the peremptory shouts of "Up drawbridge; let the portcullis fall!"

Three of the towers have sally-ports, with perpendicular loop-holes so contrived as to flank the curtain of the rampart, upon the summit of which latter there appears to have been two lines of parapets. Each tower communicates with the centre of the building, as well as with the ramparts, by a stair leading through the centre of the wall. It is estimated that the stronghold would require from 500 to 600 men to defend it.

The late Lord Abinger, who owned it, had made arrangements for preserving this ancient relic, but on his untimely death, in 1903, the work of renovation, which had made considerable progress, was unfortunately stopped. His lordship made extensive investigations, with a view of ascertaining the precise appointments of the castle, and his idea was to have it re-constructed in exact conformity with the original plan. When the work of restoration was being prosecuted, the tradesmen discovered a small walled-in apartment at the northern extremity of the parapet passage. On this being opened up, considerable sensation was caused by the finding of a complete male skeleton—surely a gruesome enough witness, albeit silent, of some far-off act of barbarism.

The antiquity of the historic pile is brought into marked contrast by the fact that it is now passed on one side by the West Highland Railway, and on the

other by the line to Mallaig, while, just where the shadow of its ivy-clad towers is reflected in the waters of Lochy, a modern girder bridge spans the river. The hurrying tourist talks glibly of the picturesque ruins, and some have the temerity to sneer at the veneration with which these are regarded by the people of Lochaber ; but what matters it either way—the heroes, who in times past made it famous, will sleep none the less sound, nor will the advance of twentieth century civilization tend to lessen the love for Inverlochy which is implanted deep down in the heart of every true Highlander.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The "Cradle of the Rebellion"—Alan Cameron of Erracht—Military poster authorising formation of Cameron Volunteers—Raised by Sir Alan Cameron—Proposal to draft Camerons, and sequel—Erection of Memorial Arch at the Craigs—Lochaber Fencibles—Raising of the Gordon Highlanders—Colonel John Cameron of Fassifern—Incidents in his career.

DURING the struggle for recognition of the Stuart cause, the district of Lochaber was referred to as the "Cradle of the Rebellion," but its sons were to shew that they were capable of fighting, and that right valiantly and with no less loyalty, under the banner of another sovereign. In August, 1793, Letters of Service were granted by George III. to Alan Cameron of Erracht, for the purpose of raising a regiment in the Barony, but strange to say, no bounty was allowed by the Government, as in the case of other regiments similarly raised—the men being recruited solely at the expense of the officers, a token surely, if such were needed, of disinterested fealty. The military poster circulated throughout that part of the Highlands at the time bore that "All volunteers who wish to serve His Majesty King George the Third have now an opportunity of entering into present pay, and free quarters,

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by enlisting into the 79th Regiment, or Cameron Volunteers, commanded by Major Alan Cameron of Erracht, who has obtained His Majesty's permission to raise a regiment of Highlanders, which he does at his own private expense, having no other view connected with the undertaking, except the pride of commanding a faithful and brave band of his warlike countrymen in the service of a King, whose greatest happiness is to reign as the Common Father and protector of his people. All aspiring young men who wish to be serviceable to their King and country by enlisting into the 79th Regiment, or Cameron Volunteers, will be commanded by the Major in person, who has obtained from His Majesty that they shall not be drafted into any other regiment; and when the reduction is to take place, they shall be marched into their own country in a corps, to be therein disembodied."

The success of the scheme was assured from the first, as the following copy of a letter, written by the raiser early the year afterwards, will shew:—

"STIRLING, 4th JAN., 1794.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to inform you that the Battalion raised and commanded by me were inspected yesterday by Lieut. General Leslie, and out of 645 men drawn up before him, I had only

four rejected, and these four were immediately replaced from my supernumeraries then at hand, so that the 79th Regiment or Cameron Volunteers were passed complete upon the spot. Permit me also to inform you that I have still upwards of 100 supernumerary men, all of whom are at this moment subsisted by me. I beg further to inform you that I have not drawn a single shilling on account or otherwise from the Public Treasury, but I have levied and subsisted the Corps and supernumeraries hitherto upon the strength of my private purse.

"I have the honour to remain, etc.,

(Sgd.)      "ALAN CAMERON,  
*"Major commanding 79th or Cameronian  
 Volunteers."*

"The Rt. Hon. Sir George Yonge,  
 Bt. and K.B."

By the end of January, the Camerons were raised to 1,000 strong, and after spending a short time in Ireland, they were sent to Flanders. While the commander was endeavouring, on their return to England the following year, to make good the gaps caused by the disastrous campaign abroad, he received a curt intimation that directions had been given to draft the Camerons into four other regiments. Boiling with wrath, Erracht sought an interview with the ducal



personage who was responsible for this order, and hesitated not to speak his mind. "At this interview, Colonel Cameron (he was promoted in rank when the regiment was raised) plainly told the Duke, 'to draft the 79th is more than you or your Royal father dare do.' The Duke then said, 'The King my father will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies.' Colonel Cameron, losing temper, replied, 'You may tell the King your father from me, that he may send us to hell if he likes, and I'll go at the head of them, but he daurna draft us.'"

The attitude taken up by this doughty champion was in effect homologated by the Scottish people when, a few years ago, it was proposed to merge the Camerons in the Scots Guards. The populace were up in arms at once at the mere suggestion, and at the height of the agitation, an eminent Edinburgh divine, speaking at a great demonstration held in Glasgow, said that he would willingly march back to Lochaber with the 79th, and witness its disbandment at the Cross of Fort-William, rather than see it merged in any other regiment.

Of the valour and prowess of this historic regiment in almost every clime, it is not my purpose to write—

\* *Jameson's Historical Record.*

their deeds of glory are emblazoned indelibly on the scroll of fame, and at what shrine, tell me, is there more reverence done than at that of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders?

Before leaving the subject, it may not be out of place to mention that the parent regiment received its marching orders in the Square at Fort-William, which to this day is known as Cameron Square. On the spot where they were sworn in, at the Craigs, there has been re-erected the arch which spanned the main entrance to the fort. When this historic relic was taken down to make way for the West Highland Railway, all the stones were numbered, and it was rebuilt on its present site in 1896 by Mrs. Cameron-Campbell of Monzie, the then lady superior of the burgh. Her daughter and successor, Mrs. Cameron-Lucy of Callart, completed the memorial in 1907, by placing on the arch a bronze shield, with the following inscription:—  
“This arch was erected in 1690 over the main entrance to the Fort, and re-erected here in 1896, where Sir Alan Cameron of Erracht in 1793 raised the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, a Regiment which distinguished itself on many a hard-fought field for King and country.” On behalf of Mrs. Lucy, the memorial was formally handed over by Major Cameron to the care of Captain Fraser as representing the local Company of



ORIGINAL ARCHWAY OF THE FORT, NOW ERECTED AT THE CRAIGS,  
FORT-WILLIAM.



the Volunteer Battalion Cameron Highlanders. Truly the times are changed when one remembers that this archway, which formed part of the stronghold erected to keep the Highland clans, and particularly the Camerons, in subjection, now serves to commemorate the raising of the fine regiment which was formed from the ranks of the very men whom the fort was built to keep in order.

The proposal, first mooted by Pitt in 1759, to raise companies of Fencibles throughout the country for home defence, did not take effect in Lochaber till 1799—the last year in which such units were formed. Keeping in view the rebellious proclivities of the Highlanders, it was feared that to arm them so soon after the events of the Forty-Five, would be tantamount to the encouragement of a further rebellion. Thus we find that the Government did not permit the raising of Fencibles in Fort-William till 1799, and the corps had only a short existence, being disbanded in 1802. The men were raised by the ordinary mode of recruiting, and, like the regiments of the line, the officers were appointed and their commissions signed by the King. As a crest, the Fencibles adopted what has since become the burgh arms, to wit, two Lochaber axes crossed, with a tracery of oak leaves and acorns, surmounted by the motto, "*A dh' aindheoin co theireadh e.*" This motto appears

to have been filched from the Clanranald Arms, and the probable explanation is that the Fencibles being first captained by a MacDonald, the words, on his suggestion, were adopted by the new company.

The Volunteer movement found much favour in Fort-William, and a strong company was formed there in 1860, Lochiel being the first captain. Who better than the chief could be found to command this contingent of volunteer Camerons? and who prouder than the rank and file to serve under the head of so illustrious a clan? Since then, the company has continued to flourish, and during the late war in South Africa, it supplied a large percentage of men, principally to the territorial battalion and Lovat Scouts, as well as to certain other regiments.

There is much that is of interest in the old Minute Books of the Volunteers, and these records shew that the Fort-William Company has all along held a very high average for shooting. In proof thereof, it may be permissible to quote the inscription on a trophy, presented by admirers in Birmingham, through Lochiel, to the Captain commanding :—"Presented by some of the inhabitants of Birmingham to Captain Andrew Fraser, of the Lochaber Rifle Volunteers, in admiration of his own remarkable skill in rifle shooting, and as a record of their appreciation of the fact that his

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Company has, during several years, produced a greater number of marksmen than any other Company in the Kingdom. Birmingham, October, 1871."

The year following the raising of the Camerons, the Marquis of Huntly offered to raise a further regiment of Highlanders for general service, and authority was granted to him for this purpose in 1794. The Duke of Gordon, in whom at this time was vested the superiority of Lochaber, aided and abetted his son in his zeal for military service, and it is matter of common knowledge how the beautiful Duchess of Gordon attended fairs, wearing a regimental jacket and bonnet, and offered for recruits the irresistible bounty of a kiss and a guinea. Within a few months the new corps was raised, to be known afterwards as the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. Not in a lethargic manner did the sons of Lochaber respond to this fresh call, and it has been placed on record that the bulk of recruits was drawn from the district of which Fort-William is the centre. Nay more, Fort-William claims as its own, one of the most distinguished officers of the Gordons—the valiant Colonel John Cameron of Fassifern. Educated at the Grammar School there, he spoke the language of the people, and engaged heartily in their manly outdoor sports; was an adept at angling, and a keen follower of the chase. Imbued with the martial fire of



his ancestors, he gladly accepted an offer from Huntly of a commission in the Gordons, and how well he upheld the prestige of his race let the annals of his country relate. In the prime of his manhood, he was slain while leading his well-loved Highlanders at Quatre Bras, but, to the honour of Lochaber be it said, his remains were not allowed to find sepulture abroad. Round his grave at Kilmallie the waters of Loch Eil murmur an unending requiem, and an obelisk records the story of his valorous deeds in the service of his country. The funeral was a memorable one, and it is affirmed that the obsequies claimed the attendance of no less than 3,000 Highlanders. In referring to it, the late Rev. Dr. Clerk says :—" We have said that such a scene shall be witnessed in Lochaber no more, for, supposing another Colonel Cameron to arise—and we rejoice to say that there are at the present time more than one Colonel Cameron from Lochaber ranking high in the military profession—yet neither the Chief nor the men to grace any funeral thus are now to be found in Lochaber. The men have passed away to other countries and climes, and the wild wail of the Highland pibroch is more frequently to be heard amid the woods of Canada, and over the plains of Australia, than amid the glens and mountains which of old so oft re-echoed

its thrilling notes, and which undoubtedly formed the fitting abode of the pibroch."

An interesting story is told of the gallant Colonel when he was stationed with his regiment in Marmorice Bay, and its authenticity is vouched for by Dr. Clerk, the authority already quoted. It is to this effect—As Cameron and another Highland officer were one day walking in the country, they met a Turkish dignitary, attended by a numerous retinue, among whom was a train-bearer, carrying the skirts of his long-flowing white robe. The thorough contrast of such a dress to the scant philabeg, and the appearance of luxurious effeminacy which the whole scene presented, roused alike the contempt and ire of the Highlanders, one of whom said to the other, in their native tongue, "Do you see the fellow with the tail? it is easy telling who his mother was, the lazy dog!" Greatly to their astonishment and confusion, the Turk promptly replied in Gaelic as genuine as their own: "Ay, my man, and what sort of mother may own you for her cub?" The sound of the Celtic tongue in Turkey operated as a charm. Apologies were freely offered on one side and as freely accepted on the other. The Turkish officer dined with the 92nd on board ship next day, and requited their hospitality by sending numerous hand-

some presents, including several boat-loads of fruit for the troops. He told them that his name was Campbell—that he was a native of Lochaber, having been born in Fort-William—that he had left the place in early youth, and after a variety of adventures had entered the Turkish army, in which he held a high post. Enquiries afterwards prosecuted tended to shew that, when a boy at Fort-William, Campbell had quarrelled with one of his school-fellows; that they retired some distance from the village to settle the dispute, and that they fought so fiercely that the other boy died soon after as a result of the injuries received by him in the combat. Campbell immediately fled the country, and he was not heard of again until the accidental rencontre above recorded.

## CHAPTER IX.

Description of Glen Nevis—"Roaring Mill"—*Clack Shomhairis*—Ben Nevis and meteorology—*Tom-eas-an-t-slinneain*—Glen Nevis House—The MacSorlies—Fight between the Glen Nevis Camerons and the MacKintoshes—Escape of the young chief of Glen Nevis—Notes on his subsequent career—*Clack-an-turramain*—Vitrified fort—*Ach-na'n-oon*—Achariach—Iain beag MacAindrea—Samuel's Cave; its legends and traditions—Steall—Lubeilt—Kinlochleven.

FROM a scenic point of view, as well as historically, Glen Nevis holds out many inducements to the visitor. Its clear, wimpling stream, meandering amid leafy glades and silent dells where the bracken and purple heath predominate, seems to speak of other days—of gleeful homesteads, represented now, alas, by heaps of mouldering stones; of martial sons, who shared in their country's fame; and of the valorous deeds enacted along the strand of its winding course. Changeless and inscrutable, the everlasting hills cast their shadows athwart the pass as of yore; the birch tree and the rowan relieve the harshness of the boulder-strewn slopes, and the soft breezes, whispering through the corries, are redolent with the aroma of wild thyme and bog-myrtle.

Let us enter for a space, and, while admiring the countless natural charms of the glen, we may be able at the same time to learn something of its lore and past-time associations. Where the Nevis is spanned by a typical example of General Wade's bridges, still in a very good state of preservation, we leave the main turnpike, and, instead of crossing the river, follow the path right ahead. The sylvan verdure of sycamore and larch co-mingle as we proceed, and form in parts a natural leafy canopy, which, in the heat of the day, undoubtedly enhances the pleasure of a summer's stroll. At the entrance proper, a quaint old house still stands, and near by are two upright stone pillars, indicating that here, originally, a gatekeeper resided, and that from this point onwards the road was treated as a carriage drive.

A little further on, nestling in a sheltered flat between us and the river, a glimpse may be caught of the local club's curling pond, where, in the bracing days of winter, the lusty shouts of devotees of the "roaring game" disturb the quietude of this sequestered region. Rounding a wooded bend, we come within sight of the "Roaring Mill," and at this spot we may profitably rest for a spell. The sound caused by the rush of the waters as they are swirled through narrow clefts in the great boulders, which here

block the river's course, is deafening at times, and when the stream is in flood, the spectacular effect is at once pleasing and grand. In times gone by, a brick-work flourished at the mill, from which was obtained the building material used in the erection of a number of the older houses in Fort-William. When the industry ceased, or, indeed, when precisely it was prosecuted, I have been unable to ascertain.

Penetrating further, we come at length, close to the road-side, upon a huge boulder, in regard to which many stories and legends are recounted. *Clach Shomhairle*, or Samuel's Stone, is said to have been placed in its present position to commemorate a decisive victory gained on the spot by a chieftain of the *Sliochd Shomhairle Ruaidh*, from whom the Camerons of Glen Nevis derived their patronymic of "MacSorlie." A traditionary fable is still spun to the effect that at certain seasons of the year this great mass of granite—it must weigh well on to fifty tons—makes three perceptible revolutions, and that persons who may chance to find it in motion will receive answers to any questions put before the rotary action ceases.

Our way leads past knolls crowned with gnarled Scotch firs, from which the incessant cawing of rooks is a little disconcerting; but their jargon is more than



counterbalanced by the dulcet note of the cuckoo—a species of the feathered tribe which is to be seen here in summer literally in flocks. Startled by our approach, a water-ousel takes to the wing, and as we list to its shrill notes on the short up-stream flight, our gaze, perchance, may wander to the opposite strand. Here, snugly serene, at the very base of Britain's premier height, we catch sight of the farm-steading of Achintee, from whence the path to the summit of the mountain starts. A rugged track it undoubtedly is, but it has been constructed—thanks, primarily, to the advice of Mr. Colin Livingston, Fort-William—in such a way as to permit of the ascent being accomplished in the easiest possible manner. Of the glories of the mountain I need not speak, nor is it necessary to dilate on the vagaries of innumerable pilgrims who annually come to worship at its shrine. To those of my readers who are interested in this matter, I may perhaps be allowed to cite *Twenty Years on Ben Nevis*, a small volume which contains a good deal of useful and interesting information on the subject.

As is well known, meteorological observations were carried on at the Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, for a period extending over twenty years. The Scottish Meteorological Society, through whose efforts the Institution was erected, were compelled, through



lack of funds, to close the Observatory in 1904, and since then it has remained unoccupied. It seems a pity that the Government should insist in their declination to aid, by grant or otherwise, a station so admirably adapted for scientific research, and it is probably safe to say that had Ben Nevis been located in the Thames valley, its Observatory would never have been closed. Far from reducing their meteorological observing posts, other countries continue to establish new ones every year, and surely it is a retrograde move to close up the only high-level one in Britain. A scientific acquaintance with the laws governing weather is of vital importance in this age of enlightenment, but it can never be attained by the taking of spasmodic observations at a low level. The hope is still entertained that this outpost of science may be resuscitated, and what more enduring monument could a philanthropist desire than the perpetuation of his name as the endower of Ben Nevis Observatory! The hostel on the summit is still to the fore, and here a mountaineering enthusiast may find a comfortable night's rest, and partake of appetising fare at rates which, considering the situation, are not unreasonable.

In our tour of exploration, we must not miss *Tom-eas-an-t-slinneain* ("Knoll of the waterfall of the

shoulder"), where sleep the progenitors of the Camerons of Glen Nevis. It is a quiet, attractive spot, and the instinctive feeling one gets on visiting it is, that here, "after life's fitful fever," meet and restful sepulture may be found. The giant beeches and firs which surround it, afford sanctuary to colonies of rooks, and anon may be espied the graceful antics of numerous squirrels, as they gambol on the sward or frisk 'mid the upper branches of the trees. Peace reigns all around, and Ben Nevis, with its zig-zag pathway shewing up clearly on the porphyry slopes, overshadows all, guarding, like a mighty sentinel, the solitude and sacredness of this hallowed spot.

Though fain to linger here, our journey must proceed, and we come at length to Glen Nevis House, a pleasantly-situated domicile, surrounded by a wealth of timber, conspicuous amongst which is a fine avenue of stately beeches. When Lochiel and his clansmen were laying siege to the fort, they made this house their headquarters, but the ancestral home of the Mac-Sorlies occupied a site a little further up the glen, though only very slight traces now exist of this ancient stronghold. Considerable dubiety, moreover, prevails as to the origin of the *Sliochd Shomhairle Ruaidh*, although in his *History of the Clan Cameron*, Mackenzie asserts that the progenitor of the Glen Nevis sept

was John de Cambrun, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century.

A pathetic incident attaches to the fir-crowned knoll adjoining the site of the ancient chief's homestead, and the known facts regarding it are worth recording. To this day the spot is called *Cnocan-na-mi-chomhairle* (the hill of evil counsel), and it got its name in this-wise. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the then head of the Glen Nevis sept—who, as was inevitable, engaged in many feuds with his neighbours—invited for pacific purposes his bitter foes, the Clan Chattan, to a conference at his abode in the glen. The gathering duly took place, and when MacSorlie had lavishly dispensed his hospitality, he called on his piper to speed the departing guests with an appropriate air on the *phiob mhor*. The order, as it turned out, was an unfortunate one, for the tune the piper struck up was the war-pibroch of the Camerons, *Thigibh an so, chlannabh na'n con, 's gheibh sibh feoil* ("Come here, children of the dogs, and you'll get flesh").

Enraged at such an open insult, the visitors took their departure, but halted at the knoll already referred to, and after taking counsel together, determined to return at a later hour and wreak vengeance on the house of Somerled. Towards midnight they put their fell purpose into execution, and falling upon the

Camerons as they slept, put most of them to the sword. The chief and his retinue were victims of the murderous attack, but a special Providence seems to have watched over the infant son. While the massacre was at its height, *Iain Mac Dhon 'ic Raoil*, than whom there existed no stauncher clansman, snatched the sleeping boy from his cradle, possessing himself at same time of the title deeds and a silver spoon, and fled with his precious burden to a cave situated somewhat further up the glen. The child's name was Somerled, and the cave in question is still known as Samuel's Cave. Accompanied only by a faithful dog, the saviour of young Glen Nevis tended his charge in the cavern, and even kept the matter a secret from his wife, who resided near Achariach. Iain's retreat was, however, unwittingly disclosed by means of the dog, though when his spouse came up to the cave's mouth, he dared her to enter under penalty of death. Though she had not seen the child, her husband determined to flee the country, taking the young heir with him, and for years the twain sojourned in strange lands.

Returning at length to the land of his nativity, Iain, disguised as a beggar, presented himself one night at the house of Inverlair, in Lochaber, where resided an aunt of the young chief's, and craved some food for the lad. When this was produced, the treasured silver

spoon was called into requisition, and, identifying it as an heirloom of her clan, the homely mistress was soon in possession of the full facts of her nephew's escape and wanderings. Little remains to be told. At a conference of the Camerons, convened by Lochiel, and held at Muccomer, Somerled, then seventeen years of age, was recognized as infest successor to the estates of Glen Nevis, and there and then entered into formal possession of the ancient patrimony.

Ere quitting the vicinity of this historic knoll, we must examine the *Clach-an-turramain*, or rocking-stone, which has its location in a field near by. Time was when this huge boulder could be made to oscillate by the merest touch, but it is now practically a fixture, whether through natural agency or otherwise it is impossible to say. Similar rocking-stones are to be met with throughout the Highlands, but a lucid explanation of their existence has yet to be forthcoming. The stones appear to be very finely poised on a powerful pivot, and are supposed to be of Druidical origin.

Right in front, and rising to a height of over 1,100 feet, the green hill of Dundearduil stands out prominently amongst the other ridges. On its summit are still to be seen the remains of an elliptical vitrified fort, which undoubtedly formed one of the chain of

similar enclosures stretching from Inverness to the Western seaboard. They were used by the primitive dwellers as a means of signalling by fires, and being constructed on hill-tops, each station when illuminated was always discernible from the next in the chain. Tradition associates the structures with a Celtic heroine, Princess Deardri, whose name was given to the forts built by her husband.

Almost opposite, on the other side of the river under the very shadow of the mighty Ben, we come across another peaceful cemetery. It is said that nomenclature invariably gives some index to derivation, but it is not very evident in the present instance. This quiet God's-acre is known as *Acha-na'n-con* (field of the dogs), a misnomer, surely—at least so far as we have any authentic records to go upon. The suggestion has been made that when the Pictish kings ruled in Inverlochy, they used this part for dog-kennels, but this idea seems a little far-fetched. In close proximity, and for a considerable radius, there are evidences of numerous dwellings, and this part appears to have been thickly peopled at one time. It is said that this was the original burying-ground of the Glen Nevis Camerons, but that interments at the spot had to be discontinued on account of the mountain stream which descends from Ben Nevis right behind it, disturbing



the graves. Slabs of slate mark many of the last resting-places of the dead, but none of them bear records, and although I made effort by removing much of the mossy fungus from many of the slabs, I was unable to discover the vestige of either a name or date. 'Tis a lonely spot, with no habitation in sight—no turmoil, no strife, nothing to disturb its privacy but the sough of the wind, which ceases not night nor day chanting a coronach to the memory of a vanished race.

Our peregrinations naturally lead to Achariach, an interesting spot with an old-world rural charm, where the lover of Nature will find much food for reflection. Beyond the few unpretentious houses, the Nevis is spanned by a rustic bridge, from the platform of which an excellent view can be obtained of a picturesque linn or cascade, formed by the presence of huge rocks in the bed of the stream. The awe-inspiring majesty of the towering heights on all hands is at times enhanced by the beauty and rhythm of many waterfalls, and altogether one cannot help being deeply impressed with the wildness and lofty, solemn grandeur of the scene.

Near by, one of the MacSorlie chieftains was foully murdered by a diminutive local character, an adept with the bow and arrow, who was known by the sobriquet of *Iain beag MacAindrea*, of whose prowess



as a marksman I may have occasion to speak later. On the occasion under review, tradition is silent as to the cause of his malignity against the tribal head of Glen Nevis ; all that we know is that one day, when the latter was drinking out of a cog, Iain, concealed behind a large stone, shot him dead, the arrow pinning the cog and head together.

Samuel's Cave, on the north side of the river, has a distinctive attraction, but its exploration must be undertaken with care and prudence. The entrance is narrow, and ingress can only be obtained in Esquimaux fashion. Internally, the cavity varies in height from six to fifteen feet, with a length of about thirty feet and an average breadth of ten feet. There is a gradual downward slope in the floor, and at its extremity there are two passages leading to other minor recesses. One of these descends ten feet, while the other mounts up above the roof of the main cavern. Some extraordinary stories are associated with this retreat, many of them, as is usually the case in such instances, being purely mythical. It is confidently alleged that one of the passages is, or was, negotiable for a distance of five miles ; and folklorists relate how a body of Camerons, engaged in a reiving expedition, on being here surrounded, escaped by means of the subterranean track. Baffled at the

disappearance of the foragers, their pursuers boldly entered the cave, but the only trace of the fugitives which they could obtain was the far-off drone from the chanter of the piper who headed the Camerons. The pursuit was accordingly abandoned, on the assumption that a safe exit existed many miles further on.

Another tradition is to the effect that a piper, with some friends, took refuge in the cave one night, and were greatly perturbed by the entry of a ferocious she-wolf, which lay down near the aperture forming the mouth of the cavern, thereby effectually cutting off their escape by this opening. Tuning his pipes, the piper struck up a blythsome air, which seemed to hypnotise the wild animal, who, as long as the music lasted, made no attempt to gratify its lust for blood. Not slow to depart, the little company, followed by the piper, "blowing his best," descended to the dank recesses, from which, it is maintained, they never came back.

The cave has also been coupled with Ossianic legend, and it is said that it was here the mighty Feinne were, by magical influence, put into a profound sleep. Near the entrance to the vaulted chamber a horn was hung, at the third blowing of which the Feinne would rise to their feet and come forth. One day a hunter who had lost his way, observing this

horn, blew it, and to his surprise he saw that the cave was full of men of gigantic size, who, at the blast, opened their eyes and looked at him. The hunter was terrified, but he was also curious, so he blew the horn a second time, with the result that the warriors raised themselves on their elbow and gazed at him fiercely. He had seen enough, and he fled, with horror depicted on his countenance, nor rested till he had put miles betwixt him and the haunted cave. How long this is ago, history deponeth not, but the *Feinne* are certainly not in Samuel's Cave now, nor does the legendary horn hang at its entrance. Some treat the tale symbolically, and say that *an Fheinn air a h-uilinn* (the *Feinne* on their elbows) is representative of the Gael these many years past, and that some day, whether it be on the third blast of the trump or not is not indicated, but certainly some day, they will shew the world their full strength.

Penetrating the romantic glen still further, one becomes almost spellbound with the ruggedness and grandeur of the scene. At Steall, two miles beyond Samuel's Cave, there is a magnificent waterfall, which by some is said to rival Foyers in beauty and picturesqueness; true it is that after a heavy rainfall, the cascade presents a most entrancing and pleasing spectacle. A feeling of loneliness and seclusion seems to

haunt the place, but the forester who resides here will tell you that ennui never troubles him, and that he is healthier, and probably happier, among the mountains than the majority of town dwellers.

A walk of five miles brings us to the watershed, and the head waters of the Nevis. At *Tom an Aodaich*, as the place is called, the River Reidh also rises, and flows away in an easterly direction, eventually falling into Loch Treig at its southern extremity. Passing human habitations at Lubeilt and Stonaig, we now find ourselves in the heart of the great deer forest of Mamore, out of which some of the heaviest and best antlered stags in Scotland are taken. It is a vast, undulating track of country, in which mountains, lochs, streams, and heath vie for the predominance; but still anon its enticements are such that one can hardly traverse its wastes without feeling entirely in sympathy with Nature.

The trend of our walk is now southwards, and treading the shores of Loch Eilde Beag and Loch Eilde Mor, we conjure up visions of the great Highland Water Power scheme which was projected a few years ago, and with which these lochs were associated. A span of about three miles separates the western end of the largest lake from Kinlochleven—a mushroom town which I shall tell of later.

## CHAPTER X.

The journey over Wade's road from Fort-William to Kinlochleven—Dyers' Burn—Corrie-an-lochan—Blarnachsaoidach—Lundavra and its historical associations—The water-bull of Loch Lundavra—An Inverlochy memorial—Larachmor and Slochd—Kinlochleven Water Power Works—King Edward's shooting expedition at Kinloch—Prince Albert's initiation into the mysteries of stalking—Incident in Queen Victoria's visit to Ballachulish—Her dislike of reporters.

WHILE it would be churlish to attempt to belittle the services rendered to the country by Marshal Wade, it is to be regretted that the road-builder was so neglectful in the matter of gradients. What is known as the Lundavra road is an instance in point; indeed, the inclines and declines on this stretch are so pronounced that vehicular traffic is prosecuted only under difficulty, and is confined mainly to the crofting people, who, of course, have no option but to use the road. They make no secret of the contempt entertained by them for Wade's engineering skill, and with a fair show of reasoning, will explain how they might have been in the enjoyment of a comparatively level access to their holdings. There is no doubt that the highway could have been constructed on much easier gradients, but

while this would have added to its utility, it would have shorn it of much of its characteristic Highland charm. That it possesses a distinctive charm, anyone who has traversed its "tortuous ways" will readily admit, and from an æsthetic point of view, it would, doubtless, be deemed sacrilege to meddle with it.

Mounting the steep ascent from the lower Achintore road, one gazes forth on a varying prospect of moorland wastes, gnarled ridges, and diversified lacustrine beauties. A short distance up, the Dyers' Burn is crossed, and instinctively one's thoughts hark back to the time when the inhabitants here prosecuted the dyeing industry. On the green sward, somewhat to the eastwards, a band of Campbells, in their precipitate flight from Inverlochy, made a last stand, but were routed by the victorious hosts of Montrose, who pursued them for several miles, up to within sight of the farm of Lundavra. Near the township of Upper Achintore, a hill-road, used mainly for the transit of peat, branches off through the heath to the left. Bewitching and secluded, it leads "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," right into Glen Nevis, and from the watershed, a most entrancing spectacle presents itself. Further up among the hills, Corrie-an-Lochan, a dark mountain tarn, nestles serenely, and, if unaware of its existence—for it is not visible from the turnpike



below—the Rambler will probably give vent to an exclamation of delight as it suddenly bursts upon his vision. From here the water-supply of Fort-William was drawn before the Glen Nevis scheme was carried out, and the town has still certain rights to it. Disciples of Izaak Walton are occasionally tempted to Corrie-an-Lochan, and baskets of good-sized fish have not infrequently been taken from its drumlie waters.

The line of poles and heavy wires which run parallel with the road for some distance, are those belonging to the Fort-William Electric Lighting Company, Ltd., whose generating station is situated on the banks of the Kiachnish river, and can be seen away to the right as the roadway rises. Near here, the fairly populous township of Blarmachfaoldach commences, and the tenants, who as a class are hard-working, enjoy, on the whole, a larger measure of prosperity than is common in crofting areas. It is pathetic, nevertheless, to look upon the numerous homesteads which have fallen into ruin, and to think of how many tender memories centre round the mouldering remains of each roof-tree.

“Blarmachfhuil-daich, as it appears on the maps, but pronounced Blar-mac-Cuilteach, means ‘the field of the son of the Culdee’; Blar-nan-Clèirach and Meall-nan-Clèirach, respectively, ‘the field of the Clerks’ and ‘the hill of the Clerks’; Blar-mac-



Druidheachd, 'the field of the son of Druid.' There is no more conclusive evidence of the antiquity of the Gaelic language than is afforded by such names as these." \*

Passing through the township, some very fine views can be obtained of Ben Nevis—aspects of the giant mountain which are seldom looked upon by the scurrying tourist, and the pleasing effect of light and shade, amid the corries, lends an air of mysticism to the scene. Void of monotony, this by-way among the hills presents surprises at every turn; now dipping into a fertile valley, it anon mounts the further slope, clinging to the bare, wind-swept, rocky ledges, intersected here and there by hill streams, and guarded on the downward side by stretches of the old-fashioned drystone dyke. Rushing impetuously over its boulder-strewn bed, the Kiachnish, in the valley below, chants a lullaby of its own; the plover and the moor-cock take to the wing on the approach of their natural enemy; and the red-deer, sniffing the wind suspiciously, scurries off in graceful bounds through the bracken to securer haunts in the uplands.

Immediately beyond the old toll-house, a branch road diverges to the farm of Lundavra, and the loch

\* W. Drummond Norrie.

of the same name—on the northern strand of which the farm buildings stand—lends enchantment to the view. A pretty sheet of water is this, with its miniature islets, and seen on a calm day, with the surrounding hills mirrored on its face, a picture of surpassing beauty gladdens the eye. Nor is the lake without its legendary associations—associations which cling to it in these prosaic days when to harbour superstition is to lay one's self open to ridicule. The loch has been identified by old chroniclers, and even by modern historians, as "Deabhra's Lake," and the allegation is put forth that MacBeth had his residence and was slain on one of the islands referred to. The theory is supported by Skene, who states that this sheet of water had its location in the Mamore forest, and that one of the islands contained a stronghold owned by the superior of the lands.

The Loch of Lundavra is credited with having once possessed a water-bull, and the initiated still pretend to point out cattle with more or less of this questionable blood in them in almost every drove of pure Highland cows and heifers you like to bring under their notice. Such calves, it is said, bear unmistakable proofs of their mixed descent, in the unusual size and pendulousness of their ears, and the wide aquatic spread of their jet-black hoofs. "The

intercourse between these demon quadrupeds and the domestic breed is now necessarily rarer than in the olden times, when all the crofters of a hamlet sent their cattle to summer sheiling grazings among the hills, where lakes and tarns, the dark, deep homes of the water-bull, abounded. Even to this day, however, if a young heifer gives much trouble in the milking, and is recalcitrant and reluctant to have her head bound up in her stall, and her feet confined in the *buarach*, or milking shackle, it may be gravely suspected that she has more or less of the old water-bull blood in her veins."\*

A little beyond the toll-house on the main road, there is a large stone, round which considerable interest centres. It marks the spot up to which Montrose's men—the MacDonalds—pursued the Campbells who fled from Inverlochy. It was set up by the former as a memento of victory, and rumour has it that whenever a clansman of Mac Cailean Mor passes this way, he ruthlessly flings the stone down, but that the boulder is again placed in its original position by the first MacDonald who discovers the vandalism.

A league or so from Lundavra, the lonesomeness of the meandering track is broken at Larachmor by a

\* Dr. Stewart.

solitary shepherd's house ; and at Slochd, a mile further on, additional evidence exists that, even in a region so remote, the *genus homo* can pass his days, and that, too, in a manner invariably contented. On approaching Kinlochleven there is a long dip in the thoroughfare, but the prospect is probably one of the finest on the whole route. Within the past few years a radical change has taken place in the once quiet valley below. The site has been selected for the erection of a factory for the manufacture of aluminium, and instead of the former solitude, bustle and enterprise are now everywhere apparent. The Loch Leven Water Power Company, as the name implies, are to employ water as a motive power, and of this agent there is no lack in the district. The catchment basin has an area of 55 square miles, the rainfall in which reaches an average of nearly 100 inches per annum. Right in the heart of this basin there will be a reservoir at an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea-level, and distant only five miles therefrom.

The chief features of the scheme consist of the reservoir above referred to, a high-level conduit, a pipe line, and the power-house. The reservoir will be about seven and a half miles in length, with an average width of over half-a-mile, and when completed, will probably have the largest capacity of any artificial reservoir in

Europe. It will obliterate three small lakes, located six miles further up the pass, and its approximate capacity will be about 20,000 million gallons. The dam, which is being formed of concrete masonry, will be over half-a-mile long.

From the reservoir the water will be fed through a concrete conduit along the hill face for a distance of about three and a half miles, following the natural contour of the ground, to the head of the pipe line. At this latter point the water will discharge into a penstock chamber, where will be situated the valves which supply the water to the pipe line. From this chamber the water will be led to the power house, which will contain the turbines for driving the dynamos, of which there will be eight or more, and each will feed its own series of furnaces.

Something like three years ago, only one house stood at the head of the loch, but since then an entire village has sprung into existence. In addition to two hundred dwelling houses, erected for the accommodation of the Company's employees, there are numerous shops, a church, post-office, school, hospital, etc., and the little town, when completed, promises to be one of the most up-to-date in the country. At the head of Loch Leven, when these sheets were written, an extensive pier was in course

of construction, and this, in the future, will be used for the export of aluminium. An electric railway will run from the wharf to the adjoining village, and, throughout, electricity will be utilized for lighting purposes. The works afford employment to close on two thousand people, and the permanent population, when the undertaking is finished, will not be far short of this—surely a large influx to a hitherto isolated locality.

It will be recollected that, in the autumn of 1902, His Majesty the King had a stalking expedition in the forest of Mamore, the shooting-lodges of which are to be seen near the head of Loch Leven. This well-known big-game preserve, belongs to Mrs. Cameron Lucy of Callart, whose father, the late Mr. Campbell of Monzie, had the honour of initiating Prince Albert into the mysteries of deer-stalking. It may not be out of place, in this connection, to recall the interesting occasion, which is graphically described by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in a memorial written by Royal command, and published by him in 1842.

The memorable "stalk" took place in the forest of Glenartney, and the party consisted of Prince Albert, Lord Willoughby, Monzie, and a keen old stalker named Donald Cameron. "When they had almost reached the top of the Stron," to quote from the



memorial, "it became necessary to advance more leisurely, and with some degree of caution, and having got to a place a little way from the brow of the hill, they began to move forward on their knees, as there was reason to hope that the deer were at no great distance. As it was absolutely essential that silence should be preserved, Monzie whispered to the old forester, 'Hold the Prince back, Donald, whilst I creep to the brow to see where the deer are.' 'Hoo am I to do that?' queried Donald Cameron. 'Just lay hold of his arm, if the deer come forward, till it is time to fire.' 'Haud the Prince!' exclaimed Donald, with a degree of astonishment which, forty years' deer-stalker as he was, had nearly deprived him of his presence of mind. 'Haud the Prince! I'll no do that. Ye maun just grip him yoursel', Monzie, and I'll look ower the broo.' Monzie was obliged to consent to old Donald's arrangement, and was compelled to take the necessary liberty with the Prince's arm. Their precautions, however, were of no avail, as the herd did not come forward, but turned back round the hill, a disappointment caused by the shifting of the wind."

With indefatigable energy, the august sportsmen persevered in the chase, and at length a second herd was sighted. "All lay securely concealed as the deer



continued to draw slowly over the brow where they first appeared, and passed round the hill. Now came that glorious and exciting moment in deer-stalking, when the prospect of having your most sanguine hopes crowned with success is immediate, and where, at the same time, the smallest untoward accident may altogether blast them. The Prince eagerly demanded, 'What am I to do?' 'Up! up!' cried Monzie; 'nothing for it now but a rush down the moss hag; never mind the wet!' The caution was unnecessary, for before the words were well uttered, the Prince was deep in the mysteries of that sable compound of vegetable matter, to explain the nature of which so many large volumes have been written. Down, down they sped, sometimes running in that most painful of all positions, with the legs straight and the back bent till the face almost touches the ground, and sometimes ploughing through the black bog on hands and knees, utterly regardless of future personal appearance, as well as of those awkward salutations which their limbs met with from knaggy roots of antediluvian trees deeply concealed in the soft and sinking matter. Just as the party gained the slanting hill, they were enabled to arrive at a point precisely as the herd was crossing their line of advance at some little distance below them. The Prince had only time to discharge

one barrel, and Monzie assured him that the bullet had taken effect, as he had seen the hair 'dusted' from the shoulder of the animal. On coming up to their quarry, the Prince exclaimed, 'Ah! it is a hind. I am so sorry it is not a stag, for I promised the teeth of the first I killed to the Queen.'"

King Edward was even less successful at Mamore, but the futility of the expedition could certainly not be put down to lack of game. Shortly after the Royal party had taken up a favourable position, a numerous herd, numbering, it was computed, between six and seven hundred deer, was seen approaching, and a most imposing spectacle it was. On they came, halting betimes, it is true, to sniff the air, and the success of the day's sport seemed assured. The herd had advanced up to within about half a mile of where the King lay concealed, and rifles were being got ready, but it was not to be, for, alas! the wind had shifted, and those denizens of the mountain had scented danger. Instinctively the array of antlered heads rose, proudly held aloft, a momentary pause occurred, and then the herd broke away, stampeding to right and left, and backwards through the pass. Not all the forestry skill in Scotland would have checked them then, and, as an old keeper put it, "A whole army could not have withstood the charge."

'Twere useless to remain longer in the forest, and the King, who was met at Kinloch by his Royal consort, had perforce to return without a stag. Many outbursts of loyalty were witnessed during the sail down Loch Leven, and photographers and pressmen were much in evidence. The latter, like their colleagues who followed Queen Victoria during her last visit to Lochaber, were met with difficulties on every hand, as it is always an onerous task gleaning information as to the movements of the Sovereign. When Queen Victoria drove from Inverlochy to Ballachulish, she appears to have been annoyed at the presence of a bevy of reporters, who come in for severe censure in her "Journal." In recounting her impressions of Ballachulish, Her Majesty goes on to state :—" Here, however—here, in this complete solitude—we were spied upon by impudently inquisitive reporters, who followed us everywhere ; but one in particular (who writes for some of the Scotch papers) lay down and watched with a telescope, and dodged me and Beatrice and Jane Churchill, who were walking about, and was most impertinent when Brown went to tell him to move. However, he did go away at last, and Brown came back saying he thought there would have been a fight ; for when Brown said, quite civilly, that the Queen wished him to move away, he said he had

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quite as good a right to remain there as the Queen. To this Brown answered very strongly, upon which the impertinent individual asked, 'Did he know who he was?' and Brown answered he did, and that 'the highest gentleman in England would not dare to do what he did, much less a reporter,' and that he must move on or he would give him something more. And the man said, 'Would he dare to say that before those other men (all reporters) who were coming up?' Brown answered 'Yes,' he would before 'anyone who did not behave as he ought.' More strong words were used, but the others came up and advised the man to come away quietly, which he finally did."

## CHAPTER XI.

Loch Leven : its ferries and islands—Story relating to *Eilean Munde*—Burning of Callart House owing to outbreak of plague—Mary the Lily of Callart—Duel on *Eilean Choimnich*—Drowning of Norse pirate—*Claoh Phadraig*—Ballachulish—"Nether Lochaber"—Vitrified fort—Corran Ferry—Macleans of Ardgour—Manner in which their territory was possessed—*Beinn-na-cille*—Fatality to Glengarry at Inverscaddie—Stronchreggan, Trislaig, Camusnagaul—Loch Eil and environs—Corrie-chaorachan—Seals' Rock—Coruanan—Drimarben and Achintore.

WITH the establishment of an industry at the head of Loch Leven, this part of the country in the near future is destined to become better known than has been the case in the years that have fled. Motor launches have been plying on the loch for some time, and just as these sheets were being written, Messrs. MacBrayne were on the eve of concluding arrangements for the placing of a service of fast steamers on the route. Driving or cycling down the Inverness-shire side of the loch from Kinlochmore, one becomes enchanted by the ever-varying scene, and there are so many romantic associations connected with the locality that one must be a dullard if his interest cannot be aroused.

The loch has a number of ferries, and the first passed on the downward journey is at *Caolas-nan-con*,

where the fairway narrows considerably. There is another opposite Callart House, the residence of the lady superior of Fort-William, and the beauty of the loch near here is enhanced by the presence of several small islands. The largest, *Eilean Munde*, contained at one time a church dedicated to St. Mun, and part of the ruins of the edifice is still to be seen. Knolls on either side of the isle used to serve as burial-places for the Callart Camerons and the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and interments still take place on the island. A rather gruesome tradition has been handed down relating to a young man who was buried here. After plighting his troth to a maid of the district, he swore to be faithful to her whilst his head remained on his shoulders. Alas for human vows, he proved faithless ; but falling ill of a fever, death soon claimed him, and his body was laid to rest in *Eilean Munde*. No! not to rest, for every night heart-rending cries were heard from the lonely spot. To ascertain the cause of the disturbance, one native bolder than the rest rowed across, and on reaching the grave was horrified to find the head of the false lover above ground. A voice from this ghastly member implored that the head should be severed from his body, as there could be no rest for him till this were done. The other, so it is said, thereupon drew his sword and executed the gruesome request, and from



that time onwards there was no repetition of the unearthly yells from the island.

An interesting story is also told of a thrilling experience which a member of the Callart family lived to relate. Sometime about the middle of the sixteenth century, Mary Cameron, daughter of the Laird of Callart, who had endeared herself to the poorer people by many acts of kindness and mercy, had earned her father's displeasure for associating so freely with the peasantry. It chanced that one day a Spanish ship arrived at Ballachulish, having on board for sale all manner of clothing, silks, and satins for ladies' dresses, as well as other merchandise. It was arranged that Mary's parents and the other members of the family should inspect the beautiful and costly goods, and buy what they wanted ; but Mary, as a penalty for having parted with the half of her plaid to a poor woman, was locked in a room.

In course of time the party returned with their purchases, and from her prison Mary could hear the eulogiums passed on the goods, particularly as regards a magnificent robe, which each tried on in turn. Retiral and silence followed, and in the morning Mary was surprised that no sound met her ear. Anxiety lent strength to her arm, and she at length managed to force the door of the room in which she was imprisoned.



Hurriedly searching the house, she discovered first the blackened bodies of her father and mother, and afterwards those of the others, at different parts of the house. Though well-nigh distraught, she realized that the Spanish goods must have infected the family with the Black Plague, so common in these days, and that she was the only living person in the house.

Securing enough food for sustenance, she returned to her bedroom, and as she pondered the situation, she heard voices from beneath. Amongst the group of speakers was one Donald Cameron from Ballachulish, whose family Mary had befriended. As he passed under the window, she declared herself, and sought for his aid in her distress. He said that it was known about the plague, and that his orders were to burn the house and all in it, dead or alive ; but as some return for her good deeds to his household, he consented to carry a message to her lover, Diarmid of Lochawe, and delay the burning till the following evening. On being apprised of her predicament, Diarmid, after procuring the assistance of eight stalwart men, manned a boat and sailed *via* Loch Etive and Loch Linnhe to Callart, which was reached under cover of night. Mary was safely got out of the house by means of a ladder, and being supplied with a bundle containing a change of clothing which Diarmid had brought from

Lochawe, she was told to wash herself in the burn which flows past where the old domicile stood. Soon the historical pile was a blazing mass, and next night Diarmid and his lady fair escaped to Loch Awe by boat.

On their arrival there, they found that the news of the outbreak of the plague had preceded them, and they were denied admission to the house. Diarmid's father, addressing them from an upper window, said that they would require to isolate themselves for a month, and to enable them properly to do so, he insisted on their taking the vows of matrimony. Asking them the usual questions, he requested them to join hands, and after due ceremony declared them to be husband and wife. Directed to a small cottage in the Pass of Awe, they there put in their month of isolation, after which they returned to the ancestral home, Diarmid being naturally proud of his beautiful bride—Mary the Lily of Callart. The ruins of the burnt house are still to be seen at Callart.

On the opposite shore of Loch Leven are the quarries of Ballachulish, and looking forth from a commanding situation above a sheltered bay, is Invercoe, the Highland home of Lord Strathcona. The whole scene is overshadowed and guarded by the giant Paps of Glencoe, and there is perhaps an element of in-

congruity in the sight of a railway train amid these Ossianic landmarks.

On *Eilean Choinnich*, a green isle further West, a duel is said to have taken place between two crack swordsmen, and one of them, a Mackenzie, after whom the island is called, was slain. The Loch Leven Hotel in Inverness-shire territory, is separated from the Ballachulish Hotel in Argyll by a ferry known as *Caolas mhic Phadruig*, a name which tradition says it earned through the presence in these waters of a Norse pirate. This freebooter, nominated Patrick, lost his son by drowning while passing through the strait, and in attempting to save him nearly lost his own life. He succeeded in clutching a boulder, which may still be seen at low-water, and to this day the stone is known as *Clach Phadruig*—Patrick's Stone. In those far-off days, Loch Leven appears to have been the resort of numerous pirates, and the galleys of the Vikings must have been familiar to the early occupants of the district. Not far from the Ballachulish Hotel can be seen the knoll where James Stewart of the Glen—the scapegoat of the murderer of Campbell of Glenure—was executed.

The hamlet of North Ballachulish is made up for the most part of crofts, but at Onich there are a number of fine villas, which are fully occupied by visitors

in the summer season. On a rocky eminence quite close to the road may be seen the monument erected to the memory of "Nether Lochaber," a copy of the inscription on which will be found in the Appendix. Standing beside the Celtic cross, a magnificent outlook may be obtained of sea and mountain, the background being filled in by the Kingairloch and Morven hills, which, in the setting sun, assume tints seldom or ever seen outside the Western Highlands. On the way to Cuilchenna and Inchree, one may care to visit a vitrified fort which is situated at an elevation of about 500 feet above the pier. It probably formed a connecting link in the chain of forts stretching between the Eastern and Western seaboard, and to which some reference is made when dealing with the one in Glen Nevis.

The shires of Argyll and Inverness are connected at Corran by another ferry, though in stormy weather the sea passage is one not unattended with danger, on account of the treacherous currents. Ardgour, on the opposite shore, formed till recently a portion of the Parish of Kilmallie, but it is now a separate parish bearing the same name as the district. Until the northern part—that extending from Conaglen to the head of Loch Eil—was sold some years ago to the Earl of Morton, the whole estate was for generations

in possession of the Macleans of that Ilk, who acquired it under the following peculiar circumstances.

Ewen, the first chief of Ardgour, was the grandson of the founder of the house of Duart, his father, Hector, having been slain at Harlaw in 1411. Ewen's mother being a daughter of Earl Douglas, the latter, on Hector's death, took the future chief of Ardgour under his care, and had him trained in the arts of war. The first Ardgour distinguished himself, when quite a youth, fighting under the Duke of Albany at Dumbarton. Slaying the leader of the King's forces, he annexed the chief's head-dress of feathers, and donning it himself was christened "*Eobhan na'n iteag*"—"Ewen of the Feathers"—a name which stuck to him ever afterwards.

On hearing that the Lord of the Isles was gifting land to his followers, Ewen, who at the time was sojourning in Ireland, returned to his native shores and sought an audience of Lord MacDonald. At this conference his Lordship expressed regret that all the land he had to give away had already been disposed of, but suggested to Ewen that he would give him men to seize land by the sword. Though declining the offer of men, Ewen enquired of Lord MacDonald what lands he might be permitted to capture. Impressed with the young man's bearing, MacDonald

said, "You have the brave spirit of your father, and you deserve land. Go therefore and take the lands of Fiuch! Fiuch!"\*

Ewen lost no time in making for Ardgour, which was then possessed by a MacMaster, who had inadvertently offended the Lord of the Isles. MacMaster's house stood near the present site of the mansion of the Macleans, and here, late at night, accompanied by sixteen followers who had come with him in a galley from Ireland, Ewen asked for hospitality. Being refused, he drew his sword and slew MacMaster, whose son met a similar fate next morning. So it was that the Macleans became possessed of Ardgour, and it was from Ewen of the Feathers that the family took their patronymic of "*Mac-i-Eobhain*."

Ardgour is a most inviting little community, full of natural beauties, and the neat white houses forming the township of Clovullin have a picturesque appearance from the sea. The narrow channel of Loch Linnhe is guarded by the Corran lighthouse, and further west the Sallachan beacon warns mariners of the long neck of land stretching out into the loch near the mouth of the River Gour. *Beinn-na-cille*,

\* A name applied to the lands of Ardgour.



which rises conically behind the ancestral residence, is a conspicuous landmark for many miles, and Fort-William folks look to it for guidance in matters meteorological. They aver that when its summit is clear of mist the day will be fine, but rainy if it has a white cap on.

From the hotel, which adjoins the pier, the public road leads on to Strontian, Kingairloch, and Morven in a westerly direction, and eastwards along Loch Linnhe side to the head of Loch Eil. Following the latter, one gets a glimpse of the old churchyard of Killievaodain, where rest the bones of Ewen Maclachlan; and passing the farms of Kiel and Aryhualan, the march is reached at Conaglen, the Earl of Morton's Highland seat. The road along the strand of the loch is thickly wooded, but variety is lent to the scene by the presence of numerous mountain streams, chief amongst which are the Cona and the Scaddle. Near Inverscaddle is to be seen the rock on which the chief of Glengarry was killed when attempting to save his life by leaping from the steamer *Stirling Castle*, which was wrecked there about the beginning of the year 1828. For long the country mourned Glengarry's untimely end, and indeed his death was a great loss to Celtic Scotland. His great ambition was to revive old Highland usages,



to promote the cultivation of the Gaelic language and music—to which end he maintained both a bard and a piper arrayed in Highland garb—and generally to restore past-time Highland gatherings, athletic exercises, amusements, etc.

Stronchreggan, a mile or two further on, is in the occupation of another member of the Douglas family—Lord Aberdour; and opposite Fort-William, the clachan of Trislaig, with its southern exposure, is the envy of the small-holder. The Bay of Camusnagaul is the rendezvous of all pleasure parties who sail on the loch, and in boisterous weather it is a safe haven for sailing craft. Through sylvan glades, the path twines amid romantic scenery close to the shingle, and rounding a jutting promontory emerges again from the shade of birch and hazel on the shores of Loch Eil. At Blaich, Garvan, and Duisky, crofting communities are again met with, and there is a school at the latter place. In propitious weather, a trip to the head of the loch, either by road, rail, or boat, is in the highest sense delightful, and a backward glance will reveal some of the hidden charms of the Lochaber mountain ranges. Lord Morton's shooting-lodge of Craigaig adjoins the loch head, and on the foreshore there is a prominent rock known as *Clach-Mhic-an-Toisich*, where, it is said,

a band of Camerons slew one of the chiefs of Mac-kintosh who was at feud with Lochiel.

The road from Corran Ferry to Fort-William is one of the best for cycling in the district, and in parts it has more the appearance of a bicycle track than a Highland turnpike. Throughout its course of eight miles it clings to the Linnhe foreshore, and at intervals is canopied over by a wealth of fine trees. Corrie-chaorachan, to which an interesting reference is made by Bishop Forbes,\* is about midway, and near at hand in Loch Linnhe there is a small rocky island, known as the Seals' Rock, on which, at certain seasons of the year, may be seen a colony of seals, as well as cormorants and other aquatic birds. On rising ground immediately above the Kiachnish River, stands the farmhouse of Coruanan, where Ewen Maclachlan first saw the light of day. After crossing the river, the road passes through the holdings of Drimarben and Achintore, entering within the boundaries of the Burgh of Fort-William near where the residential villas commence, about half a mile from the town proper.

\* See Appendix.

## CHAPTER XII.

Derivation of "Lochaber"—Blar Mhor—Duel with bows and arrows on the Lochy—Corpach—Kirk of Kilmallie—Legend relating to its origin—*Ailein nan Creach*—His connection with the witch "Gormahull," and the manner of his penance—Sidelight on language in Kilmallie in 1623—Notable burials in Kilmallie—Interments in the islands—Shipbuilding, and the forging of swords.

LOCHABER enjoys the distinction of possessing two of the largest parishes in the realm: they are Kilmallie, the acreage of which, including Ardgour, is 306,731, and Kilmonivaig, which, with Glengarry, has an acreage of 276,675. It is not generally known that in earlier times these two large tracts of country were combined under the Parish of Lochaber. This name appears in Adamnan as "Aporicum Stagnum"—the aporic lake, or lake of apors. The Pictish prefix "Aber," denoting confluence, might apply here, but Dr. Macbain, an authority on the subject, thinks otherwise. The Gaelic "Aber," a marsh, seems really to be the origin of the name, especially in view of Adamnan's plural "Aporum" or "Abers." "Loch of the Marshes" is, therefore, the meaning of Lochaber, and this is supported by tradition, from which we learn

that the original Loch-aber was a lakelet in the Moine Mhor (the large moss), near the mouth of the River Lochy.

The locus of this lake, from which the district derived its name, has many attractive features, although of the erstwhile sheet of water, practically not a vestige remains. Known now as the "Blar Mhor," it is intersected by roads and a railway, while a considerable part of it is under cultivation, its northern and southern boundaries being the Caledonian Canal and the River Lochy respectively.

As it refers to the locality now being dealt with, opportunity may here be taken of relating a story told regarding *Domhnuill Donn Mac-Fear Bhothuintinn*, a worthy son of MacDonald of that Ilk. Domhnuill Donn earned considerable notoriety towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, particularly on account of his dexterity with the long bow, and in a lesser degree as a cattle-lifter. Returning to his native wilds one day after a raid on the Glencoe stock, he was hotly pursued by the MacDonalds, but managed to elude them at a ford in the Lochy, which previously existed near to where the river is to-day spanned by a suspension bridge. Just as Domhnuill reached the north bank, one of the Glencoe men let fly an arrow at him, shouting the while, "*Sin agad—ite fireun Ghlinn*

*Iubhair !*" The arrow missed its mark, and Domhnuill immediately returned the compliment, with the remark, "*Sin agad—ite fireunn Locha Treig.*" His aim was surer, and his adversary fell pierced through the heart.

Probably one of the best views obtainable of Ben Nevis from the plain, is to be had in juxtaposition to the hotel at Banavie. Here, on a fine summer's eve, one can sit for a lengthy period watching the ever-changing effect of light and shade, or the great fleecy banks of fog as they descend on the hill giant's seamed and snow-girt sides. A wealth of legend and folk-lore still clings to the hamlets of Corpach and Banavie, but to reduce these to print, is a task not unattended with difficulties. So much depends on action, verve, and, above all, the native language, that these old-time tales when related other than by a Celt, *viva voce*, lose much of their glamour and piquancy.

Interest centres round the kirk of Kilmallie, but so remote is its historical connection that it is practically impossible to get at the true sequence of events which led up to the establishment of the original edifice. So far as can be ascertained, the first building was erected here sometime in the sixth century by one of the Columbian monks, but this pioneer outpost of Christianity must have been a comparatively small and rude structure. Coming down to a later period,

we learn from tradition that another church was built at Kilmallie (or Culmally, as it is sometimes called in old records) by a person who went under the name of *An gille du mac gille Chnamhaich* ("the black son of the bones"), whose origin is enshrouded in mystery. The allegations as to his phantom parentage are of an extraordinary nature, and suggested to Sir Walter Scott that portion of Canto III. of the *Lady of the Lake* which deals with "Brian the Hermit." A footnote to the stanza—which is included in the Appendix to this work—furnishes particulars of the strange and weird episode.

Still another ecclesiastical edifice claims Kilmallie for a site, and to *Ailein nan Creach*, twelfth chief of Clan Cameron, the erection of this building was due. Allan's desire for territorial possessions was insatiable, and irrespective of the fact that he had obtained numerous charters from the Crown, he craved for estates still more extensive. To him the wish was father to the deed, and, accordingly, he engaged in seven great forays against septs who were unable to withstand the dash of his vassals, until, as time wore on, the whole district suffered from the cupidity of this land-grabber.

In his latter years, the old chieftain was seized with remorse for his many acts of bloodshed, and, with a



view to do penance for his misdeeds, he consulted the witch Gormshuil, who decreed that he should pass through the terrible ordeal of the *Tau Ghairm*. In fulfilment of Gormshuil's fiat, Allan built a "house of invocation" on the bank of the Lochy River, and, after lighting a huge fire, he produced a cat, and having run a spit through the animal's body, ordered a retainer who accompanied him to roast it alive. The yells of the tortured feline soon attracted others of the species, but Allan kept guard at the door, and, though in time the precincts became a perfect inferno, no harm befel the human perpetrators of the act of cruelty. Each cat, as it came up, cried "This is ill-usage for a cat," to which the guardsman firmly replied, "It will be better presently;" but still the unearthly uproar continued. At length, just as Allan was expecting to be torn to pieces by the infuriated felines, a huge black cat, supposed to be the king of the tribe, appeared, and, after silencing the others, took Allan to task, and assured him that unless he released the animal being tortured, he would be torn from limb to limb. This Allan agreed to do, conditional on the Cat King informing him by what means he could atone for his past misdeeds. "You must," said the head of the cat tribe, "build seven churches—one for each of the seven forays." And



it is said that Allan at once ordered his servant to free the spitted cat, which, with the others, immediately disappeared into the Lochy, and the spot in the river is still known locally as "Cat Pool." In fulfilment of his compact, churches were built by "*Ailein nan Creach*" at Kilmallie, Kildonan, Kill a Choireail in Brae Lochaber, Kilchoan in Knoydart, Arisaig, Morven, and Kilkillen, Loch Laggan. Of the Kilmallie one, nothing now remains, but a low wall in the burying-ground marks the site.

As showing that the English language was not without its supporters at an early period in Kilmallie, it may not be out of place to quote the following synodical excerpt :—"Dornoch, 16th August, 1623, which day Mr. Duff, present titular of the kirk of Creich, finding himself altogether unfit to serve at the same kirk because of his want of the Yrish tounge; and the whole people having no other language, freely demits and overgives all right and title that he has of the said kirk. Lykes the present Synod, having a care of this said Alexander Duff be not altogether casten louse, ordains that he shall ordain his talents at the Kirk of Kilmallie; at the whilk there are some that have the Schottish tounge, and the said Mr. Alexander be elsewhere planted at another kirk where he may fitly serve, and for the more corroborate-

tion of said act, and his consent thereunto, he has subscribed the said extract out of the books of the Synod the 15th of Novr., 1623."

The quiet Highland cemetery adjoining the present church has its own pathetic interest, and here in peace sleep many whose names are inscribed in Lochaber's scroll of fame. At the ivy-covered tomb of the valiant Fassifern, Celt and Saxon alike stand uncovered, and delight to pay homage to the memory of one who lived and died for the welfare of his country; the shrine of his brother-officer in the Peninsular war—General Alexander Cameron, of Inverailort—whose remains rest here, attracts pilgrims from many lands; and o'er the last resting-place of Mary MacKellar, the sweet singer of Loch Eil, many a silent tear is shed.

In far-off times, when the country in this vicinity was densely wooded, packs of wolves claimed an annual toll of human life, and the inhabitants even found difficulty in preserving the sanctity of the dead. As a last resort, they were compelled to utilize the islands in Loch Eil, off Corpach, for interment purposes—hence the origin of the name Corpach, which means "field of the dead."

At the present day it is almost unthinkable that this little hamlet should have gained notoriety in times past for the excellent broadswords there produced.

The weapons were turned out at a smithy forge, and were much in demand by the heads of clans and other warriors who wished to possess steel on which they could rely in the time of need. Sir Walter Scott recounts, in the *Tales of a Grandfather*, how, at the Corpach smithy, "Domhnall nan Ord," the son of Stewart of Invernahayle, forged the claymore with which he wreaked a terrible vengeance on Dunstaffnage, the murderer of his father. When the Caledonian Canal was opened, Corpach could also boast of a shipbuilding yard, but the industry, unfortunately, had no very lengthy existence, and has not since been resuscitated.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Advent of Mallaig Railway—Achdaluie and Loch Eil—Fassifern House—Corriebeg and Kinlocheil—Slaying of the last wolf in Scotland—Drumsallie Change-house—Glenfinnan—Raising of the Standard—Island Finnan—Loch Allort—Meeting of Prince Charlie and Lochiel at Borrodale—How Lochiel was won over—The country of Clanranald—Castle Tirlim—Its defence and assault—Arissaig and Morar—Sea monster in Loch Morar—Visit of Bishop Gordon to the district—Escape of Bishop MacDonald and Lord Lovat from an island in the Loch—Roman Catholicism in Morar—Peat fuel industry—Mallaig.

THE whole district from Corpach on to the rock-bound western seaboard, teems with memories of Prince Charlie, and, as it is now traversed by the Mallaig Railway, the rugged grandeur and lacustrine beauty of the historic region annually attracts an ever-increasing stream of sight-seers. Locally, there are not wanting those who deprecate the opening up of the country—Highlanders who would fain retain for it that hallowed privacy and seclusion which have clung to it since the stirring times of the '45. The Gael is pre-eminently conservative in some things, and keenly resents any interference with, or usurpation of privileges which he has been taught from infancy to regard as peculiarly his own. But why begrudge the Sassenach a glimpse

of a resort at once so renowned and so richly dowered by Nature?—'twere churlish, methinks, to carry exclusiveness thus far.

Sojourn as he may, by road or rail, the visitor cannot fail to be moved by the charm of seascape and landscape, of towering fastnesses carpeted with purple heath, of impetuous cataracts, of waving forests, and, above all, will his heart respond to the serenity and peaceful calm of everything around. A pleasant sanctuary this for the wild deer and the roe, who haunt the forests as of yore—a retreat for the pole-cat, and the badger, while far, far up in the mountain summits, the golden eagle, in undisturbed possession, continues to build her eyrie and bring forth her young.

Leaving Corpach and its old-time associations behind, let us make a leisurely tour of inspection through this sequestered realm, endeavouring the while to glean of its legend and romance. For about eight miles, the shires of Inverness and Argyll are divided by the water of Loch Eil, along the northern margin of which the railway runs. It was here, just below Achdaliu—which can be seen on rising ground to the right—that the memorable fight took place between Lochiel and a foraging party from the fort, already described in an earlier chapter. Near the upper extremity of the lake is Fassifern House, once

the home of a branch of the Lochiel family. At the time of the Rising it was occupied by a brother of the "gentle Lochiel," and here Prince Charlie slept on the night of the 23rd August, 1745. Standing on the bridge which spans the Sulaig River, one can still see the old road by which the Prince, the following day, led his army on to Moy.

Though of unpretentious dimensions, Fassifern, like the old house of Gask, immortalized so sweetly in song by the Baroness Nairne, still appeals to the sentiments, and the very sight of it gives birth in the mind to pictures of long ago. Was it not here that the redoubtable Colonel—the hero of *Quatre Bras*—communed, in his early boyhood, with the Spirit of Nature—here that his martial ardour was nurtured and fanned as he dreamt of the glories of a military career? "What though the rooms were wee," have not a succession of the superiors of Lochaber's capital sprung from the stock of Fassifern? The auld laird, alas, is now no more, but the sacred ties which bind the ivy-clad domicile to the past can never be severed.

Corriebeg and Kinlocheil, two modern crofting townships a little further on, have their own story to tell. It is claimed on behalf of the former place that here, sometime in the sixteenth century, the last wolf known to exist in Scotland, was slain. At that time



FASSIFERN HOUSE ABOUT THE TIME OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

*(from an old engraving.)*





the hillside could boast of a wealth of timber, and these woods harboured numerous wild animals, many of them being exceedingly fierce and ferocious. Credit for the valiant deed is given to a woman of the name of MacDiarmid, who, as the wolf attacked her, wrapped a shawl round her arm, defending herself for a time with the protected limb. Ultimately the animal seized her arm over the wrapping, and on the instant she managed with her free hand to grasp its tongue, a hold of which she retained until the wolf succumbed. Whether or not this really was the last wolf killed in Scotland, it is difficult to say definitely, another tradition assigning the honour to Elginshire of later date.

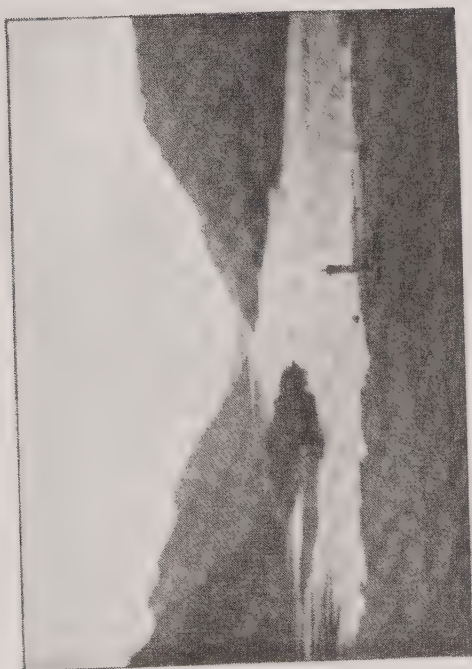
At an old change-house on the Druimsallie side of the river, in the vicinity of Kinlocheil, a proclamation was issued by Prince Charlie, offering the sum of £30,000 for the person of the Hanoverian Elector—a counterblast to King George's manifesto, in which he offered a similar price for the head of the Prince.

The country westwards assumes a more mountainous contour, and the pass, both for turnpike and railway, becomes in a measure constricted, but this in nowise detracts from its characteristic Highland charm. On approaching the far-famed Glenfinnan, the scene again changes, and variety is lent to the panorama by the witchery and fascination of Loch Shiel, whose

silvery waters lose themselves where the mountain chains and sky co-mingle on the western horizon. The wash of the wavelets on the pebbly strand; the rush of the Finnan adown the Glen, and the mingled beauty of cairn and hazel dell, all tend towards fostering the imagination, and it is not difficult to form a mind picture of the Glenfinnan of '45.

Nestling pleasantly in the near waters of the loch, Island Finnan—from which the parish in earlier times took its name—has a claim to reverence, in respect that it was here the monks of Columba planted their first church in this part of the West. The ruins still existent are not those of the primary edifice, and although they are of ancient date, history is silent as to who was responsible for the erection of the building, the remains of which are still to be seen. Island Finnan in days gone by served as a resort for Catholics convicted of the graver offences, and here in undisturbed solitude they underwent such penitential discipline as to the fathers seemed meet.

Through the good offices of Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, a spiral column, surmounted by a statue of the Prince, now stands on the spot where the standard was raised. Here the sojourner can take his stand, and in a meditative mood can behold in imagery the stirring scene enacted on the surrounding





sword more than a century and a half ago. On reaching the rendezvous, the Prince had good cause for anxiety, for in place of the expected concourse of clansmen, only a sprinkling of menials were there to welcome him. Eyes and ears were employed to no purpose, and yet Charles could not associate disloyalty with those sworn to support his cause. Slowly the time went by, and to him the waiting was fraught with the keenest agony. But hark! what sound was that being wafted on the breeze? Eagerly the little band listened, and at length there could be no mistaking the gladsome strain—'twas the war-pipe of Lochiel. Ere long "light springing footsteps were trampling the heath;" the Cameron Men, eight hundred strong, made a gallant show, and the Keppoch MacDonalds, led by their chief in person, numbering in all about three hundred, reached Glenfinnan almost simultaneously, and were cordially welcomed by their Prince. In proof of their loyalty, the MacDonalds brought with them a number of prisoners secured the day previous in an encounter which had taken place on the shores of Loch Lochy, and which resulted in the surrender of a detachment of the English soldiery under command of Captain Scott. Glenfinnan was also graced on the memorable occasion by a feminine admirer of the Prince—Miss Jenny Cameron, a

personage in regard to whom little is definitely known, and whose life and history, even to the present day, form the subject of many heated controversial discussions.

To the Marquis of Tullibardine—who had voyaged with the Prince from France—was accorded the honour of unfurling the banner. As its folds fluttered in the breeze, what a shout of exultation disturbed the still air of that romantic glen! 'Mid the stirring notes of the bagpipes, the Highlanders in one acclaim vowed "to win or dee for Charlie!" and as they unsheathed their broadswords, and waved them on high, the enthusiasm of the clansmen must have been gladdening to the heart of a Stuart. After the completion of the historic ceremony, the Prince was escorted by a guard of honour to Glenaladale, at which place he was the honoured guest of MacDonald of that Ilk. Later in the day, the Highland army was augmented in strength by a company of the MacLeods, and on its triumphant march towards Moy it was further swelled by the Glencoe MacDonalds, the Stewarts of Appin, the Glengarry MacDonalds, Grants from Glenmoriston, and other loyal clansmen who rallied round the Prince's banner in such numbers as to warrant the hope that the cause which he had espoused was on the present occasion destined to be realized.



## Meeting of Prince Charlie and Lochiel. 169

The reader who is wishful of following the fortunes of Prince Charlie's army, can easily satisfy such a desire by consulting a large choice of historical treatises, it being outwith the scope of this work to enter into such details. It may not, however, be out of place to journey in thought somewhat further west, if for nothing else than to re-visit the scenes where the so-called Rebellion was hatched. From Glenfinnan to Kinlochailort, the country is wild and mountainous, and harbours little else than sheep and deer. The Ailort Loch, studded with numerous rocky islets, divides the rugged districts of Moidart and Arisaig, and irrespective of the contiguity of the modern railway, it still retains its pristine privacy and seclusion. A few miles further on, there breaks on the vision the lovely Lochnanuagh, into which the rolling swell of the Atlantic sweeps with an angry growl. It was in a bay in this loch that the *Doutelle*, with the Prince aboard, cast anchor after the run from Eriska, at which latter place the first landing was effected on the voyage from France. At Lochnanuagh, the Prince was waited on by Clanranald, Kinlochmoidart, Glenaladale, and other heads of clans; the mode of campaign was discussed, and opportunity was taken of despatching letters to his supporters throughout the Highlands, notifying his arrival and soliciting their aid.

Though convinced of the futility of his mission, the first to meet Charles when he landed on the mainland at Borrodale was the chief of Clan Cameron. When calling on his brother at Fassifern, as he journeyed to Borrodale, the former endeavoured to dissuade Lochiel from his purpose, fearing what the results of such a meeting might be. The chief of the Camerons assured his brother that his reasons for declining to join the Prince were too strong to be overcome, but Fassifern thought otherwise, and the sequel showed that his judgment was the wiser. The meeting was a momentous one, and the chances are that had Lochiel listened to the counsel of Fassifern, there would have been no rising. The conference was lengthy, and at times was punctuated by spirited word-passages on both sides, but Lochiel persisted in his declination to support the Prince's cause. Charles, incensed at this unexpected check, and having failed by plausible argument to win over Lochiel, adopted other tactics, which, in the end, brought about the desired result. "In a day or two," said he, "with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt; Lochiel, whom my father has often told me was our

firmest friend, may stay at home, and from the newspapers learn the fate of his Prince." The appeal was irresistible. "No!" exclaimed Lochiel, "I'll share the fate of my Prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power."\* Thus the die was cast that culminated in Culloden's fateful field.

Clanranald's country, through which we are now passing, is full of ever-changing vistas, which, with their delightful harmonizing effects, indelibly fix themselves on the memory. There is an entire absence of monotony, and whether one finds pleasure in unearthing the lore, or viewing the grandeur of hill and ocean, the result in either case will have its compensating privileges. Former possessors of this territory had their stronghold in an island in Loch Moidart; it was of the nature of a fortress, and went under the name of Castle Tirrim. Though oft besieged, the castle was but once taken, and that only after strategy had been resorted to. For some indiscretion, the Clanranald of the day had his estates forfeited to the Crown, and the Duke of Argyll was commissioned by the Government to see to the reduction of the MacDonalds. Assaults failing, the Campbells endeavoured to starve out the defenders,

\* Home.

but to no purpose, and, after a siege of nearly six weeks, Clanranald and his doughty warriors had the satisfaction one morning of seeing the galleys of Argyll steering away towards the open sea. But it was only another exhibition of the "slimness" of Mac Caillean Mor, for as soon as night came, he put his vessels about, and was soon again in his old position at Castle Tirrim. The feint was successful. On the supposed raising of the siege, the clansmen, anxious for the safety of their wives and families, hied them to their respective glens, leaving only a small guard in the castle, whom Argyll's men easily overcame and slew. News of the calamity quickly spread, and a summary vengeance was taken by the MacDonalds. Surrounding Castle Tirrim, the stronghold was soon again in their hands, and not a single Campbell who had entered it escaped.

After the Rebellion of 1715, the Castle of Tirrim was razed to the ground, with the exception of part of the walls, and the old ruins form an attractive feature of the locality. On Loch-an-Eala, near Arisaig, Clanranald built himself a new retreat, but when the estate was acquired by the late Mr. Astley, this building was discarded for the more modern mansion—Arisaig House—now occupied by the present owner, Mrs. Nicholson.

The old-fashioned village of Arisaig is a delightful place in which to while away a few summer days. Here one forgets the "madding crowd," thinks not of commercial bustle, and leaves his cares and worries for the nonce to take care of themselves. Rising out of the azure waters of the western main, right opposite, are the islands of Eigg, Rum, Muck, and Canna; around are pleasant woodland glades, with a climate at once mild and invigorating, while the copses and shores are alive with innumerable varieties of the feathered tribe, whose notes are welcome to visitor and resident alike.

The country of Morar, with its loch and river of the same name, has more than an ordinary claim on the seeker after tradition. Morar Loch—the deepest lake in the three kingdoms—has gained the reputation of harbouring a monster so mysterious and uncanny that the dwellers in these parts live in perpetual terror of it. "Morag," as the apparition has been christened, is said to have been seen by a number of persons of unquestionable veracity. One of them in recounting his experience alleges that early on a summer morn when rowing across the loch, he happened, on nearing the further shore, to catch sight of "Morag"—"a huge, shapeless, dark mass, rising out of the water like an island." It suddenly disappeared, and the disturbance

of the water sent a ripple towards his boat, which caused it to roll slightly. The belief is prevalent among the residents by the lake, that the sea-monster never rises save when some MacDonald or a Gillies is about to exchange the barren hills of Morar for a fairer and more salubrious clime.

A number of stories are told with reference to Bishop Gordon's visit to the Highlands and Islands in the year 1707. During his sojourn in the Arisaig district, he took up residence in the island near the foot of Loch Morar, which appears to have been also used for a like purpose by clerics who followed him in the vicariate. The Bishop undertook many arduous visitations, and it is recorded that once when returning in Clanranald's barge from a tour amongst the isles, the soldiers guarding Castle Tirrim would not allow him to land, and passing over to Ardnish, the Moidart people received him gladly, and to them he vouchsafed his priestly blessing.

In 1731, when the Highlands were formed into a separate diocese, the first licentiate appointed, one Hugh MacDonald, was said to be of the Moidart family. Secure in his island retreat, he had as companion Simon Lord Lovat, then a man well beyond the allotted span, and rendered practically helpless by disease. Notwithstanding MacDonald's judicious pre-



caution of having all the boats in the vicinity brought over to the island, a spy lurked in the neighbourhood—a kinsman, it is alleged—who was suspected of having given the Government officials information as to the whereabouts of the Bishop and Lovat. Be that as it may, a force was landed from one of the patrolling war-sloops, and the suspected retreat was carefully reconnoitred. MacDonald, however, was wily, and rightly interpreting the move of the bluecoats, he, along with the aged and infirm peer, escaped by boat to *Ceann Camus Ruaidh*, on the Arisaig side of the loch, and evaded the trackers by making for the woods. The Government minions were chagrined to find the birds flown, and after securing the whole of the ecclesiastic's correspondence and other valuables, they burned down the abode. Lord Lovat suffered much from exposure in the wild fastnesses, and after residence for some days at Meoble, he sent a message to the officer in charge at Arisaig, offering to surrender himself. His capture thereafter was speedily effected, and his trial and execution in London are matters of history.

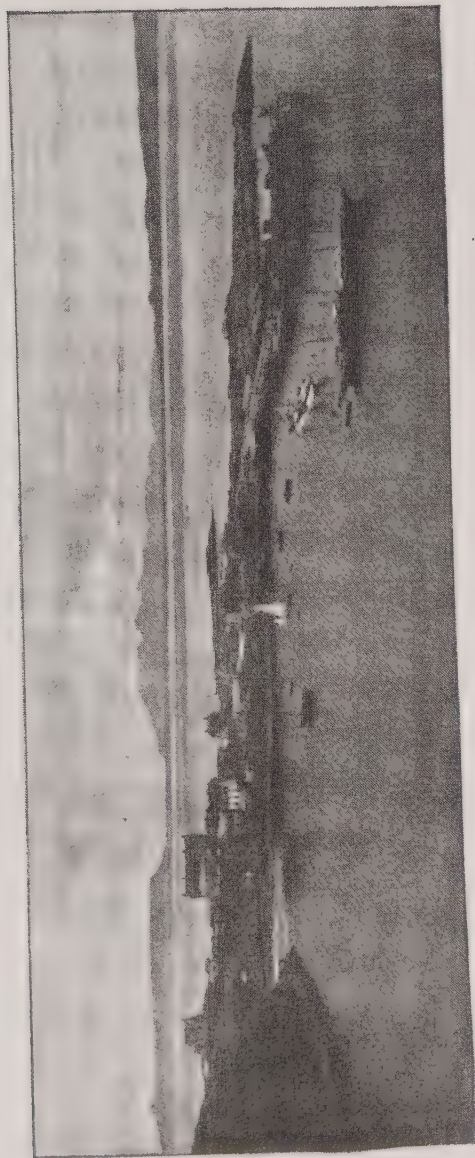
Morar is pre-eminently a centre of Roman Catholicism, and at Bourblach, in 1768, a new college was built, which for years served as an ecclesiastical seminary for the Western Highlands. It was the custom for those desirous of entering the priesthood to study



in this institution for several years, devoting attention the while to the acquisition of languages, particularly Latin, Greek, and English, with a view to secure their entree to the more advanced Continental colleges. There was a section, however, of the aspirants for holy orders who preferred to finish their training at the home institutions, and these latter earned for themselves the sobriquet of "heather priests." In 1778, this college at Morar was removed to larger and more pretentious premises at Samalaman in Moidart—now the residence of Lord M'Laren of Glenuig—and, some thirty years later, a still further removal was carried out, and the Island of Lismore was selected as a site for erecting the seat of learning.

On the shores of *Lochan-a-Chleirich*, an attempt was made in 1875 to establish a peat-fuel industry. There was no lack of the raw material, and the process consisted in reducing the peat to pulp, then compressing it and laying it out in small blocks in drying sheds. The experiment was only on a small scale, but fairly encouraging results were obtained, and it is said that, had the company been able to accomplish a larger output, the venture would have proved a financial success.

Mallaig, the terminus of the railway, promises in the near future to become a popular summer resort,



MALLAIG.

RUM AND EGG IN THE DISTANCE.

[Rev. A. E. Robertson.]

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and strenuous efforts are being made towards developing the fishing industry there. For the latter purpose, it is naturally well adapted, and the exploiting of the fishing banks in the neighbourhood has been attended with satisfactory results. The outlook is remarkably fine, and as one gazes "over the sea to Skye," and on a clear evening watches the ever-changing tints of ocean and sky as the sun slowly sinks behind the Coolins, the scene is one calculated to appeal forcibly to the æsthetic senses.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Banquo, Thane of Lochaber—Torcastle—*Gleann Laoigh*—Erracht Camerons—Fatal fight between Erracht and Murshiorlaich—Flight of the former—His emigration to America, and military service there—Raising of the Camerons—House of Moy, and Witch Gormshull—Her warning to Lochiel—The story of the Atholl wethers—The fishing up and re-depositing of Atholl's sword in *Lochan a' Chlaidheimh*—Muccomer—Achnacarry and the Dark Mille—Loch Arkaig, episodes and impressions—Meeting of the chiefs after Culloden at the head of Loch Arkaig—The arrival of arms and treasure from France—Sea-fight between the French and King's troops off Moidart—Smuggling of the French gold to Loch Arkaig, and its concealment—Loyalty of the Highlanders—Loch Lochy—Encounter between the Frasers and Clanranald MacDonalds—*Blarna-leine*—"Ranald of the hens"—Loch Oich—Memorial commemorating Keppoch murder—Invergarry Castle—Iron-smelting in Glengarry—Fight in the old castle—Royal visits to Glenquoich—Emigration of the peasantry—Richard Cobden at Glengarry—Modern aspect—Fort-Augustus—The Butcher Duke—Loch Ness—Feud between Mackenzies and MacDonells—Castle Urquhart.

WANDER where one will throughout Lochaber, there is no getting away from memories of the dead past, and to investigate these is an all-absorbing study, albeit one attended with many difficulties and pitfalls. Banquo, the Thane of the ancient Lordship, appears to have been a personage endowed with peculiar gifts of mind and physique, and not only does his name gleam from the inspired pages of Shakespeare, but

the allegation has been more than once made that he was the progenitor of the Stuart Dynasty. He dwelt, we are told, at Torcastle, a secure retreat situated on the banks of the River Lochy about five miles from Fort-William, and a portion of the ruined stronghold has yet been left to us by the ravages of time. This relic of antiquity occupies a unique position almost on the edge of a perpendicular rock, and communication must have been maintained by means of draw-bridges. The chiefs, both of Lochiel and Clan Chattan, are said to have used the old castle as a residence in days gone by, and in the vicinity is the famous Cat Pool where the army of felines disappeared, of which mention is made in a previous chapter.

Some distance further on, *Gleann Laoigh*, with its murmuring stream, its freshness of verdure, and leafy glades, opens away to the north, and seems to call the wayfarer to enter and view its beauties. About a mile up the glen, on the east side of the river, almost hid from view by trees, stands the old house of Erracht, which for years was tenanted by that sept of the Lochiels known as *Sliochd Eobhainn ic Eobhainn*. The first laird was "out" with Mar in 1715, and gave his life in the cause at Sheriffmuir; his son Donald had the honour of being placed second in command of the Camerons in the '45. The latter, after the defeat

at Culloden, became an outlaw, and could not return to the home of his fathers, much to the anxiety of his good lady, who, just as he was leaving to join Prince Charlie at Glenfinnan, had given birth to an heir. Though a fugitive in his native wilds, Donald, while running many hairbreadth escapes, managed to elude the vigilance of Cumberland's scouts, until, on the passing of the Act of Indemnity, he at length made his way back to the bosom of his family in *Gleann Laoigh*.

His son grew apace, and early in life evinced the martial fire and spirit of his forebears. A youthful indiscretion, however, interfered to some extent with his future advancement. He had become enamoured of the fair young widow of Cameron of Strone—*A' bhanntlach ruadh*—but his suit was not approved of by the lady's guardian, the tacksman of Murshiorlaich, a chieftain of the MacGillonies of Strone. Unable to brook any interference in his love affairs, Erracht challenged Murshiorlaich to a duel, and it was made a condition that the fight should cease whenever blood had been drawn. Forgetful of his pact, or enraged at being first cut, Erracht took undue advantage of the leniency shewn by his adversary, and treacherously slew him—an act, let it be said, which he never ceased to deplore.



Immediately thereafter, he fled to Mull, and when he had spent some time in uncongenial clerical work, he is next heard of as fighting in America, under a relative of his own, Colonel Álan MacLean of Torloisg, who was in command of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. Captured by the enemy, he was incarcerated for two years at Philadelphia, and, on his release, he sought again the haunts of his youth in Lochaber, taking up residence in the ancestral home at Erracht. How he raised, and so gallantly commanded the Cameron Highlanders, is told in another place.

The house of Moy, somewhat further eastwards, is not without its associations—historic and legendary. It was Prince Charlie's objective on his march from Glenfinnan; it served as a rendezvous for Claverhouse with the Camerons and MacDonalds from Keppoch and Glengarry, and tradition affirms that it was the recognised home of the witch Gormshuil, who played no inactive part in the lore of the country. Credit is given to this wily sorceress of having aided the witches of Mull in dealing with certain vessels of the Spanish Armada, and it is alleged that through her instrumentality the *Florida* was sunk in Tobermory Bay. Everyone must have read Campbell's poem, "Lochiel's Warning," but the prose version of a like incident is not so well known, and will bear repetition.

The story goes that one day as Lochiel was on his way to keep an appointment with the Earl of Atholl, he was accosted by the enchantress thus :—

“ Hail, and good fortune, Ewen of Lochiel, from thy kinswoman, Gormshuil of Moy. Whither art thou bound to-day, with only two attendants ? ”

“ I go,” replied Lochiel, after thanking the witch for her kindly greeting, “ to meet the Earl of Atholl by the Black Water of *Beinn a' Bhreac*, with a view to the friendly settlement of a disputed boundary—a matter, as thou knowest, Gormshuil, which has caused no little trouble and bloodshed in my time.”

“ Go back, Lochiel, go back ! ” exclaimed the witch, “ and take with thee three score and five of the best men of thy name and clan. If their aid be required in the settlement of the dispute, it is well to have them to appeal to ; if they be not needed, so much the better, the walk will only stir their blood healthily, and supple their joints. It is Gormshuil of Moy that advises ; it is Gormshuil of Moy, if needs be, that commands it.”

After due deliberation, Lochiel decided to act on the sage woman's advice, and returning, soon collected the stipulated number of Camerons. On their journey, they rested for the night at Lianachan, and astir betimes next morning, Lochiel explained to his clansmen the purport of the mission.

"When I meet the Earl," said Lochiel, "I shall wear my cloak with the grey side outwards, but if, during our negotiations, I should take it off, and put it on again with the inner red lining to the outside, it will be a sign to you to come to my aid."

Some distance from the place of meeting, the Camerons concealed themselves amid the copse and bracken, the while Lochiel and Atholl discussed their bone of contention. The conference failed of its purpose, but the imperious Earl had still his trump card to play. Confident that he had the Cameron chief in his power, he raised aloft his right arm, when—

"Instant, through copse and heath arose  
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows."

"Who are these, my Lord Earl?" sternly demanded Lochiel.

"These," replied the Earl, "are only a few of my Atholl wethers come across the hills with me to eat and grow fat on the grazings of Black Water and *Beinn a' Bhreac*, which by right belong to us."

Whilst the Perthshire laird was signalling to his retainers, Lochiel unconcernedly turned out the red lining of his cloak, and instantly adown the grassy slope rushed his eager clansmen, who at a signal from their chief halted some distance off.

"And who may these be?" queried the Earl of Atholl.

"These, my Lord Earl," replied Lochiel, "are a few of my Lochaber dogs, sharp-toothed and hungry, eager to taste of the flesh of your Atholl wethers. Give up, my Lord, your claim to these lands, for I cannot much longer hold my dogs in leash."

Outmanœuvred on every point, the Earl, deeming discretion the better part of valour, did what was requested of him in these words:—

"Men of Atholl and Lochaber, bear witness that I renounce now and for ever, for me and mine, through summer's heat and winter's cold, through all the various seasons of the year, all right and claim to the grazings of *Beinn a' Bhreac* and the Black Water Meadows. In witness whereof I have kissed my sword, which now, in proof of my full faith and trust in the magnanimity and generosity of Lochiel, I return not to its sheath again, but leave here, that it may be for ever a witness of my oath."

After this brief address, the Earl, with a mighty sweep, flung his sword far out into the deep waters of the loch, which to the present day is known as *Lochan a' Chlaidheimh*, or Loch of the Sword.

There is a sequel to the tale, and one which proves that the episode was not a fictitious one. In the

summer of 1826, while a herdsman was fishing in the loch, he pulled to the surface an old rust-begrimmed claymore, and thinking that the sword might be of some antiquarian interest, he took it to the Rev. Dr. Ross, parish minister at Kilmonivaig, an authority upon such matters. In the meantime, it had become known throughout Lochaber that the historical relic had been found, and fearing that its disturbance might nullify the oath taken by the Earl of Atholl, steps were taken to have it returned to *Lochan a' Chlaidheimh*. As a deputation, twelve men were selected to wait on Dr. Ross—four from Nether Lochaber, four from Locharkaig, and four from Lochyside. After a consultation, and when the men had acquainted the minister with the full circumstances, and expressed their convictions, the latter handed over the sword. Next day the same twelve men, with all due ceremony, re-deposited the weapon deep down in the dark waters of the loch.

On the way to Achnacarry, whence the route now being explored naturally leads, one gets a glimpse of the picturesque falls at Muccomer, where the rivers Spean and Lochy converge. It was near here that the Mackintoshes and Camerons engaged in their last feudal battle, and in the vicinity is the burial-place of the MacMartin branch of the latter clan. The tombstones, with two exceptions, bear the name

Cameron, a fact which goes to shew their exclusiveness in times past. A local story corroborates this. A toil-stained wayfarer who had more than once been denied shelter and sustenance, made a final appeal to one of the MacMartins. After repeated knocking, he at last attracted the attention of the inmate, who, opening a window, demanded the reason for the disturbance. "If there be a Christian in this house," replied the other, "surely he will let me rest awhile within." The occupant of the house appeared to be somewhat taken aback by the request, but at length answered in these words—"There are no Christians here; we are all Camerons!"

Achnacarry, from here, is only about two miles distant, and it is a spot, the very mention of which, sets a-vibrating dormant memory-chords in the hearts of all those who love their country. In 1746, the ancestral home of the Lochiels was burned by Cumberland, and part of the ruins of the old castle are still to be seen on the River Arkaig, not far from the present mansion. The latter occupies a delightful site, the harmonising effect of loch, river, and greenwood being such as to baffle description, and to appreciate the beauties one must be personally present. A picturesque feature is the Dark Mile—a stately avenue of giant trees whose branches intertwine and co-mingle



overhead as to effectually exclude the sunlight in summer, a circumstance which doubtless led Prince Charlie to select a cave off the road underneath, in which to hide after Culloden. The sylvan grandeur of the margins of Loch Arkaig, stretching away for many miles to the northward, lend a peculiar charm to the vista, but one cannot help recalling that Glen Dessary, Glen Pean, and Glen Kingie—now relegated to sheep and deer—were at one time thickly peopled by the peasantry class, the representatives of whom are now scattered over the plains of Canada and Australia. It is somewhat pathetic nowadays to wander through these desolated glens; there is a pathos in the ruined homesteads—a requiem in the breeze, and even the waves on the beach, lapping unceasingly, seem to croon dolefully for the stalwarts that have passed away.

The lonesomeness of Loch Arkaig head was responsible for a characteristic passage of words between the late Lochiel, and a member of the Fort-William Volunteer Company. Lochiel, who was captain of the corps, was picnicing with them here, when he got into conversation with a stalwart from the Braes. The subject was cattle-rearing, for which Lochaber has long been famous, and the talk was alike discursive and instructive. "I cannot imagine," said Lochiel, "how people ever wintered cattle in such a spot as this."



"My G——, Lochiel," returned his interlocutor, "they never wintered cattle here. When the people wanted cattle, they went to the low country in summer and lifted them, and they ate them in the winter time!"

After Culloden had been lost, Murlaggan, at the head of Loch Arkaig, was chosen as a meeting-place of the chiefs, convened for the purpose of determining whether or not hostilities should be continued. Though he had been severely wounded at Culloden, Lochiel was present, having ridden thither, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron; and, amongst others who attended, were Lord Lovat, the young chief of Clanranald, Glenbucket, MacDonald of Barrisdale, John Roy Stewart, Alexander MacLeod of Neuck, MacDonald, a nephew of Keppoch, the Laird of MacKinnon, Major Kennedy, Captain McNab, and Secretary Murray. This momentous meeting took place in May, 1746, and the previous month, arms and treasure to the value of £38,000 had been landed from French frigates at Lochnanuagh. The Government got wind of the affair, and immediately three gunboats, under command of Captain Howe, were ordered to Moidart for the purpose of seizing this spoil.

Howe, getting in between the Frenchmen, fired a broadside at each, and succeeded in temporarily disabling the larger of the two, but towards evening the

damage was repaired, and the fight was maintained for twelve hours. We learn from the Dalilea MS. that Captain Howe's ammunition running out, he set sail for the open sea, chased by the French frigates. The bodies of fifteen Frenchmen were afterwards found on the shores, but the Englishmen did not cast their dead overboard until passing the Point of Ardnamurchan. The sea-battle was eagerly watched by the country people, who assembled in groups on coigns of vantage, and the story has been handed down how one old man was heard earnestly praying that no hurt should come by the goats which he had sent to graze on *Eilean-nan-Gobhar* in Loch Ailort.

The *louis d'ors* were successfully smuggled to Loch Arkaig, and the unanimous result of the conference there was, that the struggle should not be abandoned. Accordingly, the respective chiefs undertook to muster the remnants of their different clans, and agreed to meet in council at Achnacarry on a future date. Meanwhile, peremptory orders were issued by Cumberland to the Earl of Loudoun, instructing him to proceed at once to Lochaber with an army of 1,700 men, with a view to nip in the bud any attempt at further rebellion. Intelligence of this move was conveyed to Lochiel just in time to prevent his capture, and the presence in the country of Loudoun's militia nullified the efforts of the

chiefs to bring about a second rising. Before the heads of clans dispersed, arrangements had to be made for disposing of the French gold, and as it was deemed inexpedient to transport this, it was decided to bury it. In the bed of a small burn opposite Murlaggan, three cases containing 15,000 *louis d'ors* were deposited, while a further sum, amounting to about £12,000, was taken from Achnacarry, and placed in a deep hole near the foot of Loch Arkaig. This treasure, it is said, was never again unearthed, though many entertain doubt on the point. "*Sporrain ghobhlach do dh' or a Phrionnsa*" (forked purses of the Prince's gold), is a local epithet still applied to those who acquire wealth by unknown methods, the inference being that the party referred to must have chanced upon part of the hidden treasure.

Loyal to their Prince, and with an innate love of country that can only burn in the heart of the Celt, the race that has gone has left its stamp indelible upon the land. The winds cry "Freedom!" the mountain torrents bear it along; and the hills will repeat it through the ages to come. In this cradle of romance, 'twere but a moment's task to rend the veil enshrouding the space of a century and a half. Once again, in fancy, the kilted clansmen spring up from the lurking place on the hillside, and sweep, in an avenging

avalanche of fire and sword, on the Sassenach foe. The wild thrill of the pipes fills the valleys, and the lusty war-cry of the Highlander rings from ben to ben. See, again, the hunted Prince stealthily stealing amid the fastnesses by night, resting now at lordly castle, now at shepherd's cot, and forced anon to lurk in some sheltering cave. Not all the English gold laid on his unfortunate head could buy a single feather from his bonnet, or a thread from his silken plaid; the clansmen were leal—true to the core—and ever ready to give of their best for the cause of freedom and right. The blood of our fathers, spilt in defence of their inviolable rights, springs forth anew in the waving bells of purple heather, and their voices speak out in the echo of the mountains. Highlanders shoulder to shoulder—flower of an unconquered race—as brave and patriotic to-day as when Charles Edward Stuart sought your aid, may the day never come when the Celt shall cease to add laurels to the British Crown.

Leaving Achnacarry, we continue our tour through Glen More, along the strand of Loch Lochy, and the scenic beauties here, though less enchanting, are still such as to retain the interest of the visitor. Near the head of the Loch, in 1544, a desperate encounter took place between the Frasers, led by their chief, Lord Lovat, and the MacDonalds of Clanranald. The

combat took place in the month of July, and so hot was the day that the warriors divested themselves of their outer garments and fought in their shirts, a circumstance which led to the spot being called *Blar nan leine* (field of the shirts). The battle resulted in the practical extermination of the Frasers, the dead including Lord Lovat, his eldest son, and over eighty of his clan's most distinguished supporters. The fight was responsible for many individual acts of valour, and tradition refers particularly to the combat which took place between two herculean Highlanders. Slashing at each other with their massive two-handed broadswords, they fought long and keenly, but neither seemed to gain an advantage. "*Am bheil thu an gobha?*" ("Are you the smith?") at length shouted one of the antagonists. "*Tha mi! Am bheil thu an gobha?*" ("I am! Are you the smith?") "*Tha mi,*" returned the other, and instantly discarding their weapons, they wrestled for the mastery, until, locked in deadly embrace, they slipped over a jutting headland into the waters of the loch, and perished.

Ranald Galda, the legitimate heir of Clanranald, who had been brought up by his grandfather among the Frasers, was the immediate cause of the bloody conflict. When on a visit to Castle Tirrim, with a view to assert his rights, he was appalled at the

lavishness of the feast got up in his honour. "Why this extravagance?" said he, as he witnessed the killing of several oxen, "a few hens would have served equally well." His penuriousness did not commend him to the clansmen, and, after christening him *Raonuill nan cearc* ("Ranald of the hens"), they recommended him to return to Lovat. To punish the insulting vassals, *Blar nan leine* was fought, and, as we have seen, lost by the Frasers. Ranald was severely wounded at the battle, and, being taken prisoner, was tended by a party of MacDonalds at Laggan Inn. As he lay on his pallet listening to the boastful tales of his foes, he grimly remarked that, were he as strong as he had been in the morning, he would rather, single-handed, fight all who were then prattling over their cups, than cross swords again with the brave man whom he had that day overcome. Incensed at this reflection on their courage, the MacDonalds bribed the surgeon, when dressing Ranald's head-wounds, to thrust the needle into his brain. This the medico did, but with a last effort of failing energy, the Clanranald heir contrived to plunge his dirk into the treacherous villain's heart.

Passing Laggan with its canal locks, the beautiful water of Oich bursts upon the vision, and the spectacular effect is at once entrancing and full of charm.



Miniature islets, fringed with trees, stud the lake, and the slopes down to the water's edge are carpeted with verdure, sombre in hue, and deliciously fresh. The Glengarry mountains on the north have a remarkable regularity of contour, and one of them is so smooth as to have earned the name of Glengarry's Bowling-green. On the margin of the loch, near its south-western extremity, stands a pyramidal monument, commemorating that dastardly outrage which has come to be known as the Keppoch murder. The memorial is in the form of a square at the base, the surmounting obelisk terminating with seven human heads carved in stone. These represent the heads of the murderers of the two sons of Keppoch, and the gory craniums, before being presented at the feet of the noble chief at Glengarry castle, were washed in a spring where the monument now stands. A copy of the inscription—which is in four languages—will be found in the Appendix.

Within the Invergarry estate policies, stand the hoary, ivy-clad ruins of the ancient castle of Invergarry—a most interesting and well-preserved relic of feudal times. Its rocky site has, from time immemorial, been famed as the gathering-place of the MacDonells of Glengarry, and was the origin of their famous war-cry, *Creagan an Fhithich* ("Rock of the Raven").



The ruins now to be seen are not those of the first castle, as records exist of at least two prior strongholds, but it is not possible to fix the date when the premier structure was built, although the probability is that it was about the middle of the seventeenth century. "The present building is designed on the L plan, with an oblong staircase at the re-entering angle, and a round tower at the north-east angle, which also contained a staircase. The main building has been carried to a height of five storeys—the entrance doorway has an architrave moulding. Opposite the entrance, a good square staircase seems to have led up to the first floor, above which level, the two next upper floors were reached by the very unusual form of a square or scale staircase in the oblong tower. The angle tower was carried up six storeys in height, the top storeys being approached by a circular stair turret."\* We learn from tradition that the stones were collected from the brow of Ben Tee, nearly seven miles distant, and handed from one individual to another until placed at the disposal of the builders.

An interesting sidelight is shed on the history of the castle, in a letter written to Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort-William, dated 16th January, 1692.

\* *Domestic Architecture of Scotland.*

It proceeds—"In case you find the house at Invergarry cannot probably be taken in this season of the year, with the artillery and provisions you can bring there, we leave it to your discretion to give Glengarry the assurance of active indemnity for life and fortune, upon his delivering up the house and arms, and taking the oath of allegiance." Glengarry appears to have yielded up the castle, and it was garrisoned with English soldiery from 1692 till 1715, though, in 1703, the chief, on representations made to the Government, was heard "in his own cause," before the Lords of the Treasury, at Fort-William, who reported that he had suffered damage to the extent of £3,542.

Repeated petitions by Glengarry, craving for reinstatement and the removal of the objectionable garrison, were non-effective, so, taking advantage of the Rising of 1715, he, with his vassals, laid siege to the castle, and succeeded in overpowering the defenders. His letter to the governor of Fort-William, intimating his success, was in these terms:—

"INVERGARRY, 22nd Sepr., 1715.

"SIR,

"I am heartily sorry what I am to inform you might in the least offend you, and that is the surprising of the garrison in my house, which of necessity I was obliged to do for the safety of the

poor people who were threatened by the soldiers that they would fall upon them. I am hopeful a person of your honour and integrity will rather approve tacitly than disapprove such measures, and more especially King George having refused to accept of our address, which hardship few or none ever trusted with. No doubt others will take the same method. However, since it was not the quarrel of private gentlemen or noblemen, so I am glad it is not ours, and therefore your friendship to my wife and little family is entreated by your most obliged and humble servant,

"ALEXANDER MACDONELL."

On the suppression of the rebellion, Glengarry surrendered at Inverness "without any terms or capitulation, and in the most submissive manner did acknowledge the greatness of his crime." The chief's submission did not prevent the devastation of his possessions, and the harrying of his dependants. Colonel Clayton, the Governmental representative, whilst traversing Glen More on his way to Skye, "burnt the saw-mills of Invergarry, plundered the poor people's houses, stript women and children, and shot their cows; besides taking without payment what victuals he wanted, and carried off their horses." Towards the end of August, 1716, the castle was burned down, and a proposal was mooted to erect

barracks there, but this came to naught, as it was found more convenient to have the garrison stationed at Fort-Augustus.

For many years the castle remained in the same dilapidated state, until about the year 1727, when the York Building Company commenced to smelt iron in Glengarry. One Thomas Rawlinson, who appears to have superintended the venture, fitted up part of the old stronghold as a residence for himself and his workmen. It is recorded by Burt in his letters, that to mark the completion of this quaint abode, Rawlinson invited some members of the clan to dine with him. In proposing a toast, the Englishman was foolish enough to bid them "welcome to anything that is in my house." On hearing this utterance, one of the clansmen jumped up, shouting, "D—— you, sir; your house? I thought it was Glengarry's house!" A *mêlée* followed, and on the candles being snuffed, the Glengarry men set upon the Sassenach, but he being strong and active, escaped to another room, and, calling his workmen to his assistance, managed to drive the gentlemen off.

"The York Building Company were not long in existence. Originally founded in 1719, under the title of 'York Building Waterworks for the better supplying of London and Westminster,' they gradually extended

their sphere of operations in a manner which would be surprising even to some of the promoters of the present century, until in 1727 they were making iron in Glen-garry. This iron was produced in the form of 'Glen-garry pigs,' which, in 1861, were still to be seen doing duty as headstones in an old burying-ground near Gairloch locks. . . . In a few years the Company failed, and with their failure the iron works ceased, and John Macdonell returned to the castle so long untenanted by a chieftain of the Macdonells." \*

The active part played by Invergarry castle in the strife of the '45 will be familiar to all students of history, and it is generally known that Prince Charlie was twice within its walls, primarily as a guest on the day prior to undertaking his famous march across Corrieyairack, and latterly as a fugitive after Culloden. In May, 1746, Cumberland's soldiers fired the historic pile, and the inmates were ruthlessly herded to the hill, where, from a friendly sheiling, they watched the flames rising "from the chambers so lately their own."

Twice within recent years has His Majesty King Edward visited this region of romance, staying on both occasions at Glenquoich as the guest of Lord Burton. The Glen of Garry in its westward sweep embodies

\* *Transactions, Inverness Scientific Society.*

all that is grand—all that is sublime and lovely in Nature, and the King has left it on record that the spectacular effect surpassed anything that he had ever witnessed on the Continent. Though Glenquoich enjoys the somewhat unenviable distinction of being the wettest place in the British Isles, its charm and witchery in autumn help one to forget this meteorological characteristic.

When the MacDonells held sway over this once fertile strath, there was not the paucity of population which to-day is noticeable. Ere yet the territory had suffered at the hand of the spoiler, Alasdair Dubh, one of the chief's stalkers, finding himself on the top of Coire Glas with a noble lord, and wishful to impress the latter with MacDonell's importance, exclaimed, "All that you see is Glengarry's;" and then, unable to find the right word in the unfamiliar language, he blurted out, "And all that you do not see, that, too, is Glengarry's!"

The boast was a proud one, but even then the seer was prophesying that the day was not far distant when it would be impossible to find in all the glen three cocks answering each other, crowing at dawn, from houses owned by MacDonells. Incredible as it may then have appeared, the above prophecy has been fulfilled in its entirety, and one might trudge from Inver-



garry to the Sound of Sleat, and fail to find a single representative of the ancient House. If one would find the Glengarry MacDonells, he must seek for them amid the Canadian plains, where, in a new Glengarry, the descendants of this erstwhile powerful tribe are enjoying a larger measure of freedom, happiness, and prosperity than ever their fathers dreamt of in the old days.

The *Inverness Courier* of March 9, 1842, relates a somewhat amusing occurrence which took place in Glen Quoich about the date mentioned. An outlaw named Macphee, who resided in the Glen, pastured sixty goats on grass lands rented by Mr. Cameron, Corrychoillie, and as no remonstrances had any effect, a party of Corrychoillie's shepherds, fourteen or fifteen in number, swept off the whole flock in payment of grass mail. Macphee was absent, but his wife pursued the shepherds with a gun, and fired several shots at the party. "They fled precipitately before the modern Helen Macgregor, but managed to drive the goats all before them, and secured them within the ancient and venerable castle of Inverlochy—which was certainly used in its day for nobler purposes—till they could be sold in due course of law." It is on record that Corrychoillie afterwards paid Macphee for the goats.

When the late Mr. Ellice bought Glenquoich, his Highland resort was frequently visited by eminent



Ministers of the Crown, politicians, litterateurs, scientists, and other men of culture, who in this quaint spot, far from the strife and worry of life, recuperated in body and mind for coming toil. The old Visitors' Book kept at the lodge has many valuable contributions by the eminent men of last century, and the entries are invariably in laudation of the surrounding beauties. There is one notable exception, that of Richard Cobden of "Free Trade" fame, who, writing in 1862, adds his quota in one long, cumbersome sentence, thus:—

"That so much happiness as is disclosed in these pages should have been enjoyed by those inhabiting this dreary glen, without a neighbour, or even the primitive resources of butcher, baker, grocer, or tailor, into which gas or other improvements have failed to penetrate, and for which George Stevenson, Professor Wheatstone, and Rowland Hill have laboured in vain—a region where learning, science, and religion find no representative in lawyer, physician, or clergyman, and which agriculture has abandoned to the dominion of the wild animals of the chase; that a community should be content and happy whilst thus deprived of the benefits of civilization, is a lamentable instance of the triumph of barbarism; should a desire be awakened for a better state of things, I beg to

offer my services as agitator on the spot, for the reform of these manifold grievances at any time between the months of May and December."

The late Mr. Gladstone used to be twitted about his lengthy sentences, and in this respect was a bug-bear to reporters, but the above Cobden gem would take a good deal of beating. Had the apostle of Free Trade lived to-day, he might have seen fit to modify his opinions, and bring them into line with the whirligig of Time. The race that ruined itself in loyalty dwells far beyond the seas; the ashes of the old camp-fires, kindled by those who hunted for "a Priønnsa," have long ago been swept away, and in place of their lurid glare, the flash of the electric light now gleams across the still waters of Loch Quoich, whilst the stretch of twenty miles separating the lodge and the railway station is covered by a motor in an hour.

One might spend many profitable days exploring the wilds and beauties of Glen Garry, covering again the paths trod by Prince Charlie, or following in the wake of King Edward on to the surf-swept Loch Hourn; while to those who would go further afield, Glen More, all along the shores of Loch Ness, is choke-full of interest, and can lay claim to scenery at once attractive and picturesque. Though Loch Ness is

outwith the pale of Lochaber proper, it may be permissible to glance casually at one or two of its chief features.

Fort-Augustus, the village at its western extremity, owes existence to the erection here, in 1729, of a military outpost, which was garrisoned up till about the time of the Crimean campaign. On his victorious southward march from Glenfinnan, Prince Charlie laid siege to, and captured this fortalice, but after Culloden it again fell into the hands of the English soldiery, and was made Cumberland's headquarters, whilst his sleuth-hounds hunted down the fugitive Highlanders. Fort-Augustus, which was erected on part of Lord Lovat's forfeited estate, was never of much strategic importance, but it was not till 1867 that the Government recognised this fact, and after dismantling it, they in that year disposed of the buildings to Lord Lovat for £5,000. Some ten years later his Lordship gifted the site to the Benedictine Order of Monks, who here built a very fine monastery, the cost of which exceeded the sum of £120,000.

To recount the barbarities perpetrated by the "Butcher Duke" whilst he revelled in luxury at Fort-Augustus, would be a nauseating task, and so revolting is the record that I spare the feelings of my readers by denying it a place in these pages. One incident,

however, may be recalled—that of the placing at Cumberland's feet of the head of Robert Mackenzie, a captured Highlander who was mistaken by the red-coats for the so-called Pretender. There was much rejoicing and revelry at headquarters; the capturers conjured up visions of the award of £30,000, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," but the hilarity was ere long turned to wrath when it was subsequently discovered that "some one had blundered."

It was from the fort that Mrs. Grant of Laggan, wife of the chaplain of the forces, penned a portion of her most interesting *Letters from the Mountains*, which, even to the present day, continue to exercise a potent spell, in virtue of their literary finish and descriptive charm.

Over its length of 24 miles, Loch Ness is ever-varying in aspect, but interest in it is not dependent entirely on scenic beauty. It is of great depth, soundings up to 130 fathoms having been obtained, and judging from the frequency with which earth tremors occur along the basin, it would seem to be located in the direct "line of fault" of Scottish seismic disturbances.

To pass through Loch Ness and not visit the far-famed Falls of Foyers would indeed be a blunder. It is a cascade of surpassing grandeur, and its attractive-

ness has in nowise been marred by the operations of the Aluminium Company who have within recent years planted a regular little manufacturing colony in this sequestered region.

On the opposite shore, the great domed mass of Mealfourvounie, rising to a height of 2,284 feet, stands out in bold relief, and from a tarn on its weather-beaten slope issues the *Alt Suidhe* burn, with which is associated the memory of a seventeenth century tragedy. A feud between the Mackenzies of Ross and the Glengarry MacDonells culminated in a party of the latter burning the church of *Cill-a-Chriosd*, in which a congregation of Mackenzies were worshipping at the time. Allan MacRaonail, leader of the aggressors, whilst fleeing from an avenging band of Mackenzies, sprang across a narrow gorge in the course of the *Alt Suidhe*, and was followed by one of the pursuers. The latter, however, missed his footing, though he managed temporarily to save himself by seizing hold of an overhanging birch branch, but MacRaonail turning round exclaimed, "I have left much behind me with you to-day; take that also," and having thus spoken, he severed the branch with a knife, causing his enemy to fall to the gulf below, where he perished.

The grim ruins of Castle Urquhart, which are seen to advantage from the lake, carry us back to an early period in Scottish history. Captured in 1303 by the soldiers of Edward I., it was in later years held by a succession of the sovereigns of Scotland, till in 1509 it passed into the hands of the chief of Clan Grant. Overhanging the loch from an isolated rocky platform, it was separated from the mainland by a deep moat, and the entrance was by an imposing gateway, defended by stout portals and a huge portcullis.

## CHAPTER XV.

**History of the Caledonian Canal—Telford and Wade—Proposal to convert Loch Linnhe into a home port for Canada—General Wade's roads and bridges.**

THIS seems the proper place to give a short resumé of the history of the great waterway which traverses the whole length of Glen More—an undertaking which, after the pacification of the Highlands, was suggested as a means of developing their resources, and improving the condition of the people. In 1773, the Trustees on the forfeited estates, asked James Watt, the renowned engineer, to survey the route, and to report as to the feasibility of a navigable canal from Fort-William to Inverness. Though Watt reported favourably of the scheme, the matter was allowed to lie dormant till 1802, in which year the Government requisitioned the services of Thomas Telford for the purpose of drawing up a report as to the measures necessary for the improvement and opening up of the Highlands, for the promotion of fisheries, and the prevention of further extensive emigration. As a result of Telford's investigations and recommendations, it was determined



to construct the Caledonian Canal, and the work was started in 1804. The original cost was put at £474,531, but from sundry causes, chiefly owing to the lengthy time occupied in construction, the expenditure involved exceeded £1,200,000.

Though then in an unfinished state, the Commissioners opened the Canal for traffic in 1822, and the occasion, at Fort-William, was marked by much rejoicing and festivity. The fort guns heralded the event with a grand salute, a huge bonfire was set ablaze on a neighbouring height, and in the Masonic Hall the Right Hon. Charles Grant, M.P., presided over a banquet at which about seventy district gentlemen were present. The Canal, unfortunately, was never a success, and part of the work fell rapidly into disrepair, a state of matters which led the Government, in 1843, to execute considerable improvements, which had the effect of making the waterway more navigable, and capable of passing vessels up to 600 tons burden.

Telford, and those associated with him, came in for severe criticism, but as he had merely carried out the scheme entrusted to him, he could hardly be held responsible for the general policy or alteration in the lines of sea traffic. An article in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820, defended the construction of the canal, pointing out that "every means were exerted to discourage

emigration by providing work for the surplus population of the kingdom at large, and of the Highlands of Scotland in particular, where the more beneficial system of converting these districts into stock farms had unavoidably made numerous families destitute." The writer, further on, makes the somewhat paradoxical statement that "with part of the money received, many hundreds of natives have been enabled to emigrate to our American settlements with comfort and advantage to themselves," so that the project which was meant to discourage "further extensive emigration" had in reality a diametrically opposite effect.

Telford's name, both at home and abroad, had become associated with canal construction, but he was also known as the "Road Builder," and probably did more than anyone else, for the opening up of the Highlands during the early part of last century. Wade, on the other hand, gained more than a fair share of notoriety, and his memory is kept fresh by the catchy epigram, which runs :—

" Had you seen these roads before they were made  
You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade,"

a couplet which a cynic once said must have been composed by a person who had a Highland father and an Irish mother! While the General was actively

employed in stamping out the flickering embers of the rebellion, an appreciative Hanoverian poet wrote of him thus :—

“ Lord, grant that Marshal Wade  
May, by Thy mighty aid,  
Victory bring.  
May he sedition crush,  
And like a torrent rush  
Rebellious Scotch to crush,  
God save the King ! ”

To return for a little to the Caledonian Canal, the resources of which were prominently brought before the Royal Commission sitting at the time these sheets were written, it may not be out of place to give some details of a gigantic undertaking which has been mooted for the formation of a home port for Canada in Loch Linnhe, at the western extremity of Glen More. Loch Linnhe has a clear and straight run of about 2,083 miles from Quebec *via* Skerryvore and Ross of Mull, as against 2,625 miles from Quebec to Liverpool *via* Inishtrahull and the North Channel. Eight miles in length, with an average width of a mile, Loch Linnhe, where the Narrows occur at Corran Ferry, is 8 fathoms deep, which is increased to 70 fathoms inside the entrance, shallowing down to 25 fathoms at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal. The average rise of the tide is  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet ; the bottom

is blue clay throughout, and the channel is entirely clear of rocks. Any dubiety which hitherto existed as to the safety of the somewhat constricted entrance, has been entirely dispelled by the recent entrance of several battleships of the Channel Squadron.

According to those who have the scheme in hand, passengers, mails, and perishable goods from Canada to London *via* Loch Linnhe, could be delivered in that city a day sooner than by Liverpool, thus :—

Quebec to Liverpool,	- - -	6 days 12 hours.
Liverpool to London,	- - -	5 "
Present time,		6 days 17 hours.
Quebec to Loch Linnhe,	5 days	
Loch Linnhe to London,	14 hours.	
		5 days 14 hours.
Gain of time in favour of Loch Linnhe,		<u>1 day 3 hours.</u>

It must be ceded, therefore, that Loch Linnhe, with a surface area of 8 square miles, is naturally adapted for commercial development as a large tidal basin. Moreover, Loch Eil, a stretch of water  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, at the upper end of Loch Linnhe, and connected therewith by an easy curved channel, could quite conveniently be made available as a large wet dock by the construction of locks at the narrows between the two lochs.

On the east side of the channel, between Fort-William and the outlet of the Caledonian Canal, there is a large extent of poor land, extending to fully 1,200 acres, which is admirably adapted for the construction of dry docks, quay-walls, and large stores with relative works. This land is practically flat, and very little above high-water level; the surface is peat on a deep bed of good hard gravel, but the sub-strata is very hard boulder clay, which would give an excellent water-tight foundation.

It is maintained that the construction and cost of such works would not exceed a moderate estimate, as the district abounds with granite rocks of the very best description. Another feature in regard to Loch Linnhe not to be overlooked, is the extensive facility that would be provided for accommodating rafts of assorted timber until towed away by tugs to the west ports by sea, and to the east by the Caledonian Canal; while the loch is connected with the commercial centres of the British Isles by the railway systems of Scotland.

All points considered, the project is one worthy of the fullest consideration, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find within the three kingdoms, another port possessed of greater natural advantages for the development of a shipping terminus such as Canada would find in the basin described. The report by the

Canal Commission will be awaited with interest, and should the proposal for the establishing of a Canadian home port in Loch Linnhe ever reach fruition, it will more readily solve the question of rural depopulation than any "back to the land" scheme hitherto brought before the country.

It has already been hinted that, in the matter of opening up the Highlands by means of roads, General Wade has earned a reputation far beyond that to which he was justly entitled. As a matter of fact, Wade was responsible for only a small proportion of these turn-pikes, although to him belongs the honour of having contrived the system which afterwards received such great extension. This method of opening up the Highlands by means of highways was commenced in the year 1725, and the work was continued till about the year 1814. In 1784, General Mackay, commander of the forces in North Britain, reported that the roads extended to about 1,100 miles. The career of Marshal Wade is one in regard to which very few authentic details have been handed down. Born in 1673, he sprang from a stock of fighting men, and himself soon earned a place of honour in the military profession. In 1724, we find George I. instructing him "to proceed to the Highlands of Scotland, narrowly to inspect the situation of the Highlanders, their manners,



customs, and the state of the country in regard to the depredations said to be committed in that part of His Majesty's dominions; to make special enquiry into the allegation that the effect of the last Disarming Act had been to leave the loyal party in the Highlands naked and defenceless at the mercy of the disloyal; to report how far Lovat's memorial\* was founded on fact, and whether his proposed remedies might properly be applied; and, lastly, to suggest to the King, such other remedies as may conduce to the quiet of His Majesty's faithful subjects, and the good settlement of that part of the kingdom."

Following on the report which he afterwards submitted, Wade was authorised to carry out the suggestion contained therein, and in December, 1724, he received his commission as Commander of the Forces in the North. Reporting to the King in January, 1726, he states :—"I presume also to acquaint your Majesty that parties of regular troops have been constantly employed in making the roads of communication between Killyhuimen (Fort-Augustus) and Fort-William, who have already made so good progress in that work, that I hope before the end of next summer they will be rendered both practical and convenient for

\* Printed in the appendix to Jamieson's edition of *Burk's Letters*.



the march of your Majesty's forces between those garrisons, and facilitate their assembling in one body if occasion should require."

In writing to Lord Townshend a year later, General Wade adds that "the great military way through the centre of the Highlands, extending from Fort-William to Inverness, 50 miles in length, is now about finished, and made practicable for the march of troops, cannon, or other wheel-carriages."

Throughout Lochaber, there are several fine examples of Wade's bridges, the most conspicuous being that over the Spean at High Bridge. In the House of Commons Journal, under date 3rd March, 1737, the following entry occurs—"To satisfy His Majesty's warrant, dated 18th March 1736, payable to Lieutenant-General George Wade, upon account for building a stone bridge over the River Spayen, near Fort-William—£1,000." High Bridge, to which this entry refers, is still being used by foot passengers, but is fast falling into decay. The structure bears the following inscription—"In the ninth year of His Majesty King George II., this bridge was erected under the care of Lieutenant-General Wade, Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in North Britain. 1736."

The late Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, in his *Antiquarian Notes*, mentions that General Wade completed a road



GENERAL WADE'S "HIGH BRIDGE" OVER THE SPEAN.

[D. Cameron-Swan, F.S.A. Scot.]

Photo.]



up Glenroy to the lower marches of Annat and Glenturret, but this seems to have been more in the nature of a bridle-path than a highway for vehicular traffic. The documentary evidence available with regard to the construction of the turnpike through the pass of Corryarrick—which was made in 1731—is somewhat scanty, but there is a letter quoted by Chambers, and signed "N. Macleod," which speaks of certain rejoicings, witnessed by the writer on the occasion of the King's birthday, 30th October, 1731. He "found that there were six working parties of Tatton's, Montague's, Mark Ker's, Harrison's, and Handyside's regiments, and the party from the Highland Companies, making in all about 500 men, who had this summer, with indefatigable pains, completed the great road for wheel-carriages between Fort-Augustus and Ruthven."

The bridge spanning the Nevis river near the Fort-William burgh boundaries has been ascribed to Wade, and, as mentioned already, he also formed the road branching off from the main highway at the western limit of that town and running over the hill *via* Blarmachfoldach and Lundavra to Kinlochleven. It was probably with reference to original tracts like this latter that Burt wrote:—"No stranger, or even a native unacquainted with the way, can venture among the hills without a conductor." After the

work had been completed, we find Burt again dilating on the same subject, but his conclusions are of a vastly different nature. "The roads on these moors are now," he states, "as smooth as Constitution Hill, and I have galloped on some of them for miles together in great tranquillity, heightened by reflection on my former fatigue, when, for a great part of the way, I had been obliged to quit my horse, it being too dangerous to ride, and even hazardous to pass on foot."

Though General Wade's name continues to be associated with the construction of roads and bridges, it must not be forgotten that part of his duty was to carry into effect the terms of the Disarming Act. This unenviable task notwithstanding, he appears to have lived on friendly terms with the people of the Highlands, a fact which goes to prove that he was a master in diplomacy, as well as a soldier and an engineer. In 1743, Wade was promoted to the dignity of Field Marshal, and was placed in command of the army intended to suppress the rising of the '45. Retaining the governorships of Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and Fort-George up till the date of his death, which occurred in 1748, Marshal Wade was accorded a public funeral, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

## General Wade's Roads and Bridges. 219

To the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, contributed, in 1897, an excellent paper on "General Wade and His Roads," which is printed in the *Transactions* of the Society, pp. 145-177. Some of the information given above has been derived from this source.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Battlefield of Inverlochy—An old burying-ground—The Watch Hill—Last execution under feudal laws—Modern castle of Inverlochy—Queen Victoria's visit there—Spean-Bridge and the associations of its divergent ways—Inverlochy deer-forest—Corriechoillie and Killiechonnate—Legend with reference to River Cour—John Cameron of Corrychoillie—High Bridge—First blow in the rising of '45—MacMartins of Letterfinlay—Story of a missing chief—Characteristics of his life—Achanetich—Fight between MacPhersons and MacDonalds—Tradition of the *Moro-na-magh*—Murder of seven of the Clan MacGregor—General Ross's mode of obtaining recruits—Tale of one of the Dochanassie Camerons—Inveroy—The battle of Mulroy—A haunted wood—Keppoch murder—Glen Roy—Manufacture of querns, and iron smelting—Falls of Monessie—Cemetery of St. Cyril—A graveyard disturbance—Fatal fight at a funeral—Prowess of Lochaber men with the long-bow—Little John MacAndrew's cunning—Rescue of an abducted maid—Loch Treig—Lake-dwelling—The water-horse, and relative episode told by Dr. Stewart.

IN a district whose component parts appeal with equal force to the heart and mind, it is in a sense invidious to single out any one locality and to say that around it the pivot of interest centres. Unwittingly, I had almost accorded such an honour to Brae Lochaber, but reflection suggested that it would be wiser to allow readers form their own opinions, and merely to act the rôle of historian. To delve into associations of the past, and to portray the doings and characteristics of a race that has vanished, though a task hedged round with many difficulties, is one which possesses



an enthralling fascination, albeit there is not wanting an ever-present note of sadness.

In lifting the veil which separates a past of renown from a present more or less prosaic, let us, in visiting Brae Lochaber, set out from Fort-William, the capital, and endeavour as we proceed also to read the district's story of to-day. Leaving the burgh boundaries of *An Gearasdan* near the bridge which spans the River Nevis, the eastward trend of our course brings us at once into an historic realm. Here is the battlefield of Inverlochy, with the mouldering keep of the ruined castle standing spectral like on Lochy's southern strand. What tales of strife and of revelry these walls could tell—to what countless memories do the very sight of them give birth!

Between the public road and the castle is situated one of those old country burying-grounds, the history and origin of which it is difficult to trace. It does not appear to have been the sepulchre of any particular sept or family, and was probably used chiefly by residents in the Strath of Lochy, and those of the township of Tomacharrich. Some of the tombstones date back to the seventeenth century, although there is no evidence to support the claim put forward by certain individuals, that a number of those slain at the Battle of Inverlochy were interred here.

On *Tom-na-faire* (The Watch Hill) close by, the last execution in Scotland, under the feudal laws, is said to have taken place, but some doubt exists as to the authenticity of the averment. The story runs that the Lochiel of the day had determined to stamp out, in Lochaber, the too prevalent custom of cattle-lifting, and that one of his clansmen who had been detected in the practice, was summarily arrested and lodged in custody at Fort-William. Petitions by friends of the prisoner's proved unavailing, and the chief ruled that the culprit would have to suffer death at the hands of the hangman—a fiat which, according to tradition, was duly carried into effect, as a "terrible example" to other members of the clan. If any weight can be attached to this tale, it only goes to shew the despotic powers possessed by the chiefs up to well on in the eighteenth century, when the execution is said to have taken place.

A little further on is the Ben Nevis distillery, where that brand of mountain-dew known as "Long John" is manufactured; and here the road which leads on to Glenfinnan and Mallaig is carried across the Lochy river on a fine suspension bridge. To the southward, that monarch of the Grampians, Ben Nevis—silent and inscrutable—stands out in bold relief, dwarfing with its massiveness the surrounding





THE MODERN CASTLE OF INVERLOCHY, SHOWING BEN NEVIS RANGE.

heights, several of which attain to an altitude of over 4,000 feet.

Almost under the shadow of these towering ridges, nestling snugly amid a wealth of greenwood, stands the modern castle of Inverlochy, the Highland seat of the Abinger barons, who have been successive proprietors of the estate since 1837. It is a charming residence, flanked on the north by a picturesque lake, and beautified otherwise by extensive policies which harbour a diversified variety of game—the ubiquitous bunny amounting to almost a pest. An ivy-covered mausoleum to the west of the mansion, affords sepulture to the mortal remains of the last two holders of the title.

The policies to the east are bounded by the River Lundy, and near the home farm, roads diverge to Camesky and Tomacharrich on the one hand, and to Donie and Lianachan on the other. At Donie there is a good lime quarry, which is capable of supplying not only the needs of the estate, but also those of farmers and tradesmen throughout the district. Part of General Wade's old road is visible near the castle, and it can be traced at intervals along the hill-side all the way to Spean-Bridge. During her visit to Lochaber in 1873, Queen Victoria honoured the district by staying in Inverlochy Castle, and her *Journal* contains

more than one reference to the interesting occasion. Further allusion to this royal visit is made in another chapter.

'Twixt Inverlochy and Unachan, the country is somewhat destitute of habitation—almost entirely so if the homesteads of Auchendaul and Achnabobane be excepted. This, however, does not imply that the neighbourhood is lacking in interest; moreover, such an allegation would be untenable if applied to any part of Lochaber. Moraines and boulders will appeal with force to the geologist; and the antiquarian will revel in a study of the numerous cairns which are dotted all along the route; while those who have no leanings towards scientific pursuits, cannot but be impressed with the grandeur and majesty of the mountain chains flanking on either side the valley through which the road and railway here pass.

Spean-Bridge is an attractive little hamlet where a most delightful and profitable holiday may be spent. The line for Fort-Augustus branches off from the West Highland system here, and besides the main thoroughfare leading to Kingussie, there are four other roads, by means of which the pedestrian can explore the district on all sides.

Is he in quest of solitude? his whim may be gratified by a stroll along the highway in the direction

of Lianachan, where, untrammelled by outside influences, he may hold secret and silent communion with Nature, and through Nature, with Nature's God. Is he interested in the much-vexed crofter question? he may add to his knowledge by paying a visit to Brackletter, a typical Highland township situated on the western bank of the Spean, where, on enquiry, he will probably find that the tenants pin their faith more on the benefits of the Crofters Act, than on the problematic advantages of the projected Small Landholders Bill.

Or again, fancy may take him into the capacious sporting forest of Inverlochy, where the red deer roam in undisturbed possession, and lord it over the other species of *fera natura* which haunt the preserve. The lodges of Corriechoillie and Killiechonate, occupied respectively by the fishing and shooting tenants, are passed as the forest is penetrated; but to thoroughly appreciate the wildness and isolation of the domain, it is necessary to traverse the Laraig Pass, and inspect the head waters of the Cour.

There is an interesting legend regarding this mountain stream, which helps to illustrate the discerning proclivities of earlier dwellers in these parts. One of the tributaries of the Cour, or Cur, is named the *Fionn-uisge* (White-water), and from this latter three small rills also flow. When these burns were observed to



be foaming, the people knew that the Cour was impassable, and the knowledge thus gained was strung together into three lines of Gaelic, which, when rendered into English, read something like this :—

“ When Fionn-uisge has one calf, a man may cross the Cour ;  
 When Fionn-uisge has two calves, a man on horseback  
     may cross the Cour ;  
 But when Fionn-uisge has three calves, neither Fingal nor  
     his clan can cross the Cour.”

Opportunity may here be taken of recounting some of the stories associated with the name of John Cameron of Corrychoillie, or “Corry,” as he was universally designated throughout Lochaber. From small beginnings, Corrychoillie, by tactful dealings and pronounced shrewdness, rose to be one of the largest stock dealers in the country. In fact, he used to boast that he was the most extensive live-stock holder in the world, with the single exception of Prince Esterhazy, who had this great advantage over him, “that he paid no rent for his pastures.”

It is recorded that once when appearing as a witness before the High Court of Justiciary at Inverness, Corrychoillie rather disconcerted the pompous Counsel for the Crown ; and by way of illustrating the former’s pawky mood, the following cross-examination may be given :—

*Counsel*—"I believe your name is John Cameron?"

*Witness*—"Yes."

"You are a pretty extensive farmer near Fort-William."—"I am."

"How many sheep will you have grazing on the hill pasture at a time?"—"I can't remember the exact number at present."

"Try and let us know as near as you can."—"I can't say."

"Have you five thousand?"—(A nod.)

"Have you ten thousand?"—"Why, I have that of black cattle and horses!"

"Will you have twenty thousand?"—"Yes."

"Thirty thousand?"—"Yes, more."

"Fifty thousand?"—"Yes!"

"Then I suppose you can be no other than the great Corrychoillie of the North?"—"Well, I'm all that's for him."

Discussing stock markets with Corrychoillie one evening, a guest gave it as his opinion that the former was even a greater man than the Duke of Wellington. "Hoot, toot!" replied Cameron, "that's too much—too much by far—by far." "Not a bit," continued the other, as he enlarged on the skill required in concentrating stock at a Southern market; "do you think the Iron Duke could do as well as you?" Brooding for a

space over his toddy and snuff, Corrychoillie answered, "The Duke, nae doot, was a clever man ; very, very clever ; but I'm no so sure, after all, if he could manage twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that couldna understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst ! I doot it, I doot it !"

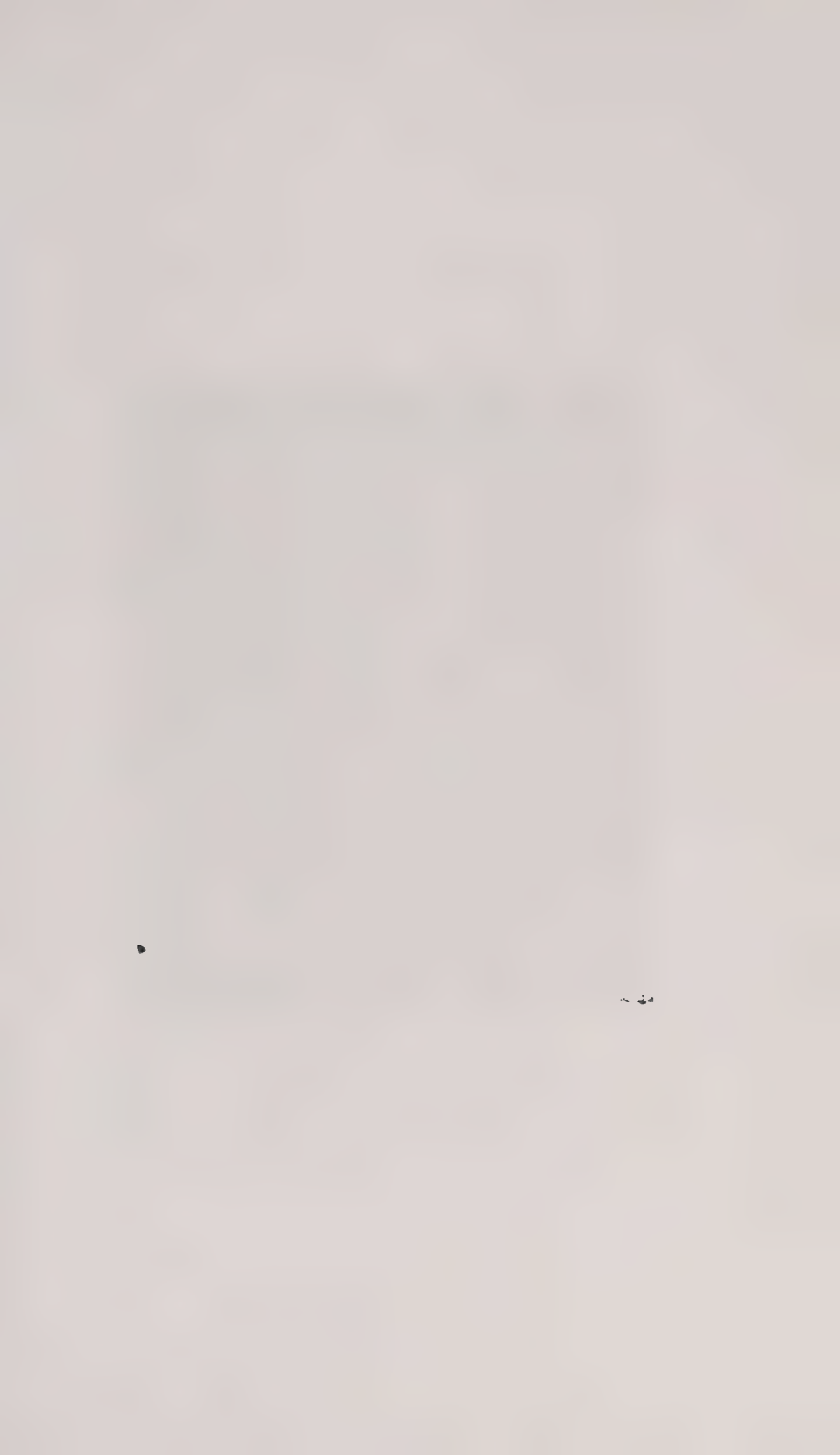
Travelling South by steamer one day, Corrychoillie became enamoured of one of the lady passengers, and during the voyage could scarcely keep his eyes off the fair charmer's face. Observing his interest, a gentleman accosted Cameron and asked if he would care to buy the lady. "I would," returned the farmer ; "what is the price ?" "Give me £1,000 and she's yours," was the answer. "It's a bargain," said Corrychoillie, forcing a guinea as arles into the hand of the amazed stranger. On reaching Greenock, Cameron travelled to Glasgow by rail, and having drawn £1,000 from one of the city banks, claimed his purchase on the arrival of the steamer at the Broomielaw. The gentleman who had made the facetious bargain was thunderstruck, but seeing that the other party to the contract was in dead earnest, he made an offer of £200 to have it cancelled. This tender, however, was promptly refused, but after much haggling the deal was declared "off," in consideration of the stranger agreeing to "dine" Corry's

shepherds and drovers. The feast, at which only the choicest of liquors was consumed, actually took place in one of the best hotels in the city, and cost the would-be wag the best part of £100.

The nimble-fingered fraternity were always on the watch for Highland dealers, and many goodly sums were scooped by these pests of the road. Amongst his earliest—it may have been his first—visits to Falkirk Tryst, Corrychoillie, being in possession of the sum of £200, was anxious about the safety of the money. On reaching Falkirk, he banked half of it, leaving the balance with the landlord of the Red Lion against the time he would require it to pay for purchases. Finding stock to his mind, he returned to the hostel along with the dealer from whom he had made the purchase, and asked that the money he had deposited should be handed over. The wily host—an Irishman—denied all knowledge of the matter, and for the moment Corry was nonplussed. Quitting the Inn, Cameron, on the advice of his companion, consulted Archie Cunningham, who was known as “a clever chiel’ for getting folk out o’ scrapes.” After listening to his story, the lawyer suggested that Corrychoillie should withdraw the other £100 from bank, and, taking witnesses with him, place it also in the keeping of the hotel-keeper. Having followed this advice, Corry-

choillie returned shortly afterwards to the hotel alone and asked for the £100, as he wished to pay for some stock which he had purchased. The money was duly handed over without any suspicion on the part of the landlord that he was "being had." At a later hour, accompanied by his witnesses, Corrychoillie again appeared at the Red Lion and tendered a respectful request for his £100. Now, when too late, Boniface saw that he had been completely cornered, and while he protested and fumed, he had no alternative in the end but to disgorge the additional sum to its rightful owner.

Corrychoillie did some hard riding in his time, and on one occasion when attending the Muir of Ord Market, he covered close on 200 miles on pony-back in less than two days. Some time before his death—which took place in February, 1856—he boasted that he had "stood" the three yearly Falkirk Trysts, and the two Doune Fairs for the last fifty years, without missing a market. Many stories are still told of him in Lochaber, and I would gladly set these down were space not a primary consideration. Let the following suffice. Once when inspecting a herd of goats which were grazing along the wooded bank of the Spean, he inadvertently slipped into the river, which happened to be in flood. A shepherd who witnessed the accident





John Cameron  
Gorysholly

(From an engraving owned by Messrs. McDonald & Forbet, Fort-William.)



thought that his master was doomed, but Corrychoillie had too much vitality in him to give up life in such an unorthodox fashion. Seizing the branches of an overhanging tree, he succeeded in swinging himself ashore, and, beyond a "drooking," was none the worse for the immersion. His frightened shepherd, running up to him, shook his hand gladly, and suggested that he should kneel down at once on the bank and thank his Maker for preserving his life. "Ah, well!" remarked Corrychoillie, "I was very clever myself, or He would have done very little for me!"

Should the visitor elect to take the high-road leading over towards Loch Lochy and Letterfinlay, he need not return disappointed if lore and legend be the subject of his quest. Near the parish church and school of Kilmonivaig, a rather badly defined bridle-path strikes across the moor, and by following this, one comes to the historical structure of High Bridge, where the first engagement between the opposing factions in the Rising of '45 took place. The date was the 16th of August, and Captain Scott, with two companies of the Scots Royals were on the march from Fort-Augustus to Fort-William. On reaching High Bridge, their progress was checked by a body of Highlanders, who, however, could only be seen in

units amid the scrub and brushwood, but the periodic glint of steel and an occasional musket shot had a terrifying effect on the invaders. Two scouts sent out by Scott were captured, and, fearing an ambush, he decided to retire his men. The incident is indicative of the strategy displayed by MacDonald of Tirandris, who guarded the bridge with a following of not more than a dozen men. Intelligence of the skirmish was soon spread abroad, and ere long the retreating soldiers were being attacked by reinforcements comprised of the MacDonalds of Keppoch, Lochiel, and the Glengarry MacDonalds. The result was a complete victory for the Highlanders, who forced Scott to surrender with what remained of his two companies. The prisoners were marched under escort to Achnacarry, and Captain Scott, who was wounded, was permitted to proceed to Fort-Augustus for medical treatment.

A combination of natural beauties and past associations lure the visitor to Loch Lochy, and in wandering thither, he need not let that modern innovation, the iron road, disturb his meditations. Muccomer, Stronaba, Glenfintaig, Invergloy, and Letterfinlay are only a few of the places claiming attention—each has its own story to tell. The MacMartins of Letterfinlay were reputed to be the oldest branch of the Lochiel family, and it is said that the last remaining of them

changed their name to Cameron, out of respect to the then Lochiel.

On one occasion when the MacMartin chiefship became vacant, difficulties arose as to who was entitled to succeed to the honour. The lineal descendant was ultimately discovered in Badenoch, and thither a deputation was dispatched to wait upon him. The MacMartins, on approaching the farm where they were informed the "wanted" chief dwelt, were directed to an out-building, and here they found him for whom they sought. Approaching deferentially, they hailed him as their chief, couching their congratulations in the prescribed form of Celtic precedent. The heir to the chiefship was at the time engaged threshing corn by means of a flail, and, thinking the visitors had designs on his life, he threatened to brain the lot of them with this agricultural implement. Explanations, however, served to put matters on a more amiable footing, and the erstwhile orra-man was brought back to reign over the sept of the MacMartins.

It is related of this chief, that he was "very near the bone," and members of the clan never ceased deploring his penuriousness. Visiting his abode one day, a neighbouring chieftain was more than shocked at the miserable state of the house. There was a great rent in the roof thatch, and MacMartin was sitting on the

floor, holding above his head an improvised umbrella to protect himself from the rain which was pouring in. "Why don't you get your house properly thatched?" naturally enquired the visitor. "Who the devil would think of thatching a house on a day like this!" returned MacMartin, eyeing his interlocutor with resentful glances.

Not very long afterwards, the same pair met in the same house, but on this occasion the weather conditions were ideal, and the sun shone forth in splendour. Conventionalities over, the visitor suggested that such a day as they were then enjoying was a suitable one for having the roof repaired. The chief's reply was characteristic—"Who the devil wants a roof in a good day like this?" Till the day of his death, his miserly traits were paramount, and after he had been laid to rest, the sum of £500 in notes and gold was found stitched up in one of his bed-pillows.

In the vicinity of Achaneich, near Spean-Bridge, a fight took place between a company of the MacDonalds of Keppoch and the MacPhersons, and as the circumstances which led up to it are little known, I give the generally accepted local version of the story. Keppoch, with one attendant, was proceeding from Badenoch to Lochaber, and while near the border, the latter, who had been compelled to travel at a high rate of speed,

insisted on tarrying for food. Keppoch elected to proceed, but threw down a crown piece to his servant, and asked him to procure refreshment for himself. Entering a house in the vicinity, he made his request known to the good wife, but she on noticing his tartan immediately ordered him out of the house. In anger, he flung the crown piece on the floor, and snatching a number of oat-cakes from the table, hurriedly took his departure, saying that he had paid for his hospitality.

On the woman acquainting her husband and two sons—who were working in an adjoining field—of what had transpired, the latter pursued the MacDonald, who by this time had overtaken Keppoch. Though warned by the chief to return, the MacPhersons persisted in attacking, with the result that two of their number were killed—Keppoch and his retainer making off in safety.

A raid by the MacPhersons was daily expected in Lochaber, and to prevent surprise, scouts were posted at different coigns of vantage, and the piles for signalling danger were replenished. One night as a clansman was traversing Glen Roy he discovered numerous footprints in the snow, and rightly concluded that the invaders had arrived. With all haste he wended his way to *Ach-a-na-croise*, where was the nearest bonfire, and this he immediately ignited. On the first warning

of danger, Keppoch quickly mustered a following of seventy men, and met the MacPhersons near Achaneich. At a critical stage in the fray, when the MacDonalds were all but overpowered, the tide of battle was turned in favour of the Keppoch men by the sudden appearance of the terrible *Morc-na-magh*,\* and foot by foot the MacPhersons were swept into the Spean, and all slain with the exception of three who managed to escape by swimming. These, however, were ultimately captured and slain in Strathossian, where a cairn still marks the spot at which they were buried.

Achaneich is associated with another tragedy. In a cave on the bank of the burn bearing the same name, a party consisting of seven members of the Clan MacGregor, who apparently had been outlawed, were in hiding. Appealing to a young servant girl whom they encountered, she in pity supplied them with food at night, but her actions were detected, and information sent to Keppoch. This chief with a handful of his followers surrounded the cave, and having put the seven MacGregors to death, they were buried in a

\* The mystery surrounding the *Morc-na-magh* is still unsolved. Some believe him to have been a horseman, others a horse alone, while there is a legend to the effect that the apparition consisted of a horse's body with a human head.



knoll in front of Tirandris House. General Ross, the son of a former minister of Kilmonivaig, enclosed the spot, and planted there seven larch trees, five of which are still standing.

This same General Ross had a way of his own in securing recruits for his regiment. When he had served out liquor *ad libitum* he harangued the crowd, concluding his remarks with the exclamation—" *Suas-a-phiob ; sargeant a h-uile fear !* " (" Up with the bagpipes ; every man is a sergeant ! ") Naturally, many took the shilling, but the recruits had a rude awakening, for, after attestment, it was explained by the wily general that what he really said was—" *Suas-a-phiob ; 's fhearr sinn a h-uile fear !* " (" Up with the bagpipes ; every man is a help ! ")

As showing how assiduously the Celt of old nursed his wrath for any slight, the following incident, which has reference to the district now under review, may be set down. One of the Dochanassie Camerons lay dying, and was listening to the ministrations of his spiritual adviser. " Now, I hope, Donald," said the clergyman, " that you have forgiven all your enemies." " Every one of them," returned the patient, " every one of them but Duncan, my neighbour." " Ah ! but you must forgive all," quoth the cleric. Donald pondered a long time—the effort was evidently a very difficult



one, but finally he assented, saying, "Weel, minister, if I must forgive him, then I must; but by G——, Jamie (turning to his son), if you don't make Duncan pay for all the wrongs he did me, may Dochanassie's curse be with you!"

Leaving Spean-Bridge, the road follows an easterly trend, intersecting the crofting townships of Upper and Lower Inveroy, and presenting here and there some attractive scenic outlooks. At *Drochit Ruadh* (Roy-Bridge), three miles distant, the Braes territory proper is entered upon, and interest is at once quickened. Opposite the historic house of Keppoch, which gave its name to the Lochaber branch of the MacDonalds or MacDonells, stands the hill of *Meall Ruadh* (Mulroy), where the last clan battle was fought.

The cause of the fight was a dispute between the respective chiefs of Keppoch and Clan Chattan, with reference to a tract of land in the vicinity. Although Mackintosh appears to have had a prescriptive right to the territory, MacDonell was in possession, and maintained that he held the land by right of the sword. Diplomatic overtures having failed, Mackintosh resolved to settle the vexed question one way or another by the claymore, and with this object he soon mustered about a thousand clansmen in Badenoch, and marched into Lochaber, accompanied by a contingent of Govern-

ment troops under command of Mackenzie of Suddy. The opposing factions met on Mulroy height, and although the Keppoch men swept down on the invaders with terrible onslaught, the Mackintoshes stood their ground resolutely, and fought with tenacity. There were conspicuous deeds of valour on both sides, and many a true foeman bit the dust.

Neither side for a time seemed to gain the advantage, and it is said the tide of battle only turned in favour of the MacDonells when a half-witted character, called in the vernacular "the red-haired Bo-man," made his appearance in the fray. Flourishing a huge gnarled club, he was soon in the thick of the fight, and so death-dealing was his weapon, that the Mackintoshes concluded he was possessed, and gradually gave way, the now successful MacDonells pressing them towards the precipitous banks of the Roy, where a large number perished. The standard-bearer of the vanquished clan was singled out for capture, but he managed to evade the pursuers by leaping across the Roy at a narrow gorge, which is still known as "Mackintosh's Leap."

By right of the sword, the Keppoch men thus for the time being retained possession of the disputed territory, and their chief, "Coll of the Cows," as he was called, besides capturing many spoils, had also the

satisfaction of taking The Mackintosh prisoner. By a strange irony of fate, the land in question, at the present day, forms part of The Mackintosh's estate of Brae Lochaber.

Not far from Keppoch House, there is a wood called *Coille Daimhain*, which is said to be haunted by the spirit of a *bhain-tighearna bheag*, an Irish lady who was wedded in the sixteenth century to young Ranald of Keppoch. One night she mysteriously disappeared, and was not again seen in the flesh, but her wraith, it is alleged, appeared frequently in this lonely wood.

Though the Keppoch murder is an historical incident, the main facts may here be recorded. The eleventh chief of that Ilk, who had fought with Montrose at Inverlochy, left two sons, Alexander and Ronald, who, at the time of their father's death, were being educated in France. During their absence, seven cousins assumed control of the patrimony, and on the return of the heirs a great feast took place in the ancestral home. While this was in progress, one of the young chiefs is reputed to have insulted the cousins, and was treacherously stabbed. His brother, in seeking to avenge the deed, met a like fate, and the usurpers deemed that there were none now left to interfere with their enjoyment of the estates.

A sister of the murdered chiefs enjoyed the friendship of Iain Lom, and on notifying the bard of the dastardly deed, the latter vowed that he would never rest till he had wreaked vengeance on the assassins. He appealed unsuccessfully alike to the Keppoch clansmen and to the chief of Glengarry, but the chief of Clan Donald, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, set fifty armed men at his disposal, and with these, Iain Lom was enabled to fulfil his vow. On reaching Lochaber, the avengers, when they got to Inverlair, where the murderers resided, found the house barricaded, but an entrance was soon effected, and the seven men paid the penalty of their crime. Iain Lom's lust for vengeance was not satisfied by their deaths, and after severing the heads from the bodies, he tied them by the hair to a rope of heather, and trudged with the gruesome burden on his back to Glengarry. When he had presented the heads at the feet of the chief there, they were afterwards sent to MacDonald of Sleat, in proof that vengeance had been exacted. Reference has already been made to the monument erected on Loch Oich side, where the heads were washed, but it may be here stated that some fifteen years ago, when the grave was opened, the headless skeletons of the murderers were found. Another opening was made about four years since, but on the

latter occasion no trace could be found of human remains.

Before leaving the subject, it is but fair to indicate that there is a feeling amongst the Braes folk, even to the present time, that the so-called murder was in reality not a murder at all, or, at any rate, that the act was justifiable. After the battle of *Blar-nan-leine*, *Siol Dughaill*, for their greater safety removed to Inverlair, to which, along with Fersit, they are said to have held a just and legal title. The story goes that the young chiefs on their return from France repudiated their right or title. A conference on the subject was taking place at Keppoch House, and it is held that the two chiefs were slain because they persisted in their declinature to recognise the *Siol Dughaill* as in any way possessing titular rights to Inverlair or Fersit. This version of the story can be accepted for what it is worth.

*Mort-na-Ceapach*, a plaintive lament in commemoration of the tragedy, was afterwards composed by the Keppoch bard, and the sister of the murdered chiefs—who had likewise the gift of poesy—wrote a series of Gaelic verses, entitled *Marbhrann ni'n Mhic Raonuill*, which are full of pathos and sadness. In her *Highland Minstrelsy* Mrs. Ogilvy also swells the melancholy strain—

"The murderers are quiet now,  
Calm is each lifeless brow  
Tranquilly sleeping;  
Over the graves at night  
Hovers no more the sprite,  
Watching and weeping."

Following the turbulent course of the Roy, two roads branch off from the main thoroughfare near the Hotel at Roy-Bridge, and both of them are worth exploring. If it be a question of choice, instead of following the nearer one—that leading to the farm of Achaderry—the visitor should select the tract striking up the glen proper towards Bohuntin, Bohinie, Gaelmore, etc. Should he elect to do so, a fine opportunity will be presented of viewing those striking natural phenomena, the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, which I have touched upon in a separate chapter.

The Margarodite schist of Glenroy was found to be admirably adapted for the manufacture of querns, as its composition of garnets embedded in a soft matrix of a white silvery Talcose schist, wore down and left the garnets projecting out like teeth to cut the grain. One of the Lochaber quarries was situated at Brunachan, where a number of half-made stones are still to be seen lying about. The quern, or hand-mill, was extensively used in the Highlands up to comparatively recent times, and the great bulk of the stones were got



from Lochaber. Throughout Glenroy there are plentiful traces of the existence of iron, and near Brunachan, already mentioned, iron furnaces appear once to have been in operation, and what are said to be remains of these are still to be seen.

In passing through Glen Spean, one should not fail to have a look at the Monessie Falls on the Spean, and in the gorge at Achluachrach, where road, railway, and river run together in close proximity, there are some exceedingly fine bits of scenery which ought not to be missed. High up on rising ground above the township of Achluachrach is the burying-ground of *Kill-a-Choireil* (St. Cyril), where the poet Iain Lom sleeps the last sleep. From time immemorial Brae Lochaber has clung to the Roman Catholic faith, and only those who in life professed its doctrines are permitted to be interred in St. Cyril's cemetery. It is said that once upon a time a Protestant was buried in this consecrated ground, and forthwith there was a rebellion among the dwellers in those tombs. "Night after night," says the late Mrs. MacKellar, in telling the story, "the inhabitants of the surrounding districts were disturbed with the shouts of warriors engaged in battle, and the clashing of weapons. At last it became unendurable, and a deputation waited on Dr. Ross, the minister of the parish, saying, even though this



parishioner of his had been a good man and a friend to the district, yet that he must be removed, or else the dead would never sleep in peace. After they had described to him the disturbances that were being carried on, Dr. Ross said, 'I am not going to remove him; why don't they turn him out when they're at it?'

" 'They do not seem to be able, but they will never rest whilst he is there,' replied one of the men.

" 'The brave fellow: if he had twenty of his own kind with him, they would clear the whole churchyard,' said Dr. Ross laughingly.

" The matter came, however, to a crisis on a very stormy night. Women and children sat by the fire in their huts, cowering in fear. One good man at last resolved to venture out and go for the priest, which he did. The cleric readily agreed to accompany him, and at a stream he put off a shoe and prepared some holy water in it, with which he proceeded alone to where the Braes men, fierce and furious, were in vain trying to oust this disturber of their rest, as well as fighting over again some of their own ancient feuds, while they were up and at it. The brave priest re-consecrated the burying-ground, and immediately 'mother earth swallowed up her warlike birth,' with the result that no further noise from the place disturbed the dwellers around."

The faithful from far and near found repose in St. Cyril. In the days of feud, a funeral cortège was proceeding from Badenoch to the Braes, and when near Tulloch a halt was called to partake of refreshments. During the conversation which ensued, an insult was offered to one of the strangers present, who instantly drew his dagger and stabbed a MacDonald, making off afterwards to the hill on the upside of the road. The fugitive was pursued by the friends of the man who had been slain, and being captured, was taken back to the scene of the tragedy and there hanged. The MacDonalds decided not to go further with the funeral, and those who were left had three bodies, instead of one, to inter. A cairn still marks the spot where these happenings occurred.

The dwellers in Brae Lochaber were noted in days gone by for their dexterity with the long-bow, and there are not wanting to-day some of their descendants who are similarly gifted, though, be it mentioned, in a metaphorical sense! Amongst the most famous of the bowmen was one *Domhnuill MacFhuilaidh*, whose renown spread far beyond his native confines, and his prowess was the envy of his compeers. Following the chase one day, he incautiously trespassed into Perthshire, and was made a prisoner by the Earl

of Atholl. His capturer said he would spare his life on one condition.

"What might that be?" enquired Donald.

"Something beyond your power, I fear," returned the Earl; "but we shall see."

Indicating a hind which was grazing some way off, having its head away from them and shewing only the hind-quarters, the Perthshire laird informed the Lochaber man that if he could pierce one of the animal's eyes with an arrow, his life would be spared. Such a task would seem to be almost impossible of accomplishment, but by calling strategy to his aid, the bowman proved that it could be done. Plucking a blade of grass, he placed this between his thumbs, and blowing thereon softly, reproduced a sound resembling the cry of a fawn. As Donald had anticipated, the hind immediately turned and gave him the opportunity for which he sought. After a careful aim, he let fly his shaft, which whistled through the air, and entering by an eye, pierced the animal's brain, causing almost instantaneous death. Having congratulated Donald on his feat, Atholl at once set him at liberty.

In days of yore, Lochaber was a happy hunting-ground for the ancient Kings of Scotland, and the country from above Fersit, and all along Loch Treig

side to Ben Alder, was deemed a specially attractive region for the chase. With the natives, the pastime amounted to almost a passion, which only death could extinguish, as witness the following incident. *Dound-shuil*, probably the last of the Lochaberians to use the bow and arrow, while on his death-bed, awoke suddenly out of a troubled sleep, and calling his wife to his side, said, "Mary, there is a deer near the house; may God grant me one more shot and I will die happy." The good dame, to please her husband, peered out at the window, and sure enough a deer was grazing near by. Opening the sash, she assisted the almost helpless man to the aperture, where he, after directing the shaft, asked her to pull the bow-string. The arrow found its mark, and the deer fell, while the veteran hunter almost at the same instant succumbed in his wife's arms.

Mention has already been made of *Iain beag Mac-Aindrea* (little John MacAndrew), and how he treacherously killed one of the chiefs of Glen Nevis. Here is another legend with regard to him which has been handed down. John, though apparently an Elginshire man, is said to have resided for some time at Achluachrach, in Brae Lochaber, where he narrowly escaped being captured by some friends of the murdered Glen Nevis who had come in search of him. When the party entered the domicile, John was crouched up by

the ingle-neuk, and after the mission of the visitors had been declared, his wife asked him to go outside and search for his father. MacAndrew was so diminutive that the ruse was not detected, and securing his bow and arrows he climbed an adjacent tree, and shouted that Iain was waiting outside. As the Glen Nevis men emerged from the house, he accounted for them one by one, thus adding another to the long list of tragedies attributed to him.

*Iain beag* was possessed of considerable cunning, and it was said by one who claimed his acquaintance, that "a fox was an idiot to him." The Camerons did all in their power to execute vengeance on him for their chief's death, but there is no record to shew that he was ever caught—that is, to any purpose—for, though he was cleverly seized by two Camerons one day, he turned the tables on his captors. Working, as he was, in a field, he had laid his weapons aside, and was caught entirely off his guard. Just as the trio were about to leave the spot, John quickly turned, and in a surprised tone exclaimed, "Who can this be running towards us?" His companions naturally also turned, and Iain, wriggling out of their clutches, ran to where his dirk lay, and single-handed slew the two Camerons.

There is yet another story illustrative of the Lochaber-man's dexterity with the long-bow. A Badenoch

swain, accompanied by a dozen of his boon companions, made a stealthy march to the Braes, and, kidnapping one of the fair daughters of the district, set off again homewards, proceeding up the Spean glen on the north side of the river. As soon as the alarm was raised, a brother of the kidnapped maid started in pursuit of the marauders, and by taking the opposite side of the river, he got ahead of them a little beyond Fersit. When he had selected a commanding position, he busied himself sharpening his arrows on a stone near by, and this, with the groovings made by the arrow-heads, is still pointed out. At length the Badenoch men appeared, the leader, probably as a mark of distinction, being clad in a bright red cloak, and against him the tracker's first shaft was directed. On falling mortally wounded, another of the party donned the red cloak, and took the place of the fallen leader, but he, too, shared a like fate. So was it with the others, who, in turn, were pierced by an arrow as soon as the fatalistic cloak was put on. After disposing of the thirteen corpses in a pool, the Lochaber-man returned with his sister to their own roof-tree.

There is a peculiar charm and picturesqueness about the upper reaches of Glen Spean—a serenity and freshness which appeal strongly to the mind in unison with Nature. A little beyond Tulloch, the waters of the



Spean and Treig co-mingle, and the locality is rich with moraines deposited there by ancient glaciers. Loch Treig, which is a dark, somewhat uninviting sheet of water, about six miles in length, is reputed to be of considerable depth in parts. The fish frequenting it run to large size, and in some instances are supplied with a double set of teeth, one of which protrudes from the mouth. At the north end of the lake there is one of these old crannogs, or lake-dwellings, which of recent years have excited so much interest in antiquarian circles. Evidence exists of the house on the island having been repaired by Ronald of Keppoch in the sixteenth century, but little now remains of the old-time structure.

Popular superstition was wont to associate Loch Treig with the much-feared water-horse, whose retreat, it was said, lay deep down in the murky waters of the tarn. Sleek, and perfectly proportioned, the demon steed, as he emerged from his aquatic stall, neighed and snorted in a terrifying manner, and the hills for miles around re-echoed the uncanny sounds.

The late Dr. Stewart, "Nether Lochaber," used to tell with great gusto a conversation he once had with an old lady of the district in regard to this subject. They had been discussing the worldly success of a mutual friend who, from small beginnings, had become



possessed of much of the world's gear. The worthy Doctor said he had been lucky, but his interlocutor maintained that their friend's prosperity was due to another cause, and thereupon related the following tale :—

“ His grand-uncle, *Dòmhnall Mòr Dròbhair*, was returning home from a cattle market in Perthshire. As he was coming through the Moor of Rannoch, the night overtook him, but as it was in the autumn time, and the moon rose full and bright behind him, he continued his journey as easily as if it were the clear noon-day; and he was, besides, perfectly acquainted with the way, having often travelled it at all seasons. With his stick in his hand, and his plaid over his shoulder, he walked along hastily, without stop or halt, till he reached *Lochan-na-Cuile*, where he sat down to partake of refreshment. As he sat on a stone by the side of the lake, he saw something glittering in the moonlight, which, on examination, he found to be a horse's bridle. *Dòmhnall Mòr* carried the bridle home with him, and was surprised next morning to find that the bit and buckles were of pure silver, and the reins of a soft and beautifully speckled sort of leather, such as he had never seen before. What astonished him most was, that on touching the bit it felt so hot as to be unbearable. He was very much frightened, as well as

astonished, and now wished that he had let it lie where he found it. It was only when a 'wise woman' was sent for from a neighbouring glen, that the truth became known. She declared it to be a water-horse's bridle, the bit of deep-down, subterranean silver, still retaining part of the heat which belonged to it in its primeval molten state. The reins, she said, were the skin of *Buarach-baoibh*, a species of magical serpents, dreadfully poisonous, that frequent such rivers and lakes as are inhabited by the kelpy and water-horse. The 'wise woman' directed the bridle to be hung up on a *cromag*, or crook, made of rowan, which, while permitting free escape of all its beneficial influences, would yet effectually check the radiation of any evil that might be inherent in it. This was done, and from that day forward *Dòmhnall Mòr* was fortunate and successful in all his undertakings. At his death, having no family of his own, he bequeathed the magic bridle to his grand-nephew, the present owner, and this man has been prosperous just because of the possession of a water-horse's 'bridle of luck.'"

"But how," asked Dr. Stewart, "do water-horses happen to have bridles?"

"Thomas the Rhymer," the old lady replied, "or some other magician or prophet of the olden time, now detained in Fairyland, is destined yet to reappear upon

earth with some companions almost as powerful as himself. Then shall the water-horse be bridled and saddled by a brave company of Scottishmen from Fairyland, some Highland, some Lowland—bridled and saddled, and fearlessly mounted ; a great battle will be fought ; all Englishmen and other foreigners will be driven out of the country ; the crown will again revert to the rightful heirs, and Scotland once again become a free, independent, and happy kingdom ! ”

## CHAPTER XVII.

**The Glacial Period—Theoretical origin of the Parallel Roads of Glenroy—  
Lochaber boulders—Geology.**

THEORETICALLY and otherwise, few subjects present a wider scope to the student of Nature than the study of the glacial period, although a marked diversity of opinion exists amongst learned geological devotees in regard to the matter. Lochaber, looking to its unique evidences of ice action, and its detrital lines, is a district which has, for years stretching backward beyond the ken of the present generation, attracted many seekers after truth in the particular direction indicated. The chief attraction, and that possessing the most scientific interest, has undoubtedly been the origin of the far-famed Parallel Roads of Lochaber, their connection with, and relation to, the Glacial Period. Probably few learned bodies have gone more fully into the subject than the Geological Society of Glasgow, and numerous relative treatises of paramount importance have been contributed by its members. To peruse these is an education in itself, and the deeper one dips

into the enthralling study, the more seductive does it become.

The oldest tradition extant ascribes the existence of these so-called roads to the hand of man, legend associating them with Fingal; while by some old writers they were held to be hunting-roads of kings. Playfair, in 1816, advanced the theory that they were aqueducts for irrigation purposes, and about half a century later, the diluvial theory was advocated by certain experts. Again, the idea put forth primarily by Darwin in 1839, that these lines were nothing but sea beaches, was one which found many supporters, including Chambers and MacCulloch. The theory, however, which most obtains in scientific circles, is that known as the lacustrine. It was propounded in 1817 by the far-seeing MacCulloch, the eminent scientist and well-known delineator of Highland scenery and geology; but he, along with others, had not condescended on the kind of barrier which dammed up the hypothetical lake. Two styles of dam had been contended for by different writers, the one of detritus, the other of ice. The glacial theory was started by Agassiz, the great Swiss—who had been accustomed to see the work of glaciers—after a visit paid to Lochaber in 1840. Mr. William Jolly, F.R.S.E., maintained that the roads were produced by lakes dammed

back by glacial ice, filling the lower parts of the valleys up to the ends of the roads, and gradually retreating with the ameliorating climate, at the last stage of the second portion of the Glacial epoch, immediately before the final disappearance of local glaciers from Scotland; and that the abundant rolled *débris* at the bottom of these valleys was laid down by former glaciers, and re-sorted by the sea during the great depression in the middle of the Glacial Period. Whether this be the case or not, will probably never be fully demonstrated, but there is ample evidence still existent to warrant the assertion that, at one time, the Lochaber valleys were occupied each by its own glacier.

The district is intersected by two main valleys, the most extensive and best known being Glen More, which extends from the Argyllshire coast on the west, to the Moray Firth on the east. Between Fort-William and Banavie, Glen More is intersected by another valley running almost due east and west, but which, near the eastern extremity towards Badenoch, trends considerably to the north. The sides of these valleys are formed of lofty mountains, many rising from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above sea-level, the south-eastern angle, formed by the intersection of the two main valleys, being filled in by Ben Nevis (4,406 feet), and several summits exceeding an altitude of 4,000 feet.

The configuration of the land determined the direction of glacial movement, so far as it is now traceable, but above an elevation of 2,000 feet, there is little remaining evidence of it.

That at one time the ice-cap surmounted our highest mountains is more than probable, but that is a side issue which need not be discussed here. The gist of Mr. Jolly's deductions in holding that the Parallel Roads of Glenroy are the result of a formation of an ice-dam, may be shortly summarised as follows:—Glaciers descended into Glen Spean from the Nevis range—the highest in the country—not only from Glen Treig and Corry 'n Eoin, but down the Laire, through the Laraig Pass, and out of Corrie Choillie, Glen Rois, the Glen of the Lundy, Corry Lees, and Glen Nevis—each of these contributing its quota to the general accumulation in Strath Spean. The Spean is, besides, topographically so situated at right angles to all these glens as to receive into its own basin, not merely the united contributions of the glens that open into it on that side of the mountain group, but also the greater portion of the vast glacial ice that concentrated at the other side of the group, in the Nevis-Rath glens. From their configuration, the latter were compelled to disgorge the most of their ice through the mouths of the Treig, the Laraig, and the Nevis. The ice that



thus filled Strath Spean was, for these reasons, so great that it even forced a passage for itself, at one period, out at the head of the Roy, and at the far end of Loch Laggan.

The accumulated ice of the Spean was further augmented by that existing in the Great Glen, gathered there from its large lateral valleys, especially from Glen Arkaig—ice which at one time must have pressed its way up Glen Gloy, and out at its head into the Roy. The ice of the Great Glen was undoubtedly further added to by additional glaciers coming partly down Loch Eil, and through Glen Loy. There thus arose an immense, nay, an extraordinary congestion of ice in the lower ends of the Great Glen and in Glen Spean, such as existed nowhere else in the country, and such as could only exist under so concentrated and constricted geographical conditions. A careful examination of the region under review cannot fail to convince the most sceptical that these sources of glacial ice in reality existed, and that the accumulation gradually coalesced, as indicated previously.

Mr. Colin Livingston, Fort-William, who has devoted much time to studying the subject, divides his digest of existing traces of ice action into the following heads:—(1) Detrital Lines, in the form of Lateral and Terminal Moraines; (2) Rock Striation; and (3)

Boulders. The lines of detritus are specially noticeable in the valley of the Spean at its junction with the Lochy, and at different parts between Roy-Bridge and Fort-William. The glaciation on the northern slopes of *Garbh Bheinne*, which bounds Loch Treig on the east, is unusually strong and fine, and is appreciable up to a height of about 2,000 feet. It is exhibited in *roches moutonnees*, with the lee, or rough side looking away from the loch, in smoothings and polishings, in long, well-rubbed groovings and flutings, and in scratches and lines down to the most delicate striæ, the rocks having preserved the whole with uncommon crispness and permanence. The contrast is most marked between the general aspect and outline of the rocks as viewed from above, next the loch, where they are beautifully curved and rounded, and as looked at from below, where they are ragged and precipitous—a striking proof of the passage of the icy stream outwards into Glen Spean. At Fersit, in Glen Loy, and throughout different parts of the Great Glen, these lines are frequently to be met with, and, in addition, there are various continuous accumulations rising above the general detrital covering of the mountain sides, an indication, doubtless, of the collision of cross currents in the slowly-moving ice streams.

Throughout Lochaber, there are still in existence a

number of rounded or elongated mounds, which, in all probability, were formed during the Glacial Period. On opening one of these, it is found to be composed of sand, sometimes very fine, and beautifully white gravel, almost, if not quite rounded, and sub-angular chips of stone. These are more or less arranged in layers, not, however, in a horizontal position, suggesting that the materials had been successively dumped down from a higher elevation. Mr. Livingston's theory in regard to these mounds is that they have been formed in the crevasses of a glacier, when its ice had wasted away and thinned out till the fissures reached the underlying ground surface, while there was still a general ice sheet of considerable thickness. The torrents that swept the hill-sides would wash the earthy materials, on the surface of the decomposing ice, into the pits thus formed, and these were deposited, sometimes in a rounded form, where a stream had for a time descended into an ice-caldron, or at other times elongated and spreading out laterally, as the chasm changed its form in the moving mass.

The detritus on the side of the glen next Ben Nevis is so abundant, and rock surfaces are so comparatively rare, that ice scratchings are not often seen during the ascent of the monarch of British mountains. At several places, nevertheless, they are very good,

especially on the slates and chloritic schists near the mouth. All scratches run parallel to the glen, and prove the movement of a great glacier, some 2,000 feet in depth at its greatest dimensions, which gradually shrunk into nothingness, and, at its later stages, deposited the heaped moraines that cover the lower parts of the valley, where they could more easily rest than on its higher and very precipitous sides.

The Lochaber boulders are innumerable, and some of them are of huge proportions, all being more or less rounded, a fact which leaves little doubt that they were deposited where they now lie by glacial action. Still, geological opinion is not at one on the subject, some experts contending that boulders were carried to their present positions by icebergs; but the majority lean to the belief that glaciers alone are the responsible factors. The latter assumption is strengthened by the fact that, so long as the boulders were being moved forward by land ice, a certain uniformity of position might be looked for, and this is not wanting; whereas, if they became part of a floating mass or berg, which would drop its rocky burden irregularly, the possibility of uniformity would be at an end.

Glen Nevis contains a large number of boulders, which, in character, are similar to the rock composition of adjacent mountains. Near Roughburn, on the road

to Kingussie, thousands of granite blocks lie piled one above another, and the only rational explanation of their existence there, is that they must have been carried across by the Loch Treig glacier. On the shoulder of Craig Dubh, an eminence near Murlaggan rising to a height of over 2,000 feet, are scattered a number of various rock boulders, some at least not known now to exist in the neighbourhood. From whence came these latter? Rock somewhat similar in character is to be found on the north side of Loch Eil, which is separated from Murlaggan by a gap of nearly twenty miles. But it is difficult to conclude that masses of rock could be carried from there, and deposited on Craig Dubh, without having left some traces elsewhere along the line of movement, and none, so far as known, exist. The passage of the main stream of ice, if not higher than our present mountain summits, would be down Loch Linnhe rather than across the main water-shed of the country. The blocks on Craig Dubh apparently, therefore, belong to rocks at a greater distance, and at a greater elevation than the existing mountain summits.

From Glen Nevis, by the valley of the Riasgaig, towards Loch Linnhe, a stream of boulders was conveyed and deposited on the north-east shoulder of *Meall-nan-Cleireach*, where they lie in hundreds. A

small ice-stream from Glen More appears to have passed westwards towards the same shoulder; while this, in turn, was evidently joined by a similar stream from Glen Nevis, and the boulders borne on this combined flow have been left in regular lines which clearly indicate its course. Near the summit of *Meall-an-t-Slamain*, a hill on the opposite shore of Loch Linnhe from Fort-William, rests a vein-granite boulder of about nine feet in diameter. Tradition connects it with the Fingalians, who are said to have used it as a putting-stone, and to have thrown it from hill-top to hill-top. From its position, it appears to have found its way on a glacier from near Glenfinnan, at which place granite of similar composition exists. Boulders, which could only have been deposited by glaciers, are to be found on the Blarmachfaoldach Hill, and the Cow Hill near Fort-William; in Glen Gloy, Glen Loy, Glen Roy, Glen Finnan, the Treig valley, and at various other places throughout the district.

Much has yet to be learned with reference to the history of boulders, but the general consensus of geological opinion seems to be that they are the deposits of glaciers. In any case, as regards the larger boulders, it looks as if these, having been more deeply embedded in the ice, and sinking gradually with it as it shrank, were ultimately left in the positions in which



they were being moved ; while many of the smaller ones fell in divers directions from the melting and diminishing surface of the glacier. This is the view held by Mr. D. Bell, a gentleman who has given long study to the subject, and he maintains that the general uniformity of position in the boulders, seems a cogent argument against the action of icebergs. Most experts are at one with him in holding that, while land ice would produce both the general uniformity and the occasional exceptions, floating ice could not produce the uniformity. Irrespective of the many hypothetical views advocated by those who have investigated it, the subject is still one of absorbing interest ; and throughout broad Scotland, there is surely no region which holds out more inducements to the truth-seeker in this respect, than the romantic district of Lochaber.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

An appreciation of the life of Donald Cameron, twenty-fourth chief of Clan Cameron.

IN days gone by, when might was right, when feud, and foray, and wassail constituted the *summum bonum* of the Highlanders, no name was held in higher respect or reverence than that of the chief of the great Clan Cameron. With the progress of time and civilization, the measure of the Celt's affection for the family of Lochiel has in no way deteriorated, and this was strikingly demonstrated when, a little over two years ago, not only the Gael, but Scotsmen the world o'er, mourned at the tomb of Donald Cameron, twenty-fourth chief of the Camerons.

Not since the days of the great Sir Ewen—Macaulay's "Ulysses of the Highlands"—has it been the fate of a Lochiel to die on the soil of his forebears, amid the respectful sorrowing of an attached and devoted people. Absent or present, the head of the Camerons always commanded the loyalty of Lochaber; for, irrespective of the accident of surname, in the veins of nearly every native there flowed the blood of the

territorial clan, and the "stirring memories of a thousand years" were the common heritage of chief, and squire, and vassal. Mere transient present-day touches of variety of opinion on social, political, or economic questions did not for a moment affect the pride the Lochaber man genuinely professed for the chivalry, the constancy, the courage, and the nobility that ever were associated with the family of Donald Dhu.

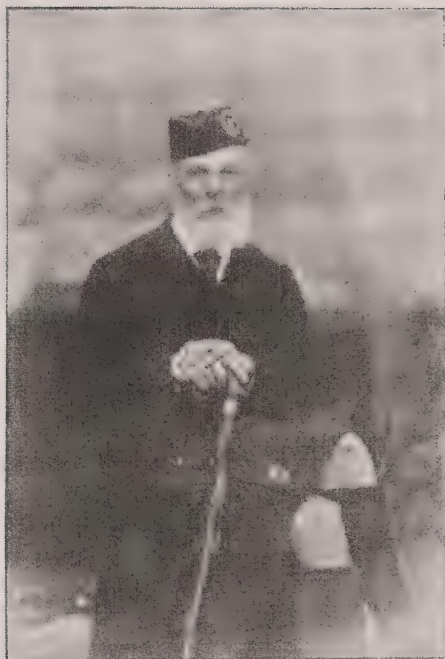
Thus it comes to pass that in this, the twentieth century, in an age of unrestricted democracy, we find universal homage accorded to the bearer of an historic name—one who sagely knew how to blend the virtues associated with deeds of high renown in the past, with the aspirations, the duties, and the necessities of the actual present. By consecration of hoary tradition and usage, the possessor of a title which is beyond the competence of Letters-Patent to bequeath, or even to adorn, the late Lochiel, by inherent right, reigned in the deep-most sentiment of the district.

In the days of strife, Royal proscription served only to knit more closer the bonds between the exiled chief and his clansmen at home ; penal laws did not prevent tribute being paid to the disinherited proprietor "over the water." Through all difficulties and troubles, the tribal head shed lustre on his race. Whether in war or at the council chamber ; whether in victory or defeat ;

whether at Culloden or at Waterloo; at Pekin or St. James's—never a false step was made in the line of lofty principle and endeavour.

With a record so unstained in the hands of its leading family, Lochaber could afford proudly to raise its head and regard other thanedoms of the island with an air at least of equality. Was an injustice to be righted? Lochiel, when he came into his own, would provide a remedy. Was a public enterprise on foot? Lochiel was the man to lead and guide it. Was an affair of State to be negotiated in which Lochaber had interest? Lochiel was the influence to be gained. Was Royalty to be received in the district? Lochiel was the *persona grata* to give local distinction to the occasion. Did the War Office threaten to extinguish a glorious regiment? Lochiel's was the fiat that closed the attempt. In fine, Lochiel's personality was such (and reference is now obviously being made to the chief lately gathered to his fathers) that almost in every department of authority his opinion was held of the greatest weight.

The late Lochiel possessed a peculiar charm of personality. What struck one most on first beholding him was the remarkable distinction of his features and bearing. His face was attractive and high-bred without being haughty, although instinctively there was conveyed the impression of dignity. Tall of stature—he



DONALD CAMERON, OF LOCHIEL, XXIVTH CHIEF OF  
CLAN CAMERON.

*Copyright Photo.*

*[A. MacDougall,*



was over six feet—he walked with a slight stoop, but in his very gait there was a touch of unmistakable refinement. One of Nature's noblemen in face, in figure, and carriage, his fine, large blue eyes were frank, open, and kindly—ready to soften with compassion, or to light up with genial humour. His voice was soft and gentle, as became the name he bore; his enunciation clear; his conversational style easy, classically correct, always interesting, never discursive, singularly lucid. His presence exerted an unconscious magnetic fascination, and personal contact with him only tended to strengthen the ties which endeared him alike to kindred and clansmen.

No poor crofter came to him with a care who did not feel that what reasonably could be done, Lochiel would do; and that a promise once made would absolutely be fulfilled. Lochiel's intromissions of that nature were guided by high tone; the sense of rectitude, and the desire to preserve the self-respecting independence of his tenantry, were inherent and pronounced characteristics of his nature. Honest misfortune found in him true practical sympathy, but improvidence and ingratitude sent a thrill of disappointment through his sensitive, upright soul.

Lofty aim and merited success ever caused him to rejoice, and his patriarchal pride in the prosperity of

clansmen, both at home and abroad, was touching in its archaic ingenuousness. The desire of popularity simply for its own sake was repellant to the chief's exalted feelings and ideals ; but he lived to see himself beloved, respected, and honoured by Sovereign and peer and peasant, as probably no one of his contemporaries can claim.

Mere charm of person and manner, or the circumstances of hereditary position, did not, and could not, account for an ascendancy so striking and enduring, without the possession of gifts of intellect that entitled him to a level with the threshold of the Academy. Lochiel was cultured in the classics, and the poets were his solace. He had a fine perception for the subtilties of metaphysical lore, and for the achievement of science ; while in the study of men and affairs, it is probably safe to assert that, taking him all in all, he has not left his equal behind him. Had he chosen to devote his great abilities to any profession, he would have adorned it ; had he chosen to continue in statecraft and politics, there is no position to which he might not have attained.

Of his seventeen years' service to the County of Inverness in Parliament, little need be said, but the people of the Highlands are to-day reaping the benefits of the numerous legislative enactments which he was



instrumental in securing for them. The public press, at the time of his demise, recounted the story of his work in diplomatic circles, of his multifarious duties as Lord Lieutenant and Convener of his native county, and of the masterly and equitable manner in which he managed the wide acres which were his by heritage.

On the occasion of the visit of the late Queen Victoria to Achnacarry, in 1873, Lochiel, dressed as became a Highland chieftain, in the picturesque tartan of his clan, received Her Majesty with courteous dignity, and conducted her on board his steam yacht, which took the Royal party for a sail up Loch Arkaig. The Queen's sentiments on that occasion are tersely summed up in her *Journal*, and are worthy of recapitulation here. They were called forth by a remark made by one of her suite, who, struck by the historical association of ideas that the Queen's presence as the guest of Lochiel engendered in his mind, said it was a scene one could not look on unmoved. "Yes," wrote Her Majesty, "and I feel a sort of reverence in going over these scenes in this most beautiful country, which I am proud to call my own ; where there was such devoted loyalty to the family of my ancestors, for Stuart blood is in my veins, and I am now their representative, and the people are still as loyal and devoted to me as they were to that unhappy race."

It is a splendid record to contemplate! Happy the family, happy the clan, and happy the community that in these days can point to a life so noble, so useful, so truly great. Historians will write the life-story of this grand old Scottish cavalier—will tell of his love of mountain and moor; of his glory in the chase; of his constancy in friendship; of his devotion to kindred and home; of his life as a standard of virtue and honour; of his death as a type of the Christian's hope.

As has already been said, no chief since Sir Ewen's time has died within the patriarchal domains. The intervening space is silent, but eloquent, testimony to the trials endured on behalf of a vanquished "cause"—of banishment, forfeiture, death; of fire, sword, and desolation. Practically homeless in Lochaber, the chiefs since the '45 had found resting-places somewhere south of the Highland pale, either in France, in England, or in the Scottish Lowlands. The late Lochiel was the first really to live, in a permanent sense, in his own territory since the hero of Killiecrankie. How curious to have the twentieth century approximated, by the lives of these men, with the times of James, of Glencoe, and of the '15!

The venerable warrior of Dundee's fateful triumph lived and died "among his own people"—in the fulness of time was gathered to his fathers in the church at

Kilmallie; and now, nearly two centuries later, his worthy descendant lays his ashes in Lochaber soil, under the battlements of the very fort erected to discomfit Sir Ewen Dhu. Once again

“Proud Ben Nevis heard with awe  
The war-note of Lochiel,”

and the grim towers of Inverlochy have echoed to the wail of the Cameron piobraichd, as on the day when Montrose and Lochiel achieved their victory over Argyll.

In reverence and sorrow did Lochaberians bow as the mortal remains of their well-loved chief were committed to the grave, and the funeral was probably one of the largest witnessed in the Highlands for a long span of years. Chieftains and clansmen, farmers, crofters, and retainers; civic, municipal, and ecclesiastical bodies, and dwellers in strath and glen followed the bier to the last resting-place; and as the melancholy pageant, headed by the Lochaber squadron of the Lovat Scouts on horseback, and the Cameron Volunteers, wended its way slowly to the place of interment, “Lochaber No More”—that doleful bagpipe wail—did not lessen the almost overpowering sense of gloom which prevailed.

Surmounted by the dead chief's claymore and plaid, and covered with a wealth of exquisite wreaths,

the coffin was carried shoulder-high to the church of St. Andrew, Fort-William, where a short and simple service was conducted. At length the last rites of all were performed, and many a heartfelt tear of sorrow fell on the sod. Kilted warriors, chiefs of numerous noble clans, and other representatives of the stalwart, ruddy Celt turned aside in their grief, and peer and peasant alike mourned for the life that had been. Not soon shall his memory fade, and many a long year will pass before another shall arise who shall occupy the same high place in the hearts and affections of Highlanders as did the Twenty-Fourth Chief of Clan Cameron.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Dr. Stewart, "Nether Lochaber"—Dr. John MacIntyre, Kilmonivaig—  
Dr. Archibald Clerk, Kilmallie.

To the domain of literature, Lochaber has contributed its quota, though in this respect the honour rests with the past rather than the present. In unrolling the scroll, what memories are rekindled by the mere sight of such names as Ewen MacIachlan, James Munro, Rev. Dr. Clerk, Kilmallie; Rev. Dr. MacIntyre, Kilmonivaig; Rev. Dr. Stewart, Nether Lochaber, and Mrs. Mary MacKellar! All these, though now, alas, no more, yet speak through their works; and in the realm of poesy, the dead past is illumined by *Iain Lom*, Duncan *Ban* MacIntyre, *Ailein Dall*, and a host of others, whose poems are crooned in nearly every Highland homestead.

Probably no one in his own sphere exercised a more powerful influence by his writings than did the late Dr. Stewart in Lochaber. Born in Uist, "Nether Lochaber," as he loved to be called, was descended from a family connected with the historic house of Appin and Ardsheal. He spent his early days in Fort-William, and after acting for a time as teacher in the village

school at Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, he, in 1843, entered the University of St. Andrews, where he graduated with distinction. After a brief period in charge of the Gaelic Church in Paisley in 1851, he was appointed to his life-long charge at Onich—life-long, not because he was not tempted south, or that he was considered a stranded, old-fashioned Highland divine. On the contrary, high places were in his offer; but no preferment could detach him from his beloved shores of Loch Linnhe and Ardgour.

The ground rendered classic by the life and labours of the Celtic Titan, who passed away with the century that gave him, is probably unique in its quiet sylvan, lacustrine beauty, and in its lofty solemn grandeur. Nestling unassumingly amid the shade of hawthorn and hazel, clasped sweetly by the columbine and the rose, the modest cottage-manse of Nether Lochaber looks out upon the varying aspect of loch and tarn, of copse, of corrie, and of mountain, snugly serene in the consciousness that Nature, even at its sternest, will ever be tender to the cherished spot. Here Dr. Stewart communed with elfin and fairy; here he lilted and coquetted with the muse; here he rejoiced in the was-sail and the foray of the heroes of Lochlin, and here—a hundred times here—he waved the banner of Scotland's banished kings.



Very Faithfully Yrs  
Alex Stewart

"NETHER LOCHABER,"





A connection with the *Inverness Courier*, first formed under the editorship of the late Dr. Carruthers, continued for well-nigh half a century, and the fortnightly articles appearing below the familiar *nom de plume* gave that journal a raciness and a piquancy that attached to it—largely on account of these articles—a specially interested clientele. Poetic, imaginative, his prose thrilled with the spirit of the muse, and not infrequently broke into rhyme and rhythm. The young divine did not, however, confine his literary efforts to the ephemeral pages of a newspaper; his genius led him into the more enduring domain of classic and philological research. Natural history—the life of the red deer in its corrie, of the eagle in its eyrie—was to him a perpetual source of joy. Folklore, the written and unwritten story of a primitive race, he imbibed and loved with a perfect love, and in this respect he has perhaps left no compeer.

Perhaps not in the whole realm of Scotia could the anthropologist discover a more interesting district than Nether Lochaber, and who but the subject now under review was better able to dilate upon its charms, both past and during the period of his ministry? A region this, in large part hallowed to the footfall of the deer, it still offers sanctuary to what remains in these islands of the *feræ naturæ*—the aborigines of the land. The

eagle and falcon, the wild cat and weasel, soar and roam and hunt in calm possession of this moorland reserve. The otter gambols in the streams, and the seal and the porpoise disport them in the lakes. Of all these "Nether Lochaber" wrote, and wrote lovingly; but perhaps he appeared at his very happiest when discoursing on the habits, and the traits, and the charms of the feathered songsters in his glebe.

Dr. Stewart's picturesque English style, his correct Latin, his pure and idiomatic Gaelic, rendered from time to time in translations for learned societies, in published works, and in public addresses, could not fail to bring the author into no ordinary repute. Among his intimates were many of the first rank litterateurs of the past and present generation, and he was proud of the personal friendship of the house of Argyll.

A model preacher, earnest and kindly, Dr. Stewart had a cheery greeting alike for friend and stranger. He preached with fluency and effect both in English and Gaelic, and his eloquence attracted many visitors to the quiet little church of Onich. The parish in which he officiated occupies a delightful situation "'twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe," and, whilst numbering little more than 600 souls, it presents ethnologically the mixed features of Celt and Saxon and Dane. Occasionally in an individual there occurs a striking reversion to

original type—it may be the high-blooded, thick-boned, stalwart, ruddy Celt ; or one may look upon the tall, erect carriage, the fair countenance, the blue eyes, and flaxen locks of "Norroway owre the faem," or yet again, the perspicacious student may detect just a *souþçon* of Iberia and the Armada in dark complexion, dark eyes, and silken hair.

The language of the Gael is still spoken by the Gael of Nether Lochaber. It claims to be—*Gadhlic Lochabhair*—the finest, purest dialect in that tongue, and Dr. Stewart supported the claim. The parish, needless to say, rejoices in the usual ecclesiastical peculiarities of a Scottish community, however small. Most of the Presbyterian divisions are in evidence—Established, United Frees, Seceders, "Real" Frees, Catholics, and Episcopalians. The latter, it may be noted as an unusual circumstance in Scotland, date in unbroken succession directly from the establishment of Episcopacy in the realm shortly after the Reformation, and the English Church service is wholly rendered in the Gaelic tongue. It goes without saying that in direct ratio to the minuteness of doctrinal distinction between the different sects, religious feeling is wont to run high, but to the minister of the parish the *odium theologicum* was a thing unheard. There existed towards Dr. Stewart one sentiment, and only one—

he belonged to all, irrespective of caste and sect, and all united in proudly claiming him as their own.

Long will the jovial, warm-hearted Highlander be remembered, but the traveller in search of interest may make of Onich a shrine. Sailing, as did the Scandinavian galleys of old, eastward up the Firth, he will turn into the narrow streak of Loch Leven, skirted by its silver strand. Looking forward, he will see the turret mountains of Glencoe, guarding like giant sentinels the eternal solitudes of Ossian, and refusing admission there. Then, mayhap, the evening breeze will gently waft over the rippling water to his listening ear the dulcet tones of a chapel bell. The sky becomes lit with an auburn effulgence, and, turning towards the setting sun, the pilgrim beholds the "golden gates" of Ardgour shedding an aureole of love upon the simple tomb of "Nether Lochaber."

The Rev. Dr. John MacIntyre, minister of Kilmonivaig for upwards of forty-two years, was a native of Lochaber, and was born at the house of his paternal grandfather, John MacIntyre of Camusnaherie, the eleventh in direct male descent to occupy that place. The first of the family was Patrick, a son of MacIntyre of Glenoe, the chief of the clan. He married Margaret, daughter of Angus MacDonald of Achtriachtan,

Glencoe, and this lady was known as *Mairearad Bhan Achatrichadain*, because of her fair hair and complexion. Though members of the Scottish Episcopal Church, their son Duncan, born in 1751, became a minister of the Church of Scotland, and died at the manse of Kilmallie in 1830. His wife, Jean, was the daughter of James MacIntyre of Glenoe and Ann Campbell, whose father was Duncan Campbell, brother of the Laird of Barcaldine and of Colin Campbell of Glenure, who, as already stated, was foully murdered, in 1752, at Lettermore, near Ballachulish.

Before giving a short *résumé* of Dr. MacIntyre's career, a few words might be said with regard to his mother's family. Her father, James MacIntyre (1727-99), was one of the most remarkable men of his time in the Highlands. A scholar and poet possessed of no mean gifts, he qualified for the Bar, but never practised. Some of his compositions are still extant, as well as a number of his letters, which are beautifully written, and composed in a clear and correct style. He possessed some rare old MSS., and there was a book bound in black, called *Leabhar dubh Fhir Ghlinne Nodha*—probably a collection, in his writing, of much that was rich and rare—which disappeared in the following manner: His son Duncan was in the army, and married Anne Campbell of Duneaves, Perthshire. When he died,

she married again a Major Stevenson, and retired to Edinburgh, taking with her all the valuables, among them the Black Book of Glenoe, which may possibly be lying in the musty receptacles of some house in the capital.

Glenoe's great-grandson, Mr. Duncan MacIntyre, Edinburgh, has still in his possession two interesting heirlooms, in the shape of a fine silver cuach and a ring with the MacIntyre coat-of-arms cut on the stone. The latter was once shewn by the chief to Duncan Ban the poet, who made it the subject of some spirited verses. The cuach has a history attached to it, and the story is still told how it was stolen by the wife of an English soldier after the '45. The temporary custodier, taking it to a silversmith in Perth, asked him how much he would give for it. Recognizing it as his own workmanship, the artificer requested the woman to wait, and suspecting the relic had been stolen, he communicated with the police authorities. Meantime, the woman's fears got the better of her, and she fled, leaving the cuach with the silversmith, who returned it to the rightful owner.

There is a beautiful Gaelic elegy, or *Marbhrann*, composed by John, the owner of the cuach, to his brother Donald, who was "out" with the Prince in the insurrection, and was never seen after the battle of



Culloden. Dr. MacIntyre had this elegy by heart, and repeated it, within a month of his death, to his youngest son, who is now minister at Kilmonivaig, and who took it down from his dictation.

Although it does not appear to have ever been completed, Glenoe, along with a number of learned Highland gentlemen, joined together in the task of compiling a Gaelic dictionary. Glenoe, in a letter to the Rev. Donald MacNicol, minister of Lismore, dated 26th March, 1779, writes :—

“ I have gone once through my share of the Gaelic-Anglo part of the Dictionary, and I am now throng about the Anglo-Gaelic part of it, in which I find much more difficulty than I was aware of, in so much that I despair of being able to acquit myself of it to my mind, for you know our Language is rather deficient in the terms of Art. In Ethics, Jurisprudence, Theology, and Natural History, I have but little to say. But you gentlemen that have had the advantage of a liberal Education, will, I doubt not, find words to express your thoughts and instruct others. But in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in all its parts, the terms (I fear) are not to be easily made out in Gaelic ; yet it is not impossible perhaps, but what a Person who understands the original Language in which these terms were at first composed, may render them into Gaelic by decomposing

them in the Original, and then translating and joining them afresh; for I know the Gaelic is very capable of Composition. But those things being above my sphere, they shall be left entirely to you Gentlemen among you."

Mr. MacNicol appears to have been an accomplished divine, and, *inter alia*, published an able and well-written book in 1779—the year of Glenoe's letter—entitled, *Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, the perusal of which is said to have made the great lexicographer "growl hideously."

As already indicated, the Rev. Duncan MacIntyre—Dr. MacIntyre's father—became a minister of the Church of Scotland, although his parents belonged to the Episcopal Church. Duncan held several charges, and was for a time located at Fort-William, during which period he resided in the fort. On one occasion, Duncan Ban, the poet, and *Mairi bhan og*, his wife, called to solicit subscribers for his book of poems which he then contemplated publishing. The future minister of Kilmonivaig—who was the eldest of the family—was playing at the fort gate, and noticed the pair pass in. Duncan Ban was dressed in the national garb, while Mary Bhan wore a crimson cloak, and to the youth they appeared a quaint couple. Presently the boy was called into dinner, and was surprised to see the two





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strangers seated at table, one on either side of his father. In the end, two copies were subscribed for in the son's name, and in the appendix of the first edition there appears—"John MacIntyre, 2."

Dr. John MacIntyre, the grandson of John MacIntyre of Camusnaherie and James of Glenoe, was a *Mac An t-saoir* on both sides of the house. Both his grandsires were poets, and he inherited the gift of poesy to a considerable extent, as is testified by his original pieces, and his spirited translations of certain lyrics of Lady Nairne, Burns, and Scott, which retain much of the *divinus afflatus* of the originals, while the translation is close, and the Gaelic idiomatic. He was born, and died, in Lochaber. His mortal existence began in *Bun Lochabair*, and was continued in *Braigh Lochabair*, as he himself testified when returning thanks for a very handsome testimonial from parishioners and friends when, in the year 1866, the University of Aberdeen, his *Alma Mater*, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. MacIntyre was a devoted pastor and a keen educationist. Through his unwearied efforts, the wide parish of Kilmonivaig was as well equipped with schools as at the present day, the only apparent difference being that education costs more now, and that there is a greater diversity of subjects taught, or sup-

posed to be taught. In the old days, reading, writing, and arithmetic were considered sufficient for the majority of the pupils ; and these subjects were taught to all, and well taught. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics were for the clever, ambitious boys—those who wished to go to college and enter the learned professions. Besides the parish school, maintained by the heritors, there were schools in every district of Kilmonivaig, maintained by the Church. The laird gave the accommodation, and the General Assembly paid the salary. Dr. MacIntyre was enthusiastic in his support of the Education Scheme, and the annual contribution from his parish was generally the biggest from the Highlands. At the period referred to, there was a large and flourishing Assembly School at Bunroy, and to the present day there are those among the Braes folk who maintain that they never have had a school like it, nor a teacher equal to Mr. Fisher, a Perthshire man, who was most successful in imparting knowledge in the three R's.

Dr. MacIntyre was a great believer in courtesy of bearing, and insisted upon inculcating good manners. The people are naturally polite, though some of the younger members of the community required a word in season occasionally, but it was always said in the kindest and most considerate way. His own personal

appearance was at once pleasing and courtly, and the old people speak of him still as *duine briagh, duine fathail*—a braw man, a princely man.

As a young man, Dr. MacIntyre was tutor to the young chief of Glengarry, son of the famous chief who was killed on the shore of Loch Linnhe, near Inver-scaddle. He taught young Æneas not only book-learning, but also how to swim, which latter art the pupil soon acquired. Young Glengarry was the subject of a rousing Gaelic song—*Og oighr an Tigh Chluitich*—composed by Dr. MacIntyre in honour of his distinguished pupil.

The worthy Doctor has now been dead thirty-eight years, but he is by no means forgotten. There are those who still speak with reverence of him, who can tell of how he came to the help of the poor and unfortunate; how, if he took up a case he was sure to succeed; that "his word would go far," and that he was "a good man for the country,"—*deagh fhear duthcha*. Dr. MacIntyre realized more than many nowadays do, the ideal of an old Highland clergyman and gentleman—hospitable, affable, and courteous. He attained to the ripe old age of seventy-six years, and in the churchyard so hallowed to him from early days, his mortal remains were laid in their last resting-place, amid many tokens of sympathetic sorrow and regret.



Dr. Archibald Clerk, for forty-three years minister of Kilmallie, was one of the best Gaelic scholars of his day. For a period of over half a century, he continued to do good service to his Gaelic-speaking fellow-countrymen, in connection with Celtic literature; and the loss caused by his death has hardly yet, in some respects, been quite made up, notwithstanding the large number of writers who, in recent years, contribute to publications of various kinds in the Gaelic language. From 1846 onwards, to the close of his life, he advocated the use of Gaelic in teaching Highland children in school; yet, by some strange oversight, in a pamphlet recently issued by the *Comunn Gaidhealach*, no mention is made of his name.

Dr. Clerk was born on the 26th of May, 1813, and died in the manse of Kilmallie on February 7th, 1887. At an early age—fourteen, it is believed—he entered the University of Glasgow as a student. For this he was prepared, in great part, by his father, who himself had had a University education, though he did not follow any of the learned professions. The latter ended his days as a tacksman in Upper Lorn, at the age of ninety-one.

Mr. Clerk was licensed in 1835, by the Presbytery of Lorn, when barely twenty-one years of age. His first employment was as assistant to Dr. Norman

Macleod, of St. Columba's, Glasgow—*Caraid nan Gaidheal*—one of whose daughters he afterwards married. In 1837, he was appointed minister of Acharacle, and two years later he was translated to Durinish, in Skye. Removing to Ardnamurchan in 1841, and from that again, in 1844, he went to Kilmallie, whose minister—Mr. Davidson—had left his church in consequence of the Disruption.

As indicating the bitterness caused by that event, it may be mentioned that twenty years afterwards, in 1863, Bishop Temple—afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—on his way to Kilmallie, was assured by more than one individual that there was no church at Kilmallie—only at Corpach! The Bishop, however, trusted to information which he otherwise had, and reached Kilmallie church in time for the afternoon English service. Subsequently, in writing of his experience to Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, Bishop Temple says:—"Clerk preached a vigorous, useful sermon, with real power in it, which would have been more effective had it had less action. As it was, it was by a long way the best I have heard in Scotland." Further on in the letter, and referring to the Monday following, he adds—"We had much talk. Clerk is a sensible, wide-minded, straightforward man."

The year following Mr. Clerk's induction to Kilmallie (1845), was the commencement of the potato failure, and of the consequent want and suffering among the crofting population of the district. Assistance was received from the south, largely through the influence of Dr. Macleod; and Mr. Clerk, as one of the members of a committee, took an active part in the distribution of the means of relief. As a result of the famine, there was, during several years, a large emigration from Lochaber, and the reduction in the population has added greatly to the comfort of the remainder, who have since been able to find suitable occupation and means of support.

For some time after the Disruption, the Royal Bounty Mission Station at Fort-William was without a minister. A very large proportion of the congregation had followed their minister into the Free Church, and to the remainder Mr. Clerk preached every Sunday after the services at his own church in Kilmallie. All the other duties, also, of a minister, he had to perform to the adherents of the Church of Scotland within the Mission district. One or two appointments of ministers gave him temporary relief, but it was not till the year 1861, when the Mission was formed into a *quoad sacra* parish, that he was finally set free from these duties.

Mr. Clerk interested himself greatly in educational matters throughout his wide parish. At the passing of the Education Act of 1872, there were no fewer than fifteen schools, large or small, within Kilmallie. With all these, except four, Dr. Clerk was directly connected, and the connection involved him in much correspondence relating to the supervision of the schools, the appointment of teachers, and, not infrequently, the providing of funds for their maintenance. The election of a School Board, in 1873, relieved him of the heavier duties connected with scholastic administration, but he exhibited his interest in educational progress by sitting as a member of the first three Boards.

During all these years, Dr. Clerk was engaged, more or less, in literary pursuits. In 1858, he published a Memoir of Colonel John Cameron, Fassiefern, K.T.S., of the Gordon Highlanders, or 92nd Regiment of Foot. He edited, in 1867, a new edition of *Caraid nan Gaidheal*; and, in 1870, there appeared his edition of the poems of Ossian. The Gaelic was revised, and a literal English version given of the text, with Macpherson's rendering at the foot of each page. In Dr. Clerk's edition, the Gaelic is translated into English, line by line, yet the rendering has about it no such stiffness as a composition of that kind would imply. It is introduced by a "Dissertation on the

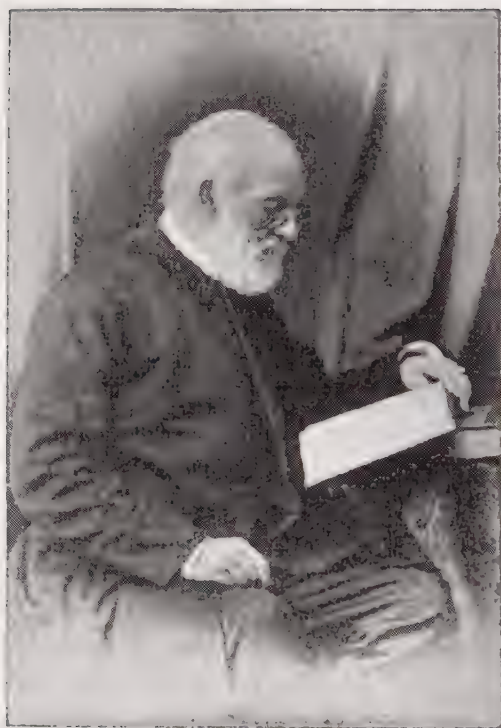
authenticity of the Poems," and is very fully annotated. The Dissertation gives the leading arguments in favour of the authenticity, with the reasons for Dr. Clerk's adherence to the opinion, that a far larger part of the poems are of greater antiquity than many investigators are willing to admit. The notes are intended to clear up obscurities; in some cases they merely give reasons for the interpretation adopted. The edition, which was published in two volumes by Messrs. Blackwood, has the following dedication:—

"To  
JOHN MARQUIS OF BUTE,  
At whose request the work was undertaken,  
And through whose liberality  
It is now published."

In recognition of his services to Literature, the University of Glasgow—his *alma mater*—conferred upon Mr. Clerk, in 1870, the degree of LL.D.

For a number of years, he and his friend, Dr. T. Maclachlan, of the Free Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, had been engaged upon a revision of the Gaelic Bible, and the result of their labours appeared in 1880, in the form of a new edition of the Scriptures in Gaelic, with references and maps. It was the first edition of the Gaelic Bible with references, and still continues the only one. Dr. Clerk was also one of the company





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engaged upon a re-translation of the Scriptures into Gaelic, in conformity with the Revised English version of 1881. At the time of his death, the revisal of the New Testament had been completed.

Dr. Clerk translated into Gaelic some choice English hymns. One of them is a version of "The old, old Story"; another, "Spirit of God that moved of old," appears in the Gaelic Hymnary lately issued. As early as 1848, he edited a Gaelic periodical called the *Mountain Visitor*, and latterly he was editor of the Gaelic supplement of *Life and Work*. He also wrote for the *New Statistical Account* the description of the Parish of Durinish.

His manse at Kilmallie was the general resort of distinguished visitors of all classes to that part of the country, and there they met with a cordial reception from himself and Mrs. Clerk, the esteemed daughter of an honoured father. He was often of great help to young men, not merely of his own congregation, but also of those who hardly recognised his ministry, in making a start in life. His position, and his wide acquaintance enabled him to procure for them access to those who could give them effectual aid.

In these varied occupations he reached the jubilee of his ministry in 1885. The end came somewhat suddenly in 1887. On a very stormy day in February

of that year, he attended the joint funeral of an old couple whom he greatly esteemed—Ewen Cameron, who died at the age of ninety-seven, and his wife aged ninety-one, a worthy pair, who, after enjoying over sixty years of married life, died within two days of each other. Dr. Clerk, though suffering from a cold, saw the last sod laid upon their grave on a Thursday, and subsequently wrote a paragraph with reference to them for an Inverness newspaper—the last production of his pen. On the Sunday following, he conducted the English service in his church without shewing any symptom of weakness, but during the Gaelic service he felt ill, and had to close it unfinished. He died on the following afternoon, leaving behind him a widow, with one son and six daughters to mourn his loss. Two sons and a daughter had predeceased their father. In the renovated church of Kilmallie, there has been erected a stained-glass window to his memory, and a Celtic cross was placed by friends and admirers over his grave. Beside him in the same enclosure lie his spouse, three sons, and a daughter. *Requiescant in pace.*

## CHAPTER XX.

Mary MacKellar—*Iain Lom*—Ewen MacLachlan—James Munro.

IN her day, Mary MacKellar, the sweet singer of Loch Eil, wielded a powerful influence for good in the district which gave her birth, and the whole-hearted enthusiasm which she displayed in the cause of Celticism, endeared her name to Highland people in all parts of the world. Born in Fort-William on the 1st of October, 1836, her father was Duncan Cameron, a native of Drimarben, while her mother, Janet McDiarmid, belonged to *A Chloich*, Loch Shiel side. The father conducted a small bakery business in a shop that occupied the site of the present Bank of Scotland buildings in Fort-William.

When Mary was still very young, she was sent to stay with her maternal grandfather, Duncan McDiarmid, at Corrybeg, on the northern shore of Loch Eil. Duncan had been brought up by his grandfather, who was "out" in the '45, and thus, almost at first-hand, Mary Cameron received reminiscences of that stirring time. She was educated at the clachan school, there

obtaining instruction from a master of no mean parts, whose erudition is reflected at the present day in a descendant who adorns an academic chair. Possessed of an active and impressionable intellect—prone to be affected by the atmosphere of romance, Mary was most happily situated in her environment at Corrybeg and Kinlocheil—where memories of the Prince, of Lochiel, and of Fassifern were still green and dearly cherished.

In the course of years, the parents removed from Fort-William to Glencoe, and thither Mary accompanied them. It was a locality calculated merely to enrich, with its magical influence of scenery and of legend, the poetic temperament already charged to overflowing. Thus early, communications from her pen, in verse and in prose, appeared in the current prints. She became known to Dr. Carruthers, the well-known editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and her articles in the *People's Journal* were growingly popular with a wide class of readers. But the distractions of a life engaged in struggle with hardship, rendered her literary and poetic efforts occasional and desultory, although, in obvious respects, that struggle itself imparted the "touch of nature" that gives freshness, and vigour, and originality to every form of work.

At Glencoe, Mary Cameron made the acquaintance of Captain MacKellar, who made her his bride while



MARY MACKELLAR.



yet she was barely twenty years of age. His sloop, yclept the *Glencoe*, was engaged in a carrying trade between the Hebrides, the Scottish mainland, and the Continental shores of the German Ocean. Mary dutifully accompanied her husband on many of his voyages. On such a stormy course, adventures and perils were inevitable, and the young bardess was destined to her share. Twice she endured the terrors of shipwreck—once on the German coast, and once on the Russian shore of the Baltic Sea. It was thrilling to hear her describe with vivid and picturesque effect—as only she could—her awful experiences of suspense and exposure as she clung to the rigging of the wind- and wave-tossed barque, in the despairing hope of rescue. The life of hazard threatened seriously to injure Mrs. MacKellar's health, and it was arranged that she should seek comparative rest and retirement by residence in a cottage at Fort-William, during the late sixties. She was thus able to devote some leisure to the allurements of the Muse, and then, probably, she composed her best original work.

To a remarkable ease in conversing, Mrs. MacKellar added the faculty of acquiring and preserving friendships. Her navigating experiences had brought her in contact personally with an exceptionally diverse range of people. Friends and acquaintances on the



Continent—with whom she could speak in colloquial German—friends round the Scottish coasts from Leith to Edinburgh, to Kintyre and Glasgow, followed with individual interest the welfare and the work of the mariner-poetess; while her peasant origin invested her talents with a sort of proprietary relationship to the people of the soil. It has also to be recorded that Mrs. MacKellar's early associations were coloured by the spiritual influences of the Disruption movement. But while, throughout her life, she remained a devoted daughter of the Free Church, this fact in no way caused her to stand aloof from, or superior to, the adherents of other communions. On the contrary, she was equally happy in the company of Dr. MacLachlan of St. Columba's, Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, Father Coll of Fort-William, or Dr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber. Her large and genial heart gladly recognised worth and warmth in presbyter and priest.

The sojourn at Fort-William was followed by a further period of voyagings, that lasted till about the year 1875. She then took up house in Edinburgh, and more closely identified herself with all that concerned the Gaelic world in literature and in life. Celticism had not yet become the *mode*, but German research had begun to infuse the spirit of a Renaissance into a neglected cult, and Professor Blackie had donned

the mantle of missionary for the language. In Mary MacKellar he found an enthusiastic supporter. Her words of triumphant hope, in those days of the "flowing tide," almost seem prophetic :—

"'A chàinain mo mhàthar, a chàinain mo ghaoil  
 Bidh tu'fas ann an sgìamh, gus 'm bi crìoch air an t'-saogh'l  
 'S ged bha thu gu tinn geabhar cinnteach dhut léigh  
 'S bidh luinneagach binn feadh gach linn 'thig n'ar déigh."

That campaign ended in the successful founding of the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. In every subsequent movement for the cultivation of the language, for the preservation of Celtic tradition, and for the furtherance of Celtic industry and art, Mrs. MacKellar took prominent part.

She was appointed Bardess to the Gaelic Society of Inverness—a distinction which conferred upon her the Laureateship, in just recognition of her poetic gifts. From time to time, she contributed articles to the pages of *The Scotsman*, as well as those of the Highland newspapers and magazines. To the earliest of these latter—the *Celtic Magazine*, under the editorship of Alexander Mackenzie—she was a constant contributor. Professor Nicholson received assistance from Mary MacKellar in compiling his excellent collection of Gaelic proverbs, and Donald Macpherson, of the Advocates' Library, was a faithful colleague in the

elucidation of many hidden or forgotten literary treasures. In the midst of her whole-hearted devotion to Celtic work, it is interesting to note her diversion into the domain of Church politics on the occasion of the union of the Reformed Presbyterians with the Free Church in 1876:—

“God’s love in our hearts like an Orient beam,  
On our towers the blue flag in its glory will stream;  
There’s over us hov’ring God’s beautiful dove,  
As gladly we join in sweet kindness and love,  
And vow, heart and hand, to be faithful and true  
To the flag of our fathers, so bonnie and blue.”

In 1880, Mrs. MacKellar’s Gaelic and English poems were published by Maclachlan & Stewart, and found an extensive reception. They are alive with the spirit of passionate loyalty to her own Lochaber, and her own chief. Indeed, her poem “Lochaber,” is worthy to take rank alongside Duncan Ban’s “*Beinn Dorain*”; while her “*Cumha le Lochial*” is a fine piece of analytical soliloquy.

Mrs. MacKellar was chosen by the literary advisers of Queen Victoria, to translate into Gaelic Her Majesty’s *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*. This work she executed with great success, and it is probable that the translation will always be looked upon as a standard of the language

as spoken in the district which retained the purest Gaelic dialect.

She was the author of a small handbook of Gaelic-English phrases, for the use of tourists and others desirous of acquiring ready acquaintance with the language. Her *Guide to Lochaber and Glencoe*, published by Mr. Alexander MacDougall, Fort-William, is distinguished by much literary charm. Mrs. MacKellar's excursions into the realm of serial novel writing, were not so happy as were her articles on Highland geneology, folk-lore, and antiquities.

For her services to Gaelic literature, the Government of Mr. Gladstone bestowed upon her a grant from the Civil List, which, it is to be regretted, was not continued as an annual pension, as her health was giving way under the strain of domestic struggle. What remained to her of strength, she devoted to the in-gathering of her clan into an Association, with chief, chieftains, and clansmen welded together as a powerful factor for mutual help and progress in the midst of modern conditions.

At her death, in the month of September, 1890, the clan nobly testified to their gratitude and affection, by according the remains of the bardess a truly Highland funeral, and by erecting a splendid Celtic cross over

302      Lochaber in War and Peace.

her last resting-place in the ancient burial-ground at  
Kilmallie. By her death

“A great Heart had been lost to the Highlands,  
A great Spirit had gone to God,”

as was said by “Nether Lochaber” in his fine elegy  
pronounced at the grave.

Though the poems of *Iain Lom* are familiar to all students of Celtic history, comparatively little is known of the author. Lineally descended from the stock of the MacDonalds of Keppoch, it had been his intention in early life to enter the clerical profession, and, with this view, he studied for some years in the Spanish College of Valladolid. The commission of some youthful indiscretion resulted in his expulsion from that seminary, and he appears then to have returned to his native Lochaber with no fixed intention as to what his future career should be. His natural poetic bent would doubtless then be cultivated to the full, and there is no getting away from the fact that such gifts of poesy as he possessed, could only have been the accompaniment of high intellectual attainments. His poetry was characterised, for the most part, by invective and satire, though when occasion demanded—as in the case of his lament for the murdered chiefs of Keppoch



MARY MACKELLAR'S TOMBSTONE, KILMALLIE CHURCHYARD.





—he proved himself no less a master in the domain of pathetic sentiment.

He held the office of Gaelic Poet-Laureate to Charles II., and was the last to fill such a position, the appointment ceasing with the poet's death in 1709. Amongst his effusions, the most classical is undoubtedly that describing the battle of Inverlochy, of which the bard was a highly interested spectator. He had declined to take up arms on that occasion, averring that if he were slain, there would be no one left to sing the praises of the conquerors.

During his lifetime, *Iain Lom* came into contact with many distinguished personages, and he is credited with having been the first to notify Montrose when encamped at Fort-Augustus, that Argyll and the Campbells had taken possession of Inverlochy. That he enjoyed the personal friendship of the great Marquis is undoubted, for the late Dr. MacIntyre, Kilmonivaig, had in his possession a letter addressed by Montrose to the bard. Dated from his "Camp near Kilsyth," it concluded, "Your very loving and trew friend to command, Montrose."

The Keppoch bard, by which appellation he was generally known, never married; he lived to a good old age, and while his reputation as a poet earned for him the general respect of his co-patriots, he was not

without his enemies—those chiefly who had come under his satirical lash. If tradition can be relied upon, the bard died in impecunious circumstances, and the story is told how his abode at *Alt-a-Chaoruinn* was sought out by one who thirsted for vengeance, in respect of some real or imagined slight. The latter, however, was stayed in his resolve on reaching the hovel where *Iain* dwelt, for the sight which met his gaze as he peered within, through a small opening in the wall, had its repulsive side. The shadows cast by the peat embers shewed up a human frame in the last stages of decay—poor, miserable, disconsolate—and with an expression of utter wretchedness. After glancing for a space on the pathetic sight, the would-be wrecker of vengeance mumbled to himself—“You suffer enough, old man; to slay you would relieve you of suffering; I’ll let you die slowly in your misery,” and so saying took his departure.

When death claimed *Iain Lom*, his body was laid to rest on Dun Aingeal in the cemetery of *Kill-a-Choireil*, and his grave is now marked by a stone fashioned after those to be seen in the island of Iona. Richly ornamented in relief, the monument—which was erected through the good offices of the late Mr. C. Fraser Mackintosh of Drummond—has a plate near the base inscribed as follows :—

"'An so'n Dun-Aingeal a'm Braigh-Lochar,  
 Tha Bard na Cespach gu trom na chadal;  
 'Se Ian Lom Mac Dhombnuill b'ainm dha,  
 Ian Lom! ach theireadh cuid Ian Manntach."

which, being translated into English, reads :—

"Here in Dun-Aingeal, in the Braes of Lochaber,  
 The Bard of Keppoch is very sound asleep;  
 His name was John MacDonald, John the Bare—  
 John the Bare and Biting! but by some called John the  
 Stammerer."

It would be difficult to find in the annals of Celtic literature a name more illustrious than that of Ewen MacLachlan, a Highlander who, by sheer merit and force of will, reached the topmost rung of the intellectual ladder. Born of humble parents at Coruanan, near Fort-William, in the year 1775, he at an early age gave evidence of those sterling qualities which, in later years, made him a leader among his fellows. His father, who held strong views on the dignity of labour, had decreed that the youth should earn a living by the sweat of his brow, but Ewen thought otherwise. The latter was a book-worm, and greatly surprised his stern parent one day by asking for the wherewithal to purchase a Latin primer. The request was peremptorily refused by the father, but observing how much his declinature affected his son, he said the book would be

forthcoming if the boy would ask for his porridge, milk, and a spoon in the Latin tongue. Changing countenance immediately, the lad exclaimed with triumph, "Cum lactibus, cum porrigibus, cum ram horn spoonibus!" The parent, so it is said, was entirely satisfied, and on the first opportunity fulfilled the promise he had made.

From this time forward, young Ewen made rapid progress with his studies, and his thirst for knowledge was keenly fostered in the home circle. In due course he became rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School, and his fame rapidly spread as the author of various Latin, Greek, Gaelic, and English poems. He was admitted to be the best Gaelic scholar of his age and country, and was chief compiler of the Gaelic-English department of the *National Dictionary of the Celtic Language*, promoted under the patronage of the Highland Society of Scotland. MacLachlan was also the translator into Gaelic heroic verse of the seven first books of Homer's *Iliad*.

At the zenith of his fame, when he had attained to only forty-seven years of age, he was removed by death, and was mourned and regretted not only by his own countrymen, but by the people of Scotland at large. His mortal remains repose in Killeveodain of Ardgour, and in the Craigs burying-ground at Fort-

William there stands a memorial obelisk erected by his admirers. The foundation stone of this monument was laid with Masonic honours, in December, 1847, and underneath the stone was deposited a bottle containing a brief account of MacLachlan's career, several coins of the realm, and a copy of the *Inverness Courier*.

A pawky, sociable man was James Munro, the Blarour dominie. Fort-William claimed him as a citizen, and in the old fort he died, though thirty years of his life (1836-1866) were spent at Kilmonivaig, where he demonstrated his ability as a preceptor. He was an excellent Gaelic scholar and poet, and, contemporaneously with the Rev. John Forbes of Sleat, he published a Gaelic grammer, which is still looked upon as a standard treatise. A good Latin scholar, he was familiar with the classics, and was deeply versed in English literature.

While his bent was towards study, James had a habitual "hankering" after the social, and was never happier than when discoursing on his beloved violin at a gathering of boon companions. One of these latter, still to the fore, writes to me as follows:—"When I knew him, he was a little, grey-haired man, who wore spectacles, bare-faced, or very little whiskers below the ear. He had a keen and intelligent expression, and

struck one as being very clever and witty. Well versed in the history of Lochaber, he knew a lot about *Iain Lom* and his times, and was blessed with a retentive memory. He and I were often attracted to the Caledonian Hotel by the flavour of 'Long John,' with which we were pretty familiar. He was at his best over a glass of toddy (who is not?), and his sallies of wit were frequent. In our walks along Glen Nevis, we either philosophised or talked about current topics, and local ones in particular. He enjoyed a laugh on anything comical, and he did not spare some of the local geniuses. His conversation was interesting and fluent, and sometimes forcible, but, taking him all round, he seemed an amiable man so long as he was not roused. I often regretted, after leaving Lochaber, that I did not take notes of a great deal he could have told me."

Munro was a strong Liberal in politics, a forcible debater, shrewd in his dealings, and a strong hater of cant. He taught himself the violincello, and those who knew him best were convinced that as a fiddler he was also self-taught. Local dance parties were deemed incomplete if James was not present, and although the feeling was reciprocal, certain pet aversions were sometimes responsible for his absence.



Like many another man of parts, he had his peculiarities, and one of these was a decided repugnance for the quacking of ducks. Knowing his weakness in this respect, a Spean-Bridge wench one night ruffled his temper to such an extent as almost to deprive the district of his services as a musician. Munro had been engaged for an assembly to be held at Tirandris, and on his way thither he was knocked completely out of tune by a "quack quack" volley emanating from the far side of a hedge. The culprit was the foresaid maid, who unconsciously disclosed her presence by laughing aloud at the violinist's perturbed state and quaint antics. On reaching Tirandris, he delivered himself of a vituperative tirade, and asserted if he were again made such a butt of, that dancers could find another fiddler.

As years go, James Munro exceeded the Psalmist's limit, and his latter days were spent in company with his violin and his books. Many of his poetic pieces accurately reflect the character and temperament of the man—his wit, his *amor patriæ*, and the depth of his love for the language of the Gael. Not a few of his poems, unfortunately, were lost, but what remain to us are sufficiently meritorious to ensure for their author a place amongst the bygone poets of Lochaber.



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His place of rest is in the Craigs burying-ground at Fort-William, where sleep so many of those who have helped to make the district famous.

"Farewell to Lochaber! farewell to its Bens!  
Its heather-clad corries and flower-spangled glens,  
To fair shining mountain and clear flowing rill,  
To dusky Loch Linnhe, and sunny Loch Eil.  
We through the dark winter will think of the days  
We spent in the sunlight among the green braes,  
And long for the time when our exile is o'er,  
And we may return to Lochaber once more.  
When we tire of the mouse, and long for the lark,  
We'll flee from the city, so dusky and dark,  
When the sunshine is beaming on mountain and lea,  
And its silver is gleaming on fountain and sea;  
When the heather is blooming on upland and shore,  
We'll away to the hills of Lochaber once more."

## APPENDIX.

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*Copy Letter, Sir Everard Fawkener to the Governor of Fort-William,  
for the liberation of John Cameron of Fassifern.*

SIR, Fort-Augustus, the 2nd June, 1746.

I am commanded by His Royal Highness, the Duke, to acquaint you that he has viewed such information relating to the behaviour of Mr. John Cameron, now under confinement at Fort-William, as are very satisfactory, and that His Royal Highness do's thereupon think fit that he should be released, which you will take care is done accordingly, and suffer him to depart upon his Lawful occasions, taking his word that he shall repair to His Royal Highness when he may please to cite him.

I am, etc.,

(Sgd.) EVERARD FAWKENER.

To ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Esq.,  
Depy. Govt. of Fort-William.

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*Copy Bond of Presentation by John Cameron of Fassifern, to  
Governor Campbell, Fort-William, dated 1745.*

I, JOHN CAMERON of Fassifern, by the tenor hereof, Bind and oblige Me my heirs and Successors whatsoever, that I shall compear and deliver myself to Captain Alexr. Campbell, Lieut.-Governor of Fort-William, and Captain Jas. Miller, commanding three Companys of Genll. Guises regiment in said Fort, and that within the Garrison of Fort-William upon Saturday the twentyeth Sixth of October curt. betwixt the hours of two and Six in the afternoon, there to underly the law for the crimes libelled as alledged against me, under the penalty of Five hundred pound Sterling money to be payed by

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me and foresaids in case of failzie to the saide Captain Alexander Campbell and Jas. Miller for their use and behoof allenarly; And I consent that these presents May be registered in the Books of Councill and Session or in the books of any Judicature competent within Scotland to have the Strength of a Decreet of any of the Judges thereof interponed thereto, that Letters of homing on six dayes and other execution in form as effeirs may pass hereupon I constitite . . . my prors, etc. In witness whereof I have signed these presents (written on Stampt paper by Duncan Mcbuar, Merchant in Maryburgh) at Fort-William the twentyeth third day of October One thousand Seven hundred and forty five years Before these witnesses John McCormaig, Serbitor to the foresaid Captain Alexr. Campbell and the said Duncan Mcbuar writter hereof.

(Sgd.) JOHN McCORMAIG, Witness.

(Sgd.) DUN. MCBUAR, Witness.

(Sgd.) JOHN CAMERON.

*Copy Receipt in possession of Mrs. Cameron-Lucy of Callart.*

Edinr., 10th March, 1740.

Then received from Donald Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel, Esq., by the hands of Mr. John McFarlane, Writer to the Signet, Sixty pounds Sterling, to be remitted to Mr. Charles Smith at Boulogne, for the use of Lochiel, Elder.

By

(Sgd.) WILL. SELLER.

*Copy Letter, T. Patrickson, Whitehaven, to Lochiel—Callart Charter Chest.*

TO DONALD CAMERON, Esq., Att Achnaccarie,  
by the *Linnet*, Capt. Richd. Williamson.

WORTHY SIR,

Whitehaven, 10th June, 1740.

My last to You of the 7th past I hope is got safe to hand, since which have not been favourd wth. any from You.

This comes by the *Linnet*, in which Ship have sent you the Spades and Glass You ordered. Flower is so excessive dear, and at this time not to bought almost at any rate that I have not sent any, in hopes it will be more plentiful and cheaper in a little time. We have had for 5 days, and yet likely to keep raining, which we hope will bring us a plentiful crop of Grain. I am to your Good Lady and Self, Worthy Sir,

Most obedt. servant,

(Sgd.) T. PATRICKSON.

*Copy Letter and Account from Margt. Simpson, Edinburgh, to Mrs. Cameron, presumably Lochiel's Lady—Callart Charter Chest.*

DR MADAM,

Edinburgh, 25th June, 1744.

Received yours and 20 Shillings, you please Receive your Stockings, the Iron poker and the 2 yards Holland, I Shall be Sure to Execute your Commission about the Coat and hankerchieff, the Silk Stockings you sent in is not ready, likewise is no possibility in getting your Coat matched, the Stripes being broader than they formerly used. Which is all, Wi. my Compliments to Mr. Cameron.

I am, Madam,

Your obd. Humble Sert.,

(Sgd.) MARGT. SIMPSON.

1744. *Mrs. Cameron bought of Margt. Simpson.*

Jan. 5—To 2 yds. fine Holland at 4s. 6d.,	-	-	£	0	9	0
To 2 Wire Windows at 9s. 6d.,	-	-	0	9	6	
To 1 pair Cotton Stockings at 5s.,	-	-	0	5	0	
To 1 pair Fine Gloves at 2s. 9d.,	-	-	0	2	9	

£1 6 3

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*Copy Letter Joseph Yorke, Aide de Camp to the Duke of Cumberland,  
to John Cameron of Fassfern—Callart Charter Chest.*

SIR, Camp of Fort-Augustus, July 9th, 1746.

I am extremely sorry that you gave yourself the trouble to send your servant so far as this place with the obliging present, but beg you would not continue it, because it is a perfect robbery to take things of that sort from people in this Country, in this time of scarcity, and besides as I dont keep house myself, they are of less value to me.

I hope you have been quiet and unmolested since the last affair, and have followed my advice about the remains of your Cattle if you found it necessary. I had a letter some days ago from Lord Glenorchy, who mentioned his having heard from you, so I take it for granted you consulted him about the methods you should follow.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obd. Humble Sert.,

(Sgd.) JOSEPH YORKE.

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*Copy Letter, John Cameron of Fassfern to Rev. T. Montfod,  
Kilmallie—Callart Charter Chest.*

REVEREND SIR, Fassfern, Octbr. 8th, 1748.

I have seen a signed Accompt of this date of the teinds due you for Mart., 1747, and proceedings extending in whole to sixty-six pound two pence and two thirds sterling money, and as I understand you have ane Order from General Blane to get the Assistance of the Troops to poind the Tennants upon the Estate of Lochiel for sd teinds, and they being so poor by the misfortune of the late troubles that they will be ruined if you at this time put the Generall's Orders in Execution, I do hereby oblige myself to pay you agin Marti. next, fifty two pound ten shillings sterling money, and to advance you immediately thirteen pound ten shills two pence and two thirds sterling money, which is the compleat soume in your

account extended here, and awaiting to the end teinds time and put me in your own place.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your most humbl Servt.,

(Sgd.) JOHN CAMERON.

To the Reverend Mr. THOMAS MONTFOD,  
Minister of the Gospell in Kilmaly Parish.

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*Copy Letter, Ewen Cameron, Glen Nevis, to his Uncle—  
Callart Charter Chest.*

DR UNCLE,

No doubt you heard of my being nam'd an Officer in Coll Fraser's Highland Regiment, which I accepted of with great cheerfulness, and as I go a Recruiting soon for Strontian, shall beg the favour of you to write to Donald More to be Aiding and assisting to me in that Service, being appointed in Capt. Campbell's Company, Broyr to Ballimore, who writes me that he applied you and Glen-desary by Letters alrady on this head, both your joint intrest in my favours will Certainly Contribute to my further Preferment, which I hope both of you will the radier Accede to. Had you such a thing as a side Pistol, it wou'd be oblidgeing me much to let me have it during the Expedition, and at my Return as an Acnoledgement for this favour, will make you a compliment of an Indian Prince's Skull for a Drinking Bowl. Pray favour me with your answer in Course. And I am wt. the Compliments of this famely to you.

Dr Uncle Your while,

(Sgd.) EWEN CAMERON.

Gleneves, Febr. 17th, 1757.

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*Copy of Proclamation authorising the raising of a Highland  
Regiment.*

GEORGE R,

WHEREAS We have thought fit to order a Highland Regt. of Foot of two Battalions to be forthwith raised under your Command,

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and which is to consist of twelve Companies of four Serjeants, four Corporals, two Drummers, and one hundred and five Private Men in each, besides Commissn. Officers, THESE are therefore to authorise you by Beat of Drum to raise in that part of the Kingdom of Great Britain called Scotland, so many Men being Highlanders as shall be wanting to compleat the said Regiment to their Established numbers; And all Majestrates, Justices of the Peace, Constables, and other our Civil Officers whom it may concern, are hereby required to be assisting unto you to be providing Quarters, Impresssing Carriages and otherwise as there shall be occasion. GIVEN at our Court of St. James's, this 15th day of October, 1761, in the first year of our reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

(Sgd.) C. TOWNSHEND.

To our Trusty and well-beloved DAVID GRAEME, Esq.,  
Colonel of Our Queen's Own Royal Regiment of  
Highlanders, or to the Officer appointed by you  
to raise Men for our said Regiment.

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*Copy of an unsigned Letter in the Callari Charter Chest, written evidently by the Lochiel of the day. The letter gives some idea of the amount of timber on the estate at the date in question.*

SIR,

Auchnacarry, July 2nd, 1739.

As you want I should make you a proposal of what price I want for the 24,020 Fir trees, of which you have the Book of Particulars, signed by Alex. Cameron, Littellus Birrell, William Thomson, and Ewen Duncan, of this Date the 2d July, 1739.

As they are so very contiguous to the Water side for transporting to the Shipping port, I hope you'll think the sum of Seven shillings and six pence per tree to be a very moderate price for the same, which amounts to nine thousand and seven pounds ten shillings sterling money. I expect one thousand pounds on signing the contract on or before the 11th of November next, and the remaining



eight thousand seven pounds ten to be paid in equal proportions at the term of Martinmas Succeeding for Eight years to come, and I shall allow two years more for cutting and clearing the premises, and I hereby empower you to dispose of the woods accordingly, and I shall ratify and Confirm the same to the merchants you contract with pursuant to the proposals above, provided they come here on or before the Eleventh of November next, otherwise I shall think myself at liberty to dispose of my Woods elsewhere.

I am, Sr,

Your humble servant.

P.S.—Do you want I should make you a proposal about cutting down and transporting to the shipping port the above trees, provided you furnish tools, axes, saws, etc., for that purpose, with sufficient horses to lugg the same to the water side. I shall show to Demonstration by the unskilled people of this Country that all the trees from four to six feet round will be cutt down and transported to the shipping port at Fort-William for a price not exceeding half a crown per tree, and as to the 2000 larger siz'd trees, which would be impracticable to be removed unless quarter clifted, provided the quarter clift does not exceed a tun in a piece, the same will be delivered at the saw mills here for a price not exceeding half crown a tree, and the same when cutt into deall Boards will be carried into the shipping port for a price not exceeding ten shillings per hundred. In case I dont make this proposal appear to be practicable to be done as above I shall agree to abate my price to make it so, but I expect they will begin att one end of the wood and cutt clear before them all trees of their dimensions. Sir, you are very sensible that I have endless Numbers of fine straight clear Fir trees from two and a half to four foot round equal in height with the largest, and I shall be contented to sell Sixty thousand to be chosen out of millions, for two shillings and six pence where they now stand which comes to Seven thousand five hundred pound sterling, the payments of which I expect to follow on gradually beginning at Martimass, 1748, and so on for seven years and a half at a thousand

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pound per annum, and to allow two years thereafter for cutting and clearing the same, which will be cutt and transported to the shipping port for eighteen pence per tree.

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### *Memorandum of Remarks upon the McLans' Memorial, in possession of Mrs. Lucy of Callart.*

From all the collection of both occult and evident circumstances, it is very obvious that the McLans have been entirely and solely the occasion and authors of the grounds of their own Complaints, and as it was a constant practice of theirs to propose outhounding one another's cattle, it is presumed that most of all that was taken from them was known to some one or other of themselves, and from the above and later occurrences the Camerons have as good reasons to show for Wadsets of Grievances as the McLans, and though they might enumerate a great many more such circumstances as the above, yet they think what is here sufficient to convince the world that they are accused of things they are entirely innocent of, and that the malice of their Accusers is not to gain credit wherever their characters are clearly known.

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### *Copy Letter, John McFarlane, Edinburgh, to John Cameron of Fassifern—Callart Charter Chest.*

SIR,

I return all the writings betwixt you and Dungallan filled up in the date and witnesses according to the Note you sent me, for the drawing of which writings and for my clerks you may send me what you judge reasonable.

As I promised in my letter last post, I have remitted by Mr. Marsfield fifty pound to Mr. John Halyburton at Dunkirk for the use of Mr. Andrew Clerk, according to your order, which he will advise you of, because Mr. Halyburton is desired to tell him so.

I gave in to the Barony of Exchequer the affidavits by the tenants of Lochiel upon their losses, with a short Memorial and

Accompt that they may understand them the better. I am told by Mr. Moncrief, their Secretary, that the Barons can do no more than to recommend them to the Lords of the Treasury and receive their orders, and he says if they will pay two years rent now, the rest will be delayed till these Orders are known, so I believe it will be best to comply with it; and as the factor is to have the assistance of the troops under the direction of the Sherriff, the refractory tenants may be compelled and no harm will be done to the other tenants. Callarts estate is claimed by the Duke of Gordon, which will not come in sooner than next winter, and your claims on that estate are entered.

My wife and I offer our Compliments to your Lady and family. I am with sincerity and affection, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Sgd.) JOHN MCFARLANE.

P.S.—The Ladies' accompt cannot be made out till I shall get the Dormant Warrant from the Barons, which will be as soon as money sufficient is put into the hands of the Receiver General.

I wish Affidavits were made before Glenure and a Judge of their losses the tenants of Mamore sustained by the King's troops.

Edinr., June 19, 1750.

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*Copy Minute of Meeting of the Committee of Management of the  
Annexed Estates—Callart Charter Chest.*

The Committee having resumed the consideration of the Petition of Donald Cameron, commonly called of Lochiel, narrated in the Minutes of last meeting, and a plan of the steading of houses proposed to be erected at the Petitioner's farm of Auchnacarry being laid before the Committee, together with an estimate of the Expence, amounting to £518 St. exclusive of 50 tons of wood, the Committee were of opinion that the Petitioner ought to be allowed to cut, at the sight of the forester, the necessary timber for the purpose aforesaid, not exceeding 50 tons, and that the said sum ought to be

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granted to be paid when the funds will admit it, the Petitioner producing vouchers of the application.

(Sgd.)      JA. MORISON.

Approved of by the Board,

10th March, 1783.

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*Copy of Notice addressed to Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and  
owned by Mrs. Cameron-Lucy.*

SIR,

Edinburgh, 21st April, 1740.

The Publishers of the News Papers demanding Quarterly Payment, makes it necessary for me to demand Payment from my Customers in the same manner: It is resolved that no person shall be furnished from this Office but those who pay at the end of each Quarter 6s. 6d. Sterl., which will be as easy to every Person who gets them, seeing it may be sent in a Letter to me at the Post Office, and, in course of Post, Receipt will be granted. Your 2d Quarter ends the seventeenth day of June. I hope this shall give no Offence, as all are made alike, and occasions little trouble.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Sgd.)      WM. SANDERS.

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*Copy Letter subscribed by Lochiel and MacDonell of Keppoch,  
written to Stewart of Invernahayle.*

Glen Nevis, 20th March, 1746.

Yesterday we received a letter from Clunie, giving an account of the success of the party sent by His Royal Highness, under the command of Lord George Murray, a copy of which we think proper to send you enclosed. And as you happen for the present to be stationed contiguous to the Campbells, it is our special desire that you instantly communicate to Airds, the sheriff, and other leading men among them, our sentiments, which, God willing, we are determined to execute, by transmitting this our letter and the

enclosed copy to any most convenient to you. It is our opinion that, of all men in Scotland, the Campbells had the least reason of any to engage in the present war against His Royal Highness's interest, considering that they have always appeared against the royal family since the reign of James the Sixth, and have been guilty of so many acts of rebellion and barbarity during that time, that no injured prince but would endeavour to resent it when God was pleased to put the power into his hand.

Yet his present Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince Regent were graciously pleased, by their respective declarations, to forgive all past miscarriages to a most violent and inveterate enemy, and even bury them in oblivion, provided they return to their allegiance; and though they should not appear personally in arms to support the royal cause, yet their standing neutral should entitle them to the good graces of their sovereign.

But in spite of all the clemency that a prince could show or promise, the Campbells have openly appeared, with their wonted zeal, for rebellion and usurpation in the most oppressive manner. Nor could we form a thought to ourselves that any men endowed with reason or common sense could use their fellow-creatures with such inhumanity and barbarity as they do; of which we have such daily proofs, by their burning houses, stripping of woman and children, and exposing them in the open field to the severity of the weather, houghing of cattle, and killing of horses; to enumerate the whole would be too tedious at this time. They must naturally reflect that we cannot but look on these cruelties with horror and detestation, and with hearts full of revenge, and we will certainly endeavour to make reprisals, and are determined to apply to His Royal Highness for an order to enter their country, with full power to act at discretion.

And if we are lucky enough to obtain it, we will show them that we do not make war against woman and the brute creation, but against men. As God was pleased to put so many of their people into our custody, we hope to prevail upon His Highness to hang a Campbell for every house that will hereafter be burned by them. Notwithstanding the many scandalous and malicious aspersions



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industriously contrived by our enemies against us, the world never—hitherto since the commencement of the war—could impeach us with any acts of hostility that had the least tendency to such cruelty as they exercise against us, though often we had it in our power, if barbarous enough to execute them. When courage fails against men, it always betrays cowardice to a degree to vent spleen against women and children, brutes and houses, who cannot resist them. We are not ignorant of their villainous intentions. The intercepted letters of the Sheriff, Airds, etc., will plainly discover that it was on their application that their General Cumberland granted orders for burning &c., which he could not be answerable for to any British Parliament, it being most certain that such barbarities could never be countenanced by any Christian senate.

We are, &c.,

(Sgd.) DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.  
ALEXANDER MACDONELL OF KEPPOCH.

P.S.—I cannot omit taking notice that my people were the first to feel the cowardly barbarity of my pretended Campbell friends. I shall desire to live to have the opportunity of thanking them for it in the open field.

(Intd.) D. C.

*Copy Letter written by General Monk to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel with reference to the peace treaty concluded at Fort-William.*

SIR,

Dalkeith, 5th June, 1655.

I have received your letter dated the 26th May, by which I perceive you have confirmed the Articles concluded upon your part by Lieutenant Collonel Duncan Campbell, and I have spoken to Captain Bryan to examine the business that hath happened between Collonel Allen and some of your friends. I hope you will see your people to live orderly and peaceably, and to pay their cess as the rest of the countrey does, and to be careful that your Clans keep no broken people among them, nor disturb the peace of the countrey. This is all at present from, etc.,

(Sgd.) GEORGE MONK.

*Inscription on the Obelisk at Kilmallie erected to the memory of Colonel John Cameron of Fassiefern. The epitaph was composed by Sir Walter Scott.*

Sacred to the memory of COLONEL JOHN CAMERON, eldest son of Ewen Cameron of Fassiefern, Bart., whose mortal remains, transported from the field of glory where he died, rest here with those of his forefathers. During twenty years of active military service, with a spirit which knew no fear and shunned no danger, he accompanied, or led, in marches, sieges, and battles, the 92nd Regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour, and almost always to victory; and at length, in the forty-second year of his age, upon the memorable 16th of June, 1815, was slain in command of that corps, while actively contributing to achieve the decisive victory of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe. Thus closing his military career with the long and eventful struggle, in which his services had been so often distinguished, he died, lamented by that unrivalled General, to whose long train of success he had so often contributed; by his country, from which he had repeatedly received marks of the highest consideration; and by his Sovereign, who graced his surviving family with those marks of honour which could not follow, to this place, him whom they were designed to commemorate.

Reader, call not his fate untimely, who, thus honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame by a death of glory!

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*Inscription on Prince Charlie's Monument at Glenfinnan.*

On this spot, where PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD first raised his standard, on the 19th day of August, 1745, when he made the daring and romantic attempt to recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, this column is erected by Alexander McDonald, Esq., of Glenalladale, to commemorate the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity of his forefathers, and the rest of those who fought and bled in that arduous and unfortunate enterprise.



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### *Inscription on the Monument at Tobar-nan-Ceann, Loch Oich.*

As a Memorial of the ample and summary Vengeance which, in the swift course of Feudal Justice, inflicted by the orders of the Lord MacDonnell and Aross, overtook the perpetrators of the foul Murder of the Keppoch Family, a branch of the Powerful and Illustrious Clan of which his Lordship was the Chief, this Monument is erected by Colonel MacDonell of Glengarry XVII. Mac-mhic Alastair, his Successor and Representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the feet of the Noble Chief in Glengarry Castle, after having been washed in this Spring, and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name of *Tobar nan Ceann*, or "The Well of Heads."

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### *Inscription on Monument erected in Cameron Square, Fort-William, to the memory of Dr. Kennedy, Lianachan.*

WILLIAM KENNEDY, M.D., born at Lianachan, 23rd July, 1810, died at Fort-William, 12th February, 1851. Erected by his countrymen to record their admiration of his professional skill, his sterling integrity, and his unwearied benevolence. A.D. 1852.

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### *Inscription on Cross erected in Glencoe to perpetuate the memory of the MacDonalds who perished in the notorious massacre.*

This cross is reverently erected in memory of MacIAn, Chief of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, who fell with his people in the Massacre of Glencoe of February, 1692, by his direct descendant, Ellen Burns Macdonald of Glencoe. August, 1883. Their memory liveth evermore.

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*Inscription on Monument erected at Onich to the memory of  
Rev. Dr. Stewart, "Nether Lochaber."*

In memory of the Rev. ALEX. STEWART, LL.D., F.S.A.Scot., "Nether Lochaber." For 50 years minister of Ballachulish and Ardgour. Died 17th January, 1901, in the 72nd year of his age. Scholar, Naturalist, Seanachie and Bard. Distinguished for the variety and charm of his writings. Dear to all who knew him, and most dear to those who knew him best.

Agus labhair e air craobhan, o'n chrann-seudair a tha ann an Lebanon, eadhon gu ruig an hisop a dh'fhàsas a mach as a'bhalla: labhair e mar an ceudna air ainmhidhibh, agus air eunlaith, agus air nithibh a shnàigeas, agus air iasgaibh. 1 Kings, iv. 33.

Erected by Friends, under the auspices of the Stewart Society.

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*Footnote to Canto III. of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," bearing on  
the erection of the Church at Kilmallie.*

There is bot two myles from Inverloghie, the Church of Kilmalee, in Loghyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toun; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toun, and of the next toun, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conven with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except ane maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloathes above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-chyld. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the

matter heiroff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called "Gili-doir Maghrevollich," that is to say, the "Black Child, Son to the Bones." So called his grandfather sent him to schooll, and so he was a good schollar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmallie.

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*Information of the Abuses committed by the Governors of Fort-William—Gordon Papers.*

Major-General Mackay, in the year 1690 or 1691, marched with a considerable party of forces to Inverlochy, which was thought to be a fit place to keep the Highlands peaceable, and as soon as he had intrenched and fortified a small spot of ground, he left Colonel Hill (who knew the place and had been Governour there in Cromwell's time) to be there with a sufficient number of men as Governour thereof. The Colonel continued Governour for seven years without giving much occasion of complaint, except for the damage he did to the Duke of Gordon, on whose lands the Fort stood, and for which land a tennant of the said Duke's had paid him a certain yearly rent before the said Fort was built, but as soon as the garrison was settled, as well officers, especially such who had wives, built houses and made gardens without the walls of the Fort, and cut down wood and destroyed the moss at their pleasure, as if the ground had been their own. The Duke's steward complained of this to the Governour, but without obtaining any redress or satisfaction, save only the dutient rent for the land on which the said Fort was built, which rent the said Colonel Hill paid yearly as long as he continued Governour, but refused to pay for the moss or wood, saying, the Duke might apply to the Government for the same, which he never did, but patiently suffered the loss. The damage, however, increased with the number of inhabitants, and the notion of having ground, materials for building, and fuel gratis, brought abundance of tradesmen and others to settle there, so that the place became populous,

and would in all probability have been by this time a pretty good town, but for the abuses of the Governours.

By this time Colonel Hill was removed and Brigadier Maitland (now Lieutenant-General) came as Governour in his place, who commanded with a high hand, intitling himself Governour of Fort-William and Baron of Mary Burgh (for so the town was called) and pretended to have a charter for the same from his late Majestie King William. When the Duke's steward applied to the said Brigadier for the accustomed rent which Colonel Hill had yearly paid, the said Brigadier refused to pay the same, insisting on his pretended right, and not only compelled the townsmen to pay him a yearly rent for their houses, but imposed a tax upon them for their trades; he arbitrarily set up a park on the said Duke's land, and took a certain rate of the officers and townsmen for the grasing of their cows and horses therein, and exacted twenty pence for every cow that pastured without the park upon the mountains. The said Governour was allowed some hundreds of pounds sterling per annum for the fuel, candles and other necessaries of the garrison, but never paid the Duke or his agents for any fuel. He not only obliges all his tenendrie (as he is pleased to call the inhabitants) to fetch their fuel from the moss of Inverlochic, but he there takes all the fuel used by the garrison, though the Duke is the only just propriotor of the said moss.

The said Brigadier under a pretence that the Governour of Fort-William must necessarily be master of the town and lands he thus possesses for the support of the garrison, not only injures the Duke of Gordon but abuses the Government and monopolizes the trade of the place, for as soon as any ship in which he has no share, arrives (though three custom house officers constantly reside there) yet a centry is clapt on her till the said Brigadier has the pre-emption of her lading at his own price otherwise she must go to another port, for none about that place dare buy till the Governour has had the refusal, under which discouragement hardly any ships of late have come thither except a few small vessells from Ireland to buy timber.

Another imposition by the said Brigadier is his setting up a publique brew-house, and obliging all the inhabitants of the place to buy of him a base sort of liquor hardly drinkable, at a double price, nor will he suffer any publique house or even private family to brew for their own use whereby the revenue of the Excise is defrauded considerably, and the soldiers as well as the inhabitants are imposed on.

His oppressions extend even to the neighbouring country people from whom he extorts three pence for every cow and a penny for every sheep that is brought to furnish the town and garrison. If these grievances were redressed and the town had freedom to trade and liberty to brew, it might in all probability soon become as populous and flourishing a place as any in the North of Scotland, the revenues of the Crown be every way very much increased, and the garrison be well provided with necessaries at a moderate price.

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*Barony Court Case, Duncan Cameron in Maryburgh against John Cameron there, for a horse which died in possession of latter—Gordon Papers.*

Complains Duncan Cameron in Mary Burgh, upon John Cameron *alias* McAlister vic Ean vic Evin there, mentioning that there was a horse belonging to the complainer in keeping with his brother Ewen Cameron in Tomcharrich, but the defender without consent or liberty took the horse to his own work and labour in plough and harrow in the month of March 1741, and being sore wrought did after seed-time die in the keeping of the defender, who now and ever since refuses to pay the price of the horse unless he be thereto compelled be law; therefore craves the defender be decerned and ordained to make payment of the sum of two pounds as the price paid for him by the complainer some small time before he sent him to Tomcharrich with the dammages sustained for the want of the use of the horse since that time together with the expences of plea, according to justice.



Mary Burgh, 11th August, 1742. In a fenced court. Compeared both pursuer and defender where the defender acknowledged to have taken the horse as alledged in the complaint, and upon the further examination the baillie received the complainer's oath being referred by the defender thereto, wherefore the baillie finds the defender lyable to pay the value of the horse which is found to be at first purchast at fourty shillings, but the baillie considering that the complainer had the use of him for some years before, and that he became old, and likewise that the defender had only used him in labour but for a few days, therefore decerns and ordains said John Cameron defender to make payment to the said complainer of the sum one pound five shillings sterling with the sum of two shillings foresaid of expences of plea. Attour that poynding and arrestment may be used hereon without any further precept hereon, this decret being sufficient warrant to that effect.

(Sgd.) J. McLACHLAN, Baillie.

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*Barony Court Case, Duncan McVicar, Officer of Excise, against John Morrison, a soldier, for value of broadsword—Gordon Papers.*

Complains Mr. Duncan McVicar, Officer of Excise at Fort-William, mentioning that in the moneth of December last the complainer lent a sufficient broad sword to John Morison, soldier in Captain Campbell of Skipnish his Highland Independent Company, yet after he has frequently demanded and required his sword again, the same is not yet restored to the loss and disappointment of the complainer, wherefore the said Duncan McVicar craves the defender be compelled and ordained to make restitution of the sword or pay the sum of thirty shillings sterling to him as the lowest price and value thereof, with expences of plea according to justice.

Mary Burgh, 16th July, 1736. Curia legitime affirmator. The defender compearing and acknowledging the borrowing of the sword but pretends he lost the same or that it was stollen or taken away of his quarters where he was billited, which being no satisfaction to

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the complainer, the baillie therefore decerns and ordains the defender John Morison furthwith to restore the sword to the complainer owner thereof, or pay him the sum of thirty shillings sterling money as the just and esteemed value thereof, with one fifth part more of expences of plea, and ordains all execution needfull to pass hereon in form as effeirs.

(Sgd.) J. McLACHLAN, Baillie.

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*Precis of Charter of Maryburgh by King William and Queen Mary—  
Gordon Papers.*

SIC SUPRA SCRIBR. REX,

Our Sovereign Lord and Lady with the special advice and consent of their Right Trusty and well beloved Cousines and Counsellors William Earl of Crawford, John Earl of Cassells [and others named] Ordain a letter to be made and past under the Great Seal of the said Kingdom [Scotland] Making mention That Their Majestys considering that the maintainance and Support of a Garrison at Fort-William in Inverlochie is of great importance to their Crown, and may very much conduce to bring the Highlanders to the Obedience of their Laws, and incline them to Industry and policy, instead of Robbery and barbarity, that hath been so long practised amongst them, Therefore their Majestys by their Princely power do with advice aforesaid Ordain Create and Erect To and in favours of the Governour and Commanding Officer of their Majestys Fort called Fort William at Inverlochie, the village next adjacent to the said Fort, into a Burgh of Barony. . . . To be holden of the Governour or Commanding Officer of the said Fort for the time and Successors in all time coming, in free Blench for payment of one penny Scots yearly.

[The Governor or Commanding Officer is also granted "a Weekly Mercate, for all manner of Bestial, Goods, Commodotys, Merchandizes and Trade whatsoever, Competent to any Burgh of Barony . . . kept without the Gates of the said Fort every Wednesday, and likewise Six Fairs in the year," viz., the last Wednesdays of



May, June, July, August, September, and October. There are also further provisions as to customs, tolls, dues, and privileges.]

"Given at the Court of Kingsington the 13th day of November, 1690, and of their Majestys Reign the Second year."

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*Precis of Decreet, dated Inverlochic, 2nd July, 1701—Gordon Papers.*

"Anent the Summonds and Action commenced and persued before William Mackintosh of Borlum, Baillie prinll. of these parts of the Regality of Huntly within Badenoch and Lochaber, etc., at the Instance of James Gordon, Chamberland of Lochaber, against Captain William Richardson Mr. Hubert [a blank here] William Miller, James Grant, William Dick Mert., Sergeant [a blank here] McAurthur, James Hill [or Hilt] Merchant, John McLauchlan Mert., William Barber, Sergeant Bruce, Andw. Crasvine, Angus Mackenzie, and [a blank] Indwellers and Inhabitants in the Town of Maryburgh and present possessors of the Lands of Achintorebegg Heretably belonging to George Duke of Gordon Making Mention" that they were owing the Chamberlain conjointly and severally £20 Sterling "as the rent and other publick dues payable by them." The Judge decerned that they were to pay the £20, plus £1 5s. of expenses of plea including officer's fees. "The said Captain Wm. Richardson answered that he pays what rent is craved of him to Brigadier James Maitland as formerly he did to Sir John Hill." The Judge, however, repelled this answer, and decerned in his case as in the others.

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*Extracts from the Journals of Bishop Forbes, giving details of a visit paid by him to Lochaber in 1770.*

We next came in view of Loch-Lochy, of about 8 or 9 miles, english, in Length, the Sea flowing up a good Way into it, and then in view of Fort-William, olim Inverlochty, near to which is Beneavis (or Ben Neavis, from hence Glen Neavis and Loch Neavis. On Ben Neavis, the finest Game of large Deer, and of the feathered kind)

the highest Mountain in all Scotland, the Top of which appears at a Distance to be rocky, and the ridge of it is one continued line of Snow all the year round.

We arrived at Maryburgh, long looked for, 20 minutes after 9 at night, and put up at the best tavern—MacLean—where we could have nothing but only cut grass for the poor Brutes [horses] qch. was not agreeable, as they had been upon hard meat all along. However, upon Inquiry, finding there was a Brewery in the Place, I purchased some Malt at 20 pence per Peck, ordering the Driver to give them but little at a Time, lest it should have the Effect of sickening them. This was a tedious and hard drive, of about ten Hours without any halt or Refreshment; but the poor Brutes held out wonderfully, and cock'd their Lugs when they came in sight of Maryburgh, hard by which is a large grand Ruin of an old Castle. We ourselves were not so much to be pitied, as our Custom is never to travel without a Pocket-Flask of Brandy, some Biscuit, Almonds, and Raisins.

Maryburgh is a pretty large Town, well inhabited, of a principal Street, and two Side-Streets, and some Lanes. Ships of some Burden can come up to it, or to the Fort, which is hard by, on Loch Lochy. This Fort is an Hexagon, and much larger and stronger than Fort-Augustus. Here they have plenty of Fish of all Sorts—a most charming Situation it is.

This night I received a Letter from Stewart of Ballachelish, addressed thus—To the Rt. Rev. Mr. Robert Forbes, Fort-Willm.—copy of which is as follows:—"Ballachelish, 3rd July, 1770. Rt. Rev. Dr Sir—I was happy in learning by Donald Noble yesterday, that you and Lady intend being here, as the Weather is so very good, and as the easiest carriage for Mrs. Forbes I have ordered the Master of the Mt. Stewart (who will deliver you this) to send his Boat and four hands with you both here; and if you arrive in time this afternoon, may be here this night, if not, to-morrow; and if the day does not promise to be good, shall send horses in the morning. Wishing you a happy journey, I am, etc."

We discoursed over the Subject of this Letter with Mr. Allan

Cameron and Stewart, an Isle-of-Sky-Man, the above Master of the "Mount-Stewart," a Ship belonging to Ballachelish, and Mr. Cameron assuring us, tho' mistaken in the Event, that we could travel in the Chaise within half-a-mile of Corriecorran, his (who had the calf of a Leg blown off with a Cannon Bullet at Preston Battle in 1745) Father's Dwelling-House, we agreed upon this as the best plan, the Shipmaster sending off an Express to Ballachelish to let him know our Resolution.

Wednesday, July 4. In the Morning, Cameron of Lundevra called for and invited us to breakfast with his Family, but this we could not do, as we were under a prior Engagement to take Breakfast with Miss (both of them have Wooden Houses, many of which in Maryburgh, and are very snug and warm, being tightly lined with Boards on the Inside) Stewart, Milliner, Daughter of the well-known James Stewart, who suffered death upon account of Campbell of Glenure. After Breakfast, Miss Stewart conducted us to Lundevra's House (see above), to whom I baptized a daughter, named Katharine, of a year old, whom I instantly confirmed, along with Beatrix, Allan, Alexr., John, and Janet Camerons, all children of the said Lundevra, whose wife is a Daughter of Stewart of Glenbuckie, and sister to young Lady Callart.

In conversation with Several persons in Maryburgh, I observed what an easy matter it might be to cut a Canal from Loch-Lochy to Loch-Oich, and from there to Loch-Ness, and by deepening the River of Ness, to promote a navigation from Inverness to the West Seas, as there would be but few miles of flat bottom to cut through. They acknowledged all this to be true, and that some had actually been proposing such a plan, and had been taking a View of the Ground with that Intent.

Set out from Maryburgh  $\frac{3}{4}$  before 12, and had a pretty good Road for some time. Mr. Cameron's Father, Donald, meeting us, and alighting from his Horse, I desired he might mount again, and that we would salute him at his own Fireside. We came to an Inclosure, the Entry of which could not receive the Chaise, and therefore some Country men threw down a part of it. Several

Country Folks came about us, as seeing something that was singular. I asked what they meant. "Why, Sir," said they, "we come to see a Chaise where a Chaise never was before." At length we came to a straight path, qre. the Chaise could not pass. Here Ballachelish most providentially met us, with Servants and horses for us, and advised to take off the Luggage and return the Horses and Chaise to Maryburgh, to go about to Kinloch-Leven, where the driver was to leave the Chaise, and to lead the Horses down the side of Lochleven to Ballachelish, where they should have Grass and Corn. But the difficulty was how to turn the Chaise, as the road was narrow and upon a Precipice. After some Deliberation, the Horses were taken out of the Chaise, and then it was turned, with much ado, by the management of men's hands, Ballachelish himself assisting greatly in this perplexing Operation at the Back of the Chaise, to keep it from tumbling down the Precipice. Rachel footed it, with a Cane in her Hand, about two miles, to Corrychurichan, Mr. Cameron and his Father riding off to send Garrons and Creels to take up the Luggage, which was done accordingly. After seeing the Chaise fairly on the Return, Ballachelish and I mounted, and came to Corrychurichan, once the Jointure-House of the family of Lochiel, at 3 o'clock, and found a table well furnished with many good things, on which we dined most plentifully, as indeed we were well appetized, and we drank good wine and Punch. Mrs. Cameron, Stepmother to our Clergyman, declared what a Desire she had to see me, and that now she gladly enjoyed the opportunity with great Thankfulness. Here Ballachelish addressed himself thus to my Rachel—"Now, Mrs. Forbes, you are in the wild Highlands, where you know we are reckoned Great Thieves, and yet I have, as you will observe, no Lock nor Bolt on the outer Door of my House, or on the outer Door of my Kitchen, so that any one, by Night or by Day, can lift the Sneck and come in." When we came to Ballachelish we found, upon Examination, all this to be true.

Left Corrychurichan at 5 o'clock, and soon came to a Flat or Low Ground called Inchree, where we spied, on the left Hand, a beautiful Fall of Water called Ree, little inferior to the Fall of Foyers. Inchree is a rich Valley of Grass and Corns.

Came to Mr. Cameron's of Culchenna  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 6. My Rachel riding on a Horse of Ballachelish's that was foaled about the time of Culloden-Battle, and yet Stout and Strong, being larger than the common Highland Garrons. Mrs. Cameron of Culchenna having been lately delivered of a Daughter, I baptised the infant, named Isabel. . . . Culchenna is situated on the North Side of Loch-Leven, and has a Wood on rising Ground hard by it. . . . Cameron of Culchenna is a stout, gigantic young fellow. I declared a wish to have 20,000 like him. Walking with Cameron of Corry-churichan, on the Green of Culchenna, he told me he had seen the Prince when skulking in Company with Lochiel, and that he bore up extremely well, and was cheerful.

Left Culchenna, and in Boat  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 8, one of the most charming Evenings that could be seen. In moving up Loch-Leven (in which plenty of Trout, Salmon, &c., the Sea flowing up 7 or 8 miles above Ballachelish), Ballachelish pointed out to us the spot in the wood, nigh to his own house, where Campbell of Glenure was shot wt. two Bullets, one on each side of the Back-Bone, near to one another. Arrived at Ballachelish, 2 miles by water, a most delightful Sail,  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 9 o'clock, Ballachelish's Lady and the old, trusty Trojan, Ballachelish, of 87, and Ballachelish's Daughter, the only child, meeting us with open Arms at some Distance from the House. Given to each of the Rowers, 4 in number, one shill. sterl. Ballachelish Senior is one of the most chearful, distinct, old Persons I ever conversed with.

Thursday, July 5.—The little Mount on which Jas. Stewart was put to Death is hard by Ballachelish, and in sight of the Wood, though not of the very Spot, where Glenure fell. This day we visited the Mount, and saw the Hole in which had been fixed the very high Gibbet, covered over with Bars of Irons; but the body was soon blown down with the excessive hard Gales, that are ordinary from the West, up Loch-Leven. The Justice Clerk, Lord Milton, ordered the Body to be fixed up again, with severe Threatenings. However, the violent winds soon blew down the Body, Bone by Bone. Ballachelish Junior carefully gathered the Bones, and had them placed in the same Coffin with the Body of



the Mournful Widow—Ballachelish's Daughter, then of about 10 years of age, washing the Skull with her own hands.

Here we were told that a Gentleman of the name of Cameron charitably visited Jas. Stewart, when Prisoner at Fort-William, after Sentence of Death had been pronounced, and generously offer'd to rescue him, with 50 men only, from the Command that might be appointed to guard him to the place of execution, which proposal, equally friendly and courageous, James as generously refused, alledging that such an Attempt would, no doubt, be attended with more hurt to his Country than his Life was worth; and, therefore, expressly desired such a thing might never be mentioned again. The Spot where the attempt was to have been made was pointed out to me, and from its situation, I am fully persuaded that it would have succeeded, especially as the Day proved most tempestuous and rainy, and poisoned the Muskets of the Party—two Companies—so that they could not have been discharged. Besides, the poor Sogers, greatly sympathising with the Prisoner, looked for some such attempt, and were determined to make only a Sham-Resistance against any attack.

Friday, July 6th.—Sail'd up Loch Leven to a Store House belonging to Ballachelish, where preached from Acts 8, 14, &c., Mr. Allan Cameron resuming in Gaelic, Baptized between 60 and 70 and confirmed 170, old Ballachelish for one. . . . In sailing up, I saw the rowers very careful, and Ballachelish junior directing them to avoid a Rock, or rather a very large Stone, on the right Hand, quite overflowed at high Water, but bare all round at Ebb, which is called Peter's (in Gaelic, Clachfarick, *i.e.*, Peter's Stone) Rock, because a Son of the King of Denmark of that name is said to have perished here by the Boat's striking on this Stone. The Ferry (in Gaelic, Keulifarick, *i.e.*, Peter's Ferry) at Ballachelish is likewise called by his name.

After this, we passed by a Rock close upon the Shore, called Duack, *i.e.*, a black step, in the Face of which Sr. Euan Cameron of Lochiel rode on a Highland Garron which enter'd upon the Rock when Lochiel happen'd to fall asleep; but he awoke in the middle

of the Precipice, and finding he could neither return nor alight he was obliged to let the Garron go on. This, tho' a Fact, appears impracticable to any one who views the Rock, which is grassy.

We likewise came in View of the Island of St. Munde, who was Abbot and Confessor in Argile, and flourished about the year 962. His anniversary is April 15. Upon this Island is the Ruine of a little Chapel, all the four Walls of which are still entire, dedicated to the same St. Munde. Though the Island has little depth of Earth, being Rocky, the MacDonalds and Camerons still bury there. The Nests of the Jack Daws are sometimes found in the Sculls of the Dead. Up from the Island is the House of MacDonald of Glenco, the Massacre of which Family and Clan is a piece of Shocking History well known.

In this Country the Gentlemen support an Huntsman, one Mac-Gregor, as the Gentlemen in Strathnairn and Stratherick do, for killing Foxes. At this time he was at Ballachelish. In the Highlands the Foxes bear hard, not only upon the Sheep, Lambs and Poultry, but likewise upon the Kids and young Roes, yea the old male Foxes are extremely fierce and desperate, insomuch that, when hotly pursued, and put to the utmost, they will attack a Man. And the Dames, when they have Cubs, are very rapacious and daring.

We rowed up Loch Leven wt. two hands only, till we came to some ships anchored at Ballachelish Slate Quarry, South Side of th Loch, by which he makes 2 or 300, if not 400 £ sterl. a year. Out of a Leith Ship we got two more Hands, and rowed, by the favour of a delightful morning up the north side of the Island of St. Munde.

. . . . We now sailed between the House of MacDonald of Glenco on the Right and the House of Cameron of Callart (where there is a fine Fall of Water) on the Left, two fine Seats of South Exposures, and all along, for the most part we had a wood on each hand, making a most pleasant sail.

Arrived at Kinloch-Leven by 8 o'clock; John Cameron and his brother on the landing place ready to receive us. We had a short Walk to the House. Here I paid the Rowers half-a-guinea, which surprized them so agreeably that they offered of themselves to carry



our Luggage, about a mile to the Inn, a John Cameron likewise, on the South Side of the Water of Leven, where the Chaise was, which they did, and assisted the Driver to buckle it on.

Our hospitable landlord desired we might enter into his homely House, and apologized for himself that he kept no Tea, being a Batchelor. But we found an excellent Breakfast, much fitter for Travellers, and who had had a sail of full three hours, even a well-spread Table, plentifully furnished with Beef, Ham, Pullets, Salmon, Milks in different shapes, etc., together with a bottle of good Wine and a Bowl of Punch.

After Breakfast, despatched John MacDonald, Catechist, to the Inn for the Chaise, which met us at the Bridge over Leven. At this Bridge we took leave of Ballachelish's Lady and Daughter, Mrs. Stewart and her son, John Cameron's Brother and Sister. . . .

*Excerpts from Allan Cameron's Narrative\* (February-April, 1716).*

*The MS. of this interesting account, which is evidently meant as a report on Jacobite affairs relative to the '15, is in the possession of Mrs. Cameron Lucy of Callart. There is little doubt that the chronicler is Colonel Allan Cameron, third son of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.*

. . . Nixt morning, being munday the 2d of Aprle, the Generall made ready to goe to Kintail to meet my Lord Seaforth, and desyred I would goe along with him, by reasone that I hade been a litle tyme before with him his Lop. when he gave such good encouragement.

As we were ready to goe off there came an expresse from my Brother to the General shawing that he hade gote certent account that Coll Cleyton was to march from the Garisone of InverLochy

\* Since these sheets were written, the above narrative has been published *in extenso* in the *Scottish Historical Review*.—W. T. K.

nixt day, being Twesday, with 8 or 900 men to my Brothers house in order to attack him. He likewise sent a Letter which a friend from InverLochy wrote to advertise him, that upon the representation made by the officer who was prisoner at Invergarry, Cleyton had determin'd to march to my Brothers house, which he could doe in three or four hours tyme the Generall did read this Letter. The Letter likewise mentioned that it was believ'd for certent at InverLochy that Glengary hade settled affaires with Atholl and Cadogan, so as they were sure he would not draw a sword against them. This we were all loath to believe.

My Brother wrote to Glengary likewise that he was very well inform'd that he was to be attackt nixt day by a strong party from InverLochy, that he had not tyme to get a suffitient number on such short advertisement to opose them, therefore hop'd he would come with what he could get together of his men to his assistance, seeing he (Glengary) nor his Country was not in any danger nor to be troubled untill they did his business first, my Brother and his Country being betwixt Glengary and the Garlison.

Upon this account I entreated of the Generall to allow me to goe back to my Brother that I might be assisting in rysing his men and to witness whatever might follow. But Glengary press'd the Generalls going off to my Lord Seaforth and that I should by all means goe along, to that degree that the Generall would have me either goe or otherways that I might own I wrong'd the Kings service. I thought myself oblidg'd to obey, so could not help it. When I pressed very earnestly to return, Glengary sayd, you need not be so uneasy, for you will return tyme enough to get your share; for, sayd he, we will not medle without we have a good advantage, and perhaps they will not fall in blood for some dayes. At the same tyme he told us that he was to order his men to bring each of them three dayes provision on that account, besydes, sayd he, I can hardly think the party will come out as soon as your Brother is told.

This being on monday the 2d of Apryle, the Generall, Brigadier Ogilvie and I pursued our journey to Kintail. But nixt day the Party under Cleyton actualy march'd as my Brother was inform'd

straight to his dwelling house, but those of his men who live on the road betwixt the Garisone and his house took up all that forenoon to put their Cattle out of the Partys way, and those who were fardest off in Morvine and Swinart had only tyme to be with him against fryday, which was the day apointed for the Rendevouze so that very few join'd him untill it was night.

Glengary came to my Brother only about half an hour before the Party aspear'd, with a hundred men or therabouts. Its true betwixt what they both hade they were not in a condition that day to attack the Party, they not having the fourth part of their number. Some of my Brothers and of Glengarys men offer'd to fyre at them at a pass, but Glengary would not allow it, for sayd he we will but lose our men to no purpose. My Brother did not press it either seeing there was so few of his men ther that night, but sayd to Glengary that he hop'd he would keep his men together nixt day since he, my Brother, doubted not but he would have a sufficient number of his men together then, which with Glengarys men might very well attack the Party. They parted so that night, and nixt day when those of my Brothers men came to him who were nearest and who were puting their Cattle out of the way, he sent to Glengary to aquent him thereof, and withal that he expected to have his men together, but gote no return.

This was on wednesday, and on thursday night my nephew young Balhaldy came express from my Brothers frindes who live in Morvine and Swinart signifying that they were on their march and would be with him tomorrow being Fryday as he apointed. Upon which my Brother went early in the morning to Glengarys and at the same tyme he thought to finde the Generall and others ther as had been concerted. But finding none but Glengary and his own frindes he stay'd that night both to wait the Generalls coming and know Glengarys last resolution. Wherefore he told Glengary that his men were come against the day of the Rendevouze, so that iff he would joine his men with them they were in a condition to beat Clayton. My Brother added that the Enimies being at his house signified nothing for that none suffer'd by that but himself, and that otherwayes it

was an advantage, they having no way to retreat, for that they were encamp'd and lay in their Tents as not thinking his house any defence at all for them and that only the officers lay in it.

Glengary ansuer'd in plain terms that he hade determin'd to deliver his house and himself up to Cadogan, that nixt night he expected a party to take possession of the house, and that in a day thereafter he would goe to Cadogan and afterwards to Athole, and added that his advyce to my Brother was to doe the same.

This ansuer of Glengarys suprys'd my Brother extreamly, who told Glengary that in the first place he would not take his advyce, and secondly that he ought to have told his designe sooner to the Generall and to him and his other neighbours, and that there was People in the Government who made offer of doing all the good offices in their Power to him when the army dispers'd, to whom he return'd ansuer that he design'd to doe nothing but in concert with other worthy Persones who were equally engag'd in the same cause.

. . . My Brother finding that Glengary hade left him thus and hade given up his house to be garison'd by the enimie, and considering that that house lyes in the passe betwixt Inverness and my Brothers, that a party of nine hundred men lay now at his house, which is half way betwixt Glengary and InverLochy, that the Garisone of InverLochy is in the centre of his estate and friendes, and no account from the Isles nor of any manner of succour, concluded that it was to no purpose for him to act alone, that it would end in the entyre destruction of his men and Country and not in the least advance the Kings service. Therefore he ordered part of his men to disperse and take protections as others had done to save their goods and familys in hopes they might as yet have an opportunity to serve their King and Country. Never were men more uneasy than they were upon their being oblidge'd to return without having done something against the Enimie.

. . . I must own that tho I was doubtfull all along that Glengary was acting under hand with Athole, of which I told the Generall, yet I was mightily suprys'd to find him [Glengarry] just ready to goe off for Inverness to Cadogan, and his house immediately

to be delivered up to be garison'd by the enimie. I found Gordon of Glenbucket with him. It would be too tedious to insert hear all that pass'd betwixt Glengary and me. I immediately went to my Brother who had only return'd from Glengary a little before I arrived. He told me all that pass'd betwixt him and Glengary, upon which he had ordered his men of Swinart and Morvine to disperse, they being in Ardgyleshyre and consequently their familys would be ruin'd in their absence since ther was none then on their march and in arms but themselves.

. . . I having account that my Brothers men of Swinart and Morvine were within twelve myles of me after they had gote orders to goe home, I went with all expedition after them in hopes to be with them before they dispers'd, with a resolution iff I gote them together to attack Cleyton with them and with what other men would joine me.

When I came to the head of Lochcill where they had been waiting my Brothers orders I found the most of them were dispersed according to the message my Brother had sent them on his return from Glengary, but I overtook severall of the Gentlemen who commanded them and some of the comon men. The Gentlemen assur'd me iff I thought fitt they would convine a good party in a few days in order to attack Cleyton or any other party of the enimie I pleas'd Upon which I sent another express to Generall Gordon to Kintail to aquent him of all this, and that iff he gave me orders with any encouragement that I was getting so many of my Brothers men and some of the Moidart men who had promis'd to joine me in a meeting I hade with them some dayes before, and likewise part of Apines men and of Glengarys men, tho he had surrendered himself, together as I would undertake to attack Cletons party or some other party of the enimie and doubted not of success.

. . . In the mean tyme Cadogan having gote possession of Glengarys house, by which the passe betwixt Inverness and InverLochy was open'd to him, especially since Cleyton lay at Achnacary with his party betwixt Glengary and InverLochy about half way, he was therby encouraged to alter his march, and in place of going



from Badonich by the braes of Lochaber towards InverLochy with his army he countermanded the troops who lay at Inverness whom he hade formerly ordered to joine him in Badonich, and march'd straight to Inverness with his army, and came up to the Castle of Invergary himself with a Convoy of a few horse, and as hard as he could ryde came under night to Achnacary my Brothers dwelling where Cleyton lay, but gave out the night before that he was to return to Inverness. Nixt morning he sett off early for InverLochy, which is not above an hour and a halfs ryding the road being good.

I being at some myles distance had only account nixt morning that he had pass'd, but I resolv'd without waiting any orders from the Generall to attack him as he return'd, for which I prepar'd myself and gote a suffitient number of prittie young fellowse together under night without making much noise, with whom I march'd that night over hills which I was oblidg'd to doe for fear Cleyton should get notice, having march'd near the place he was encamp'd, so as to be ready to attack Cadogan at a pass about half way betwixt InverLochy and Invergary. I hade the misfortune to miss him very nairrowly. Never any man rode with greater expedition than he did, and so gote by the passe before I came up. If I had effectuated this designe, whatever might have been the event, it would have confounded their measures a bit, he having all the orders concerning Scots affaires in his breast at that juncture.

The MS. is evidently incomplete, as after a further short reference as to "waiting impatiently sometyne for the Generalls return," the Narrative comes to a somewhat abrupt conclusion.—W. T. K.

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*Particulars regarding Col. John Hill, the first Governor of Fort-William (1690-1698), extracted from "Notes and Queries."*

The above officer, whose services both in Scotland and Ireland during revolutionary crises were conspicuous, has more than once been confounded with Col. "Jack" Hill, brother of Mrs. Masham,

who came into undeserved notice in Queen Anne's reign, and was an indifferent soldier on horse or foot. Then, again, the governor of Fort-William is classified in Luttrell's *Short Relation* as "Governor of Montserrat, who died in the West Indies in 1697." But as the latter's Christian name was Thomas, and as Colonel John Hill did not leave Fort-William until the summer of 1698, before which year he had been knighted, we can safely call this another error. There is a short—a very short—Memoir of Governor Hill of Fort-William in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, written by a hand now vanished. Were it not for the honour of being noticed in one of the most splendid works of its kind that this country has produced, it might have been better if the Memoir in question had never been written. Without father, without descent, birthplace unknown, early years untraced, military services prior to 1690 entirely omitted, said to be Lieut.-Colonel of the Earl of Argyle's Regiment of Foot, at the very time he (Col. Hill) had a newly raised regiment of his own at Fort-William, which he commanded until it was disbanded by Royal Warrant, dated February 18, 1698; knighthood ignored altogether, and the reader of said Memoir left in vague uncertainty as to whether the Governor of Montserrat, who died in 1697, was Colonel John Hill of Fort-William or not. . . . In the *Life of Lieut.-General Hugh Mackay*, by John Mackay of Rockfield (p. 84), it is stated that there "was a certain Colonel Hill who had commanded at Inverlochy under Cromwell, and who, from his superior sagacity and long residence among the Highlanders, was supposed a fit person to treat with them. Having been accordingly sent for to Edinburgh from Ireland where he had for some time been employed, . . . he was privately dispatched to the Highlands."

Turning to the Leven and Melville Papers (Bannatyne Club, 1843), there will be found, on page 415, a copy of the identical certificate of his services to the Protestant cause in Ireland, presented to Colonel Hill when he left Belfast towards the end of February 1690. The Certificate is in these terms:—



"CERTIFICATE of Recommendation from the Burrough  
of Belfast to Col. Hill, 28th Feb. 1690.

"Burrough of Belfast.

"We, the Sovereigne, Burgesses, and other Inhabitants of the said Burrough, do hereby Certify, to all persons to whom these presents shall come, that Col. John Hill hath, for several years last past, resided in this place in the station of Constable of the Castle, in which station he acted to the great satisfaction of all concerned and to the advantage and benefit of this Corporation; and more especially in March last when the Irish came down into the North and possesst themselves of this country and town, he did appear zealous for the interests of their now Majesties King William and Queen Mary, in giving advice and direction to the Inhabitants how to behave themselves with the Enemy; and by his great expence upon their officers, and prudent converse with them untill the arrival of their Majesty's army from England, did (under God) prevent the fireing and ruine of this place and country adjacent, the danger whereof was all last summer very imminent; which we having bin eye-witnesses to, and partaking of the comfort of this his service, thought ourselves obliged to give under our hands and the publique seall of the Burrough, Feb 28th Anno Domini (Styl. Angl.) 1689-90.

"ROBERT LEATHES, Sovereigne.

"THO. CRAWFORD, Cl. Villae."

&c., &c.

The eminent success which attended the governorship of Col. Hill, the Cromwellian veteran at Fort-William, which was built under his directions, are fully shown in the Leven and Melville Papers, and other contemporary letters. He was knighted by William III. before April, 1695; but he was not knighted, as an able writer suggests in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, 1859, on account of the part he played in the Glencoe massacres, but on account of his long and valuable services to the Crown. He was certainly a humane man, and the guilt lay with him who first transmitted the fatal order, and not to the officers who only obeyed instructions from their superiors. In 1698, Sir John Hill was put

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on the "establishment for half-pay to the disbanded field officers in Scotland." (Rl. Wt. of June 27, 1698.) From the fact of Capt. Scipio Hill, of the Earl of Leven's Regiment, being appointed Adjutant-General in Scotland early in 1690, and being subsequently sent on a mission to King William at Chester, to unfold General Mackay's plans regarding the proposed new fort at Inverlochy, it is highly probable that Scipio and John Hill were brothers. The former was created a baronet in 1707, but died soon afterwards, when the title is believed to have become extinct.



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